



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 06817994 8







Journal

BRITTAN'S JOURNAL

OF

SPIRITUAL SCIENCE,

LITERATURE, ART, AND INSPIRATION.

EDITED BY

S. B. BRITTAN, M.D.

VOLUME I.

THE TRUMPETS OF THE ANGELS ARE THE VOICES OF THE REFORMERS.

W.B.

NEW YORK

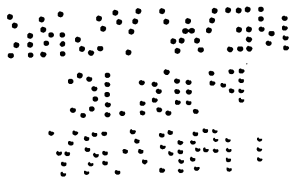
STANDARD SPIRITUAL LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

1873.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
62513
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1897.



Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by
S. B. BRITTAN,
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.



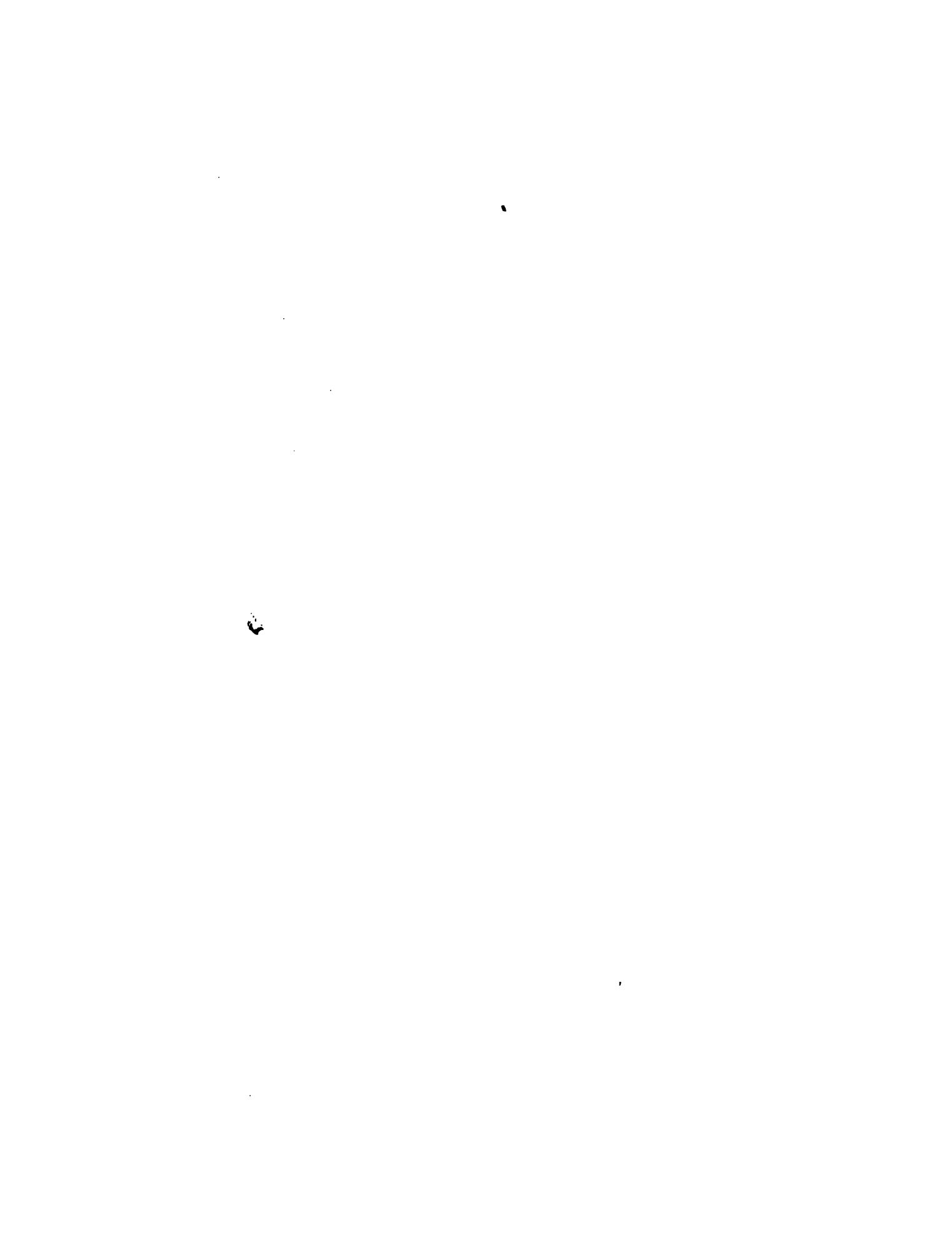
CHAS. E. WILBOUR,
PRINTER AND BOOKBINDER,
205-213 East 10th St.,
NEW YORK.

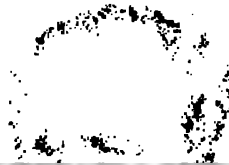
THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY



NOV 23 1857
N. J. Hallman & Co.





BRITTAN'S JOURNAL.

SPIRITUAL SCIENCE,

LITERATURE, ART AND INSPIRATION.

Vol. I.

JANUARY, 1873.

No. I.

HON. N. P. TALLMADGE.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

THE average standard of private morality determines the measure of public justice. Strong men rise above that level, whilst the weak multitudes fall below. Whether we ascend or descend the scale is a question often settled by the nature of our pursuits. Some occupations serve to depress the individual and lower the tone of popular feeling and thought, while other and more honorable vocations act lever-like on the citizen and the community. The feverish excitements of personal ambition; the stakes and chances of the political gamester; the devices and intrigues of statecraft, and the fine arts of a subtile diplomacy, all furnish frequent and strong temptations to sacrifice principle for some temporary advantage. The rough discipline of political life has little or nothing to do in shaping the character of the true Reformer. Sages and philanthropists are not graduated at that school. The ordinary training of the American politician quickens the selfish instincts in man, while it deadens the finer sensibilities of his nature, and too surely leads him forward, with a blind impetuosity, to the goal of an unworthy ambition. Thus the

pursuits of some men are dead weights on every manly impulse and generous aspiration ; at the same time others find in nobler labors elastic springs to every virtue, and incentives to such deeds as mark the lives of the world's redeemers. Among those who have successfully resisted the moral contagion that pervades our political atmosphere, the subject of this sketch presents a remarkable example.

NATHANIEL POTTER TALLMADGE was born in the town of Chatham, Columbia County, New York, February 8, 1795. His father, Joel Tallmadge, was a man of sterling integrity and incorruptible patriotism. In the war of the Revolution he served his country with fidelity, and was present to witness the surrender of General Burgoyne in 1777. The family is of Saxon descent, as the name (originally Tollemache) plainly indicates. According to Burke, "it has flourished with the greatest honors, in an uninterrupted male succession, in the county of Suffolk, since the first arrival of the Saxons in England, a period of more than thirteen centuries." Tollemache, Lord of Bentley, and Stoke Tollemache, in the county of Oxford, lived in the sixth century, and upon the old manor-house of Bentley is still the following inscription :—

"Before the Normans into England came,
Bentley was my residence and Tollemache was my name."

At a very early age the subject of this sketch displayed an earnest desire for knowledge, and the perseverance in its pursuit that stops at no trifling obstacle. While yet at the district school where the family resided, he chanced to get hold of an old Latin grammar, and immediately determined to master the language. He subsequently pursued his classical studies under the tuition of William H. Maynard, who at length became distinguished as a lawyer and statesman. Young Tallmadge commenced his collegiate course at Williams College, in Massachusetts, where he remained nearly two years. Subsequently he removed to Schenectady, N. Y., and finally graduated with honor in July, 1815.

Mr. Tallmadge commenced the study of law at Poughkeepsie, in the office of his kinsman, General James Tallmadge, who then stood in the front rank of his profession. He was a close student ; and when other young men, professedly engaged in similar pursuits, were returning home late at night from convivial assemblies, he might be seen alone, by the dim light of his lamp, absorbed in his studies. At the age of twenty-three Mr. Tallmadge was admitted to the bar ; in 1824 he began to take an interest in political affairs ; and in 1828 he was elected to the Legislative Assembly from Dutchess County. In the same body were such men as Elisha Williams, Erastus Root, Francis Granger, Benjamin F. Butler, Luther Bradish, Ogden Hoffman, Robert Emmett, and others scarcely less distinguished. Mr. Tallmadge soon ranked with the most prominent members of the Legislative Assembly ; and during the revision of the Statutes he took an active part, discussing with acknowledged ability the most profound questions of political economy and jurisprudence.

In 1829 Mr. Tallmadge, at the earnest solicitation of his Democratic fellow-citizens, reluctantly consented to be a candidate for the place made vacant by Peter R. Livingston, who had gone over to the opposite political party. He was accordingly nominated and elected to the Senate without formal opposition. Hon. John W. Edmonds, who has since filled so large a place in the history of Spiritualism, was an influential member at the same time. Mr. Tallmadge took his seat in January, 1830, and soon became distinguished as one of the ablest debaters in that body. He had always sustained the Canal policy of De Witt Clinton, and when a chairman of the Committee on Canals was wanted, the choice fell on Mr. Tallmadge. At the same time the subject of railroads began to attract public attention in this country. No man in the State was better informed in respect to the experiments in Europe than Mr. T., and his information was embodied in an elaborate report to the Senate, in which he discussed the feasibility of a railroad along the bank of the Hudson, and inti-

mated that travelers, in haste to reach their destination, would soon leave the stream for the shore, and the spectator be "amazed at a velocity which only lags behind the celerity of thought." Twenty years elapsed and the Hudson River Road was completed! The extreme limit of navigation in that direction is now within five hours of New York; the flow of busy life, and the currents of our inland commerce, are all unchecked by winds and tides; and we are no more exposed to arbitrary arrests under the despotism of Winter.

Before the expiration of his term in the Senate of New York, Mr. Tallmadge was elected United States Senator for the term of six years, and entered upon the duties of that office in December, 1833. He was the youngest member of that body; but his talents, both as a lawyer and a legislator, made him conspicuous even among the eminent orators and statesmen of the generation that has just passed away. He exerted a powerful influence during the slavery agitation in Congress. Mr. Calhoun maintained that the Senate should not receive petitions for its abolition, either in the District of Columbia or elsewhere. Mr. Tallmadge took a firm stand against him, insisting that the people had an undoubted right to offer any petition to Congress, and that, so long as such petitions were couched in respectful terms, the Senate was bound to receive them. The Senator from South Carolina could not let the matter rest, and at length Mr. Tallmadge took occasion, in a masterly speech, to present the subject in its essential principles, its historical relations, and its practical bearings. Mr. Van Buren was in the chair, and the Senate Chamber was crowded with anxious listeners. Mr. Calhoun was not prepared to reply; many Southern Senators admitted the great force of the argument for the right of petition, and the President of the Senate personally complimented Mr. Tallmadge for the sound discretion and distinguished ability which characterized his speech. When Mr. Calhoun subsequently returned to the subject, he was promptly met and completely silenced by the Senator from New York.

It was near the close of his first term in the Senate that Mr. Tallmadge felt constrained to oppose certain measures recommended by Mr. Van Buren, which excited the displeasure and hostility of the latter. Mr. Tallmadge was not the man to be either intimidated by denunciation or diverted from the purpose inspired by his sense of duty. The controversy was pointed and vehement. The press, in the interest of Mr. Van Buren's administration, charged Mr. Tallmadge with political apostasy. The last personal interview between those gentlemen was characterized by great freedom and not a little asperity of speech. The President insisted that the Senator from New York did not comprehend the spirit and wishes of the people. "I will show you," said Mr. Tallmadge, "that I do understand the people. I am one of them—born in the same county with yourself—but I am much more recently from amongst them than you are. You have been abroad, luxuriating on aristocratic couches, and mingling in lordly associations, until you have forgotten what constitutes a Republican People."—"Well," rejoined Mr. Van Buren, "we shall see."—"Be it so," said the Senator from New York, "Thou shalt see me at Philippi."

Mr. Tallmadge did not misjudge in presuming that the public sentiment would sustain him. The sympathies of the people were with him; and on his return to New York from the Congressional session, he was honored with a grand ovation. An immense cavalcade met him at the steamboat landing and escorted him through Broadway to the Astor House. The streets were thronged, and his presence excited the greatest enthusiasm. In the evening he was honored with a public reception at National Hall.

Senator Tallmadge proceeded to organize the Democracy of the State with a view of preventing the re-election of Mr. Van Buren. This purpose was fully accomplished, and in the succeeding national canvass the latter was defeated. General Harrison was the Presidential candidate of the Whigs, and Mr. Tallmadge would have been the choice of the nominating

convention for Vice-President, but he declined the nomination. Had his personal ambition been equal to his ability, he would doubtless have been numbered among the Presidents of the United States. In January, 1840, he was returned to the Senate, and his reelection was viewed as a signal triumph of principle over partisan restraints and the unscrupulous exercise of executive power. The following announcement of the event, by the *Eastern Argus*, will suffice to indicate the light in which his success was regarded :—

“ We hail the return of Mr. Tallmadge—the great CONSERVATIVE CHIEFTAIN, who refused to quail beneath executive denunciation and party ostracism—to the Senate of the United States with the most profound and heart-felt joy. It bespeaks the vitality of principle and the triumph of a righteous cause in the land.”

Our distinguished friend was offered a seat in General Harrison's Cabinet, and subsequently a foreign mission, both of which he declined. At the close of the session of 1844 Mr. Tyler nominated him for the office of Governor of Wisconsin. Mr. Tallmadge had just purchased lands near the city of Fond du Lac, with a view of making it a permanent home. After mature deliberation, he resolved to resign his seat in the Senate and accept the place offered him by the President. His nomination was at once unanimously confirmed by the Senate.

It was in the same year (1844) that the life of Governor Tallmadge was mysteriously preserved from a disaster that instantly deprived the country of several distinguished public men. A large party of ladies and gentlemen had been invited by Commodore Stockton to take an excursion down the Potomac, on board the United States war-steamer *Princeton*, to witness the firing of the “ Peacemaker,” a wrought-iron gun of immense weight and caliber. It was announced that the gun would be discharged three times. Before the first fire the Governor took his position at the breech of the gun. He continued to occupy the same place, and only left it after the third discharge. After dinner he escorted the ladies on deck,

and while standing near the stern of the vessel he observed that preparations were being made for another and final discharge of the Commodore's gun. Learning that the President, the members of the Cabinet, and the Commander of the *Princeton* were coming up to witness the last fire, he immediately advanced to the bow of the vessel and resumed his former position directly behind the *Peacemaker*. He had waited but a minute or two, when he was suddenly impressed that he must leave the spot without delay. In the external circumstances of the case he saw no reason for changing his place. Three times he had stood in the same position when the gun was fired, and had sustained no personal injury. It was not the ordinary emotion of fear—awakened either by his knowledge or the exercise of his reason—that suddenly disturbed the balance of his mind. He never once conjectured that a wrought-iron gun could burst; but still the overmastering impression determined his action. He followed the ladies into the cabin, and immediately heard the report of the gun. The next moment came the startling news of a terrible disaster. The Governor rushed on deck, and there beheld the lifeless forms of two members of the Cabinet and three other distinguished gentlemen. On examination, he found that the gun had burst at the nearest point to the place he had previously occupied; that its massive fragments had passed in the precise line of his position; and that had he remained there he would have been utterly demolished! *

This occurrence made a deep and lasting impression on the mind of our eminent friend. It involved a mysterious problem that found no satisfactory solution in the principles of his philosophy. He could, of course, only regard his escape as providential, without attempting an explanation of the sensorial and mental phenomena that governed his conduct. But at a later period in life, when his spiritual faculties were fairly awakened, he was enabled to clearly discern the agency of

* See Introduction to the "Healing of the Nations," pp. 48-9.

Spirits in his sudden emotion and instant action, and thus to comprehend the beautiful method of Providence in his deliverance.

During his Senatorial career Governor Tallmadge served on the committees charged with the management of the "Public Lands," "Naval Affairs," and "Foreign Relations," on all of which he displayed the same industry and ability. At the commencement of Mr. Polk's administration Governor Tallmadge was superseded by the appointment of Governor Dodge. He subsequently took an active part in organizing the State Government, and was offered the nomination of Judge of the Supreme Court, which he declined, preferring to retire to private life.

We extract the following from a small volume of "Sketches of United States Senators," published at Washington in 1839:—

"Mr. Tallmadge deserves an eminent place in the distinguished body to which he belongs. His style is lucid and classical—he reasons with force and nervous energy. His language is copious, and his powers of illustration always apparent. His speeches are frequently interspersed with poetic allusions, which appear—not like awkward strangers—but fitting with ease the context and the subject-matter to which they are applied. This is a legitimate exercise of the credit system in letters. Scholarship and literary attainments are evident in everything that escapes him."

The period that has elapsed since Mr. Tallmadge withdrew from the political arena may have somewhat obscured his record in the common mind; but we are reminded that he rendered the State essential service by his earnest advocacy of some of the most important reforms. He was one of the first to urge a reduction in the rates of postage; and every beneficent public measure—whether designed to check executive usurpation, to enfranchise labor, or otherwise to guard the liberties of the people and the sanctity of law—received his cordial support. We cannot forget his indignant condemnation

of every form of injustice, and his supreme devotion to principle; nor can we be unmindful of the intelligent and liberal influence he once exerted in our State and National affairs, and the large place he occupied in the public confidence and esteem.

In May, 1852, the attention of Governor Tallmadge was first directed to the claims of Spiritualism, by his seeing a communication from Judge Edmonds in a leading New York journal. Until then he had regarded the whole matter as a delusion. But he had long been familiar with the Judge, and associated with him in the relations of private and public life; he had the utmost confidence in his integrity and capacity; and on learning that his distinguished friend had become a convert, he could no longer presume that the subject was unworthy of respectful consideration. In speaking of the Manifestations and of Mr. Edmonds, he observed that he should do great injustice to him, and to those with whom his own opinions might have weight, should he longer hesitate to pursue his inquiries in that direction. "I felt," he continued, "that I should despise myself, and that I ought to be despised by others, if, without investigation, I should presume to express opinions against the Manifestations, regardless of such authority for their truth." His investigation, conducted in a candid and serious spirit, but with a caution and independence inspired by a rational skepticism, resulted, at length, in his accrediting the Spiritual origin of the Phenomena. Once satisfied, his freedom of mind and his moral courage prompted him to follow the noble example of the Judge in an open declaration of his faith. He attempted no concealment in any quarter, but disclosed the results of his investigations and experience in several well-written communications, which appeared in the secular and spiritual journals.

In the spring of 1854 the present writer having prepared a Memorial, addressed to the members of the Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled, Governor Tallmadge was the first to sign the same, heading the list of thir-

teen thousand names. The document, which was **two hundred feet long, backed with canvas, bound and mounted on a cylinder, for the sake of convenience and preservation, was submitted by General Shields to the Senate. That the Governor took a special interest in this presentation of the claims of the spiritual phenomena will be inferred from the following, which is extracted from his Appendix to "The Healing of the Nations:"**

"This Memorial, though laid upon the table, is nevertheless preserved in the national archives, and there it will remain as long as free government and free principles are recognized among men. In less time than has elapsed since the Declaration of Independence, which proclaimed the freedom of man's political rights, this Memorial will be regarded with even greater interest, as proclaiming the mental freedom of the human race."

General Shields had assured the Governor that he would not only cheerfully submit the Memorial to the Senate, but also move its reference to a Select Committee. The presentation was delayed for several days—the Gadsden Treaty being under discussion at the time. At length, when the opportunity occurred, the General embraced it; but his moral courage proved to be unequal to the occasion. It is true, he presented a very fair synopsis of the Memorial and **remarked**, that "however unprecedented in itself, it had been prepared with singular ability, presenting the subject with great delicacy and moderation." But the Senator's speech was mainly devoted to a running commentary on "popular delusions." Carefully omitting the citation of any recent examples of supposed spiritual agency, he found the illustrations best suited to his purpose beneath the shadows of the Mediæval Ages. He was content to assume that the historical examples selected by himself all depended on delusion and knavery, and, by implication, that all more recent phenomena of a similar character must be attributed to the same source. This assumption did not at all comport with the facts cited, nor is

it otherwise sustained by the most distant probability. Of course General Shields' *argumentum ad hominem* left the subject a little more obscure than it was before.

The wily General exposed his subserviency to the vulgar prejudice of the time, by disregarding his promise. He did not follow the presentation of the Memorial by the appropriate motion to refer the same to a Select Committee. His own unbecoming levity determined the general drift of Senatorial discussion on the occasion, and ended in leaving the Memorial on the table. The conduct of Senator Shields in daring to treat the solemn convictions of 13,000 American citizens in a derisive manner was calmly reviewed by Governor Tallmadge, and rebuked in the dignified spirit that characterized every expression of his thought and feeling on a subject of such gravity. I extract the following from his letter, originally published in the Washington *Intelligencer*, of the date of April 4th, 1854 :—

“When I first spoke to General Shields about presenting the Memorial to the Senate, he treated it with great courtesy, and expressed his willingness to move its reference to a Select Committee. Without expressing any opinion in favor of the spiritual theory, he agreed with me that, whether spiritual or otherwise, it was worthy of investigation. After this understanding, I confess my surprise that he should have treated it as he did ; that instead of an investigation by a Select Committee, of which, by parliamentary usage, he would have been Chairman, and where those who have examined the subject could have been heard, he should have given in advance a *rehash* of what has so often been said before by the opponents of Spiritualism ! My habitual respect for the honorable body of which he is a member will cause me to forego any remarks upon the attempted criticisms of himself and others on this occasion.

“I have made it a rule of my life never to write or speak on a subject about which I know nothing ; and this rule has saved me from much embarrassment. The General is pleased to characterize the manifestations as a ‘delusion.’ Now I do not pretend to any extraordinary power to understand a subject better than other men whose position in life would indicate a talent equal, if not superior,

to my own. Still, I do pretend, that when I have investigated a subject, which they have not, I am better capable than they of judging whether there is any 'delusion' involved in the conclusion to which I have arrived, and I cannot consent to surrender my reason and the evidence of my own senses to their instincts."

In a subsequent letter, addressed to the editors of the *Intelligencer*, Governor Tallmadge continued his review of the Senator in a manner that left the latter little opportunity to defend his conduct. The following is the concluding paragraph of that letter :—

"The honorable gentleman was not content to present his views in a grave and serious manner becoming the subject, but he attempted to ridicule, not only the subject, but those who had memorialized Congress. The result will show whether the attempted ridicule will fall on them or react on himself. I will only add, that there are names on that Memorial which do not shrink in comparison with any member of the honorable Senate—names that have adorned the Bar, the Bench, and the Senate Chamber; names of the hardy sons of toil, whose brawny hands and stalwart arms have been thus fashioned by the industrial pursuits of life; names—the representatives of two millions of believers in the United States. . . . These memorialists, and those whom they represent, are not only entitled to respect, but they will command it. They are not to be put aside by any attempt to minister to a prejudiced public sentiment. This question is to be fairly met. The days of imposture and 'delusion' in relation to it have gone by; the honorable gentleman will no longer be able to protect himself by that senseless cry; and when he again has occasion to quote Burke's beautiful aphorism, as he terms it, that the credulity of dupes is as inexhaustible as the invention of knaves, he may find in it a more extended application than he at first supposed."

So early as 1854 Spiritualism had made itself felt in every quarter of the world. Its inspiring voice came up on the four winds, expressing a great truth with mysterious emphasis. General Shields, however, had not the courage to heed that voice; he evinced no respect for the truth; and he sneered at the attestation of thousands of living witnesses.

His serio-comic manner of treating the whole subject was evidently intended to elicit the views of other Senators, and leave to himself an opportunity to either counterfeit a sincere purpose—should the occasion demand it—or to finally dispose of the matter as a clever joke. He thus represented the profane and sacrilegious spirit of all such as trample on the solemn convictions of the living and the sacred memories of the dead. The serious tone and civil severity of Mr. Tallmadge not only rebuked this evil spirit, but was well adapted to correct the bad manners of titled ignorance and arrogance. Will the enemies of Spiritualism ever learn that truth is indestructible, and cannot be damaged by their impotent assaults? One after another they continue to run their devoted heads against it, presuming it is only a *fog-bank*. It is not our prerogative to impose arbitrary restraints on the movements of such people. If they have either reputation or brains they may, if they please, sacrifice themselves by this experiment, since they are sure to find an immovable *rock* where they only look for yielding and impalpable vapors.

It was in the autumn of the same year that the Governor prepared his elaborate Introduction and Appendix to the "Healing of the Nations," in which he asserted and defended the just claims of Spiritualism in a very earnest and convincing manner. The book, which is a large octavo, was published in the Spring of the ensuing year (1855). The Governor's authentication of the transmudane portions of the work is clear and forcible, whilst his own contributions to its pages plainly prove that, at that late period of his life, the native vigor of his mind was in no degree impaired. The modification of his theological opinions had resulted from no relaxation of his mental powers. Moreover, his faith in the life to come had acquired new strength from the facts of a living experience. With the amiability of a cultivated and truly Christian gentleman, and a charity that was genial as summer sunshine, he still combined the fearless spirit and manly independence which so strongly characterized his po-

litical career. After discussing the general subject at length, and with admirable method, he thus concludes :—

“Such is the spirit with which the friends of truth have embarked in this great cause. They are not to be deterred by the denunciations of the press, the fulminations of the pulpit, nor even by the bulls from the Vatican. They claim for themselves liberty of thought, liberty of conscience, liberty of speech, and liberty of action.”

When Spiritualism serves to develop the normal capabilities of the mind ; to purify the natural affections ; to rationalize our views of Religion, Nature, and God ; and to quicken the soul's aspirations after a higher life, it exerts its legitimate influence and at once ennoble the whole character. The case of our eminent friend presented an illustration of its happiest consequences. He was thus enabled to solve the grand problem of existence, and to realize its profound significance. A rational reverence and a hope full of immortality chastened every human passion and affection, thus rendering his daily life more simple, natural, and beautiful. For him, at least, the whole creation was invested with new and imperishable charms. It was emphatically a resurrection out of “the valley and shadow of death” into new light, liberty, and life. Spiritualism was a messenger of mercy to lead the willing soul away from scenes of bitter strife—where the passions hold their perpetual saturnalia, and the land is rendered barren and desolate—up into the white fields, where Angels are the reapers, and the “Harvest Home” is heard in Heaven.

Late in the autumn of 1856 the writer, by special invitation, visited the Governor at his “Forest Home” in Wisconsin. The Gothic cottage, in the midst of a large park, surrounded by native groves of oak and hickory, is associated with golden memories. Its surroundings were every way attractive, whilst peace and a truly generous hospitality presided within. During the week spent in that delightful retreat we had much familiar intercourse. Our friend regarded temporal possessions and worldly honors as altogether beneath the great

realities of the immortal life and world. Hence he looked forward to his own departure with a calm satisfaction that often found expression in words. Indeed, every allusion to the anticipated change indicated that his hopes were firmly anchored, and that no event could disturb the deep serenity of his spirit. This may be illustrated by a little incident. One day a visitor, who was viewing the Governor's domain, remarked to him that "the man who possessed such a home ought to live forever to enjoy it."—"Oh," said the Governor, "I have no idea of remaining *here*; I am only preparing this for some one else who has no better situation." Then looking up to the clear sky, he continued, "I understand that up there, where I am going, they have much finer places than this."

For several years the health of Governor Tallmadge had been seriously impaired; and in July, 1864, he sent a messenger to the writer to request a personal interview at his residence in Cornwall. He was able to walk about and to converse, but was feeble in body and his memory somewhat obscured. His mind was in shadow. It was not like the deep eclipse that hides the sun; it rather resembled the fleeting images of broken clouds, floating in the natural atmosphere. The intellectual light still shone through, and occasionally, for a moment, the original lustre seemed to be only softened and subdued like the light of the autumn sun, seen through the gathering mists of evening, or the veil of the Indian Summer.

Having retired to a private apartment, the Governor with great composure informed me that his career was about to terminate—that he had completed his mission on earth, and expected to receive his passport with little delay—how soon he was not permitted to know. A placid smile illuminated his features. It was like the glory of the departing day, when its fading splendors are poured through the windows of some classic and venerable fane, consecrated by time and the offices of religion. His special interest in seeing me prior to his de-

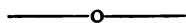
parture, was made manifest when he consigned to my keeping the materials for a large volume, embracing a record of his life and times, and comprehending numerous interesting incidents and reminiscences illustrating the public and private characters of many distinguished persons.

I spent one day and two nights with the Governor. When the hour arrived for the termination of our interview, he took me cordially by the hand, and pointing heavenward, said with impressive emphasis: "We shall meet up there." In reply to my remark, that we might yet enjoy another conference on earth, he added: "That is doubtful; but that we shall meet again is certain." The writer returned to New York, and the Governor soon went West to visit his relatives. There was truth in his impression. We were privileged to meet no more in the flesh; but it is yet left to the living to reverently cherish his memory, and to wait for the fulfilment of his prophecy when we shall meet in the spirit.

While the active periods in the life of Governor Tallmadge were wisely occupied, it is no less apparent that he finished his career in a manner that does no violence to the order of Nature. To spend the concluding period of human existence in the pursuit of wealth, and power, and fame, does not accord with any just conception of the responsibilities of life. Moreover, a sudden departure from the busy scenes and dusty highways of the world is abrupt and unseemly. Our friend had finished the battle of life and achieved its victory. He found opportunity to quietly lay aside the polished weapons of his warfare, to compose his mind, and to arrange the preliminaries for his journey in a becoming manner. The last years of his life were appropriately employed in communion with Nature, and in devout and grateful contemplations. The summons came to him on the second day of November, 1864, and it found him ready. The particular hour that witnessed his departure was suggestive. The shadows of night were passing away; the morning star paled in the orient, when, calmly—in the seventieth year of his age—he rose from his

couch, put on the robes of Immortality, and walked forth to behold the rising of the "sun that shall no more go down."

The ashes of our honored friend repose beneath the sylvan shades of RIENZI, near Fond du Lac, Wisconsin; but the spirit is free and confined to no local habitation. Wherever the glory of God is most displayed, even there the affinities of a noble nature may choose its dwelling-place.



THE MILLER'S GUESTS.

BY ANNETTE BISHOP.

THERE is a sprite,
In the pale moonlight,
O'er the mists of the mill-dam floating white.

And a window-sill,
In the mossy old mill,
Hangs over the mill-pond dark and still.

Like a wreath of spray,
In the air astray,
The sprite enters in at this shadowy way.

The mill-stones groan,
They shriek and moan,
And the miller thinks that he watches alone.

Half under the lid
Of the toll-chest hid,
There surely sitteth a guest unbid.

With fingers lean,
And eyes so keen,
He beckons the miller, and blinks between.

With footsteps slow,
And cheek aglow,
The miller moveth that way to go.

"I could starve," thought he,
"But my children three
Such a fearful fate their's must not be."

The hopper is full,
Yet with hollow roll
The bolt turns empty,—the stones are dull.

He fills a measure,
But not from his own ;
He had a treasure—
That treasure is gone.

He hath lifted the lid
Of the toll-chest, and hid
The measure of corn with the guest unbid.

With his long, gray ears,
And his eye that leers,
The guest on the top of the lid appears.

"I knew," said he,
"Thou hadst a treasure ;
Thou hast lost it to me
In that stolen measure."

The miller's brow
Is in darkness now,
And his cheek in the dusk light is all aglow,—

And under his breath
The miller saith :
"I feel a shame that is worse than death."

Then his face grows bright
With a soft cool light,
As he turns to the window his sorrowing sight.

Mist-white and still,
From the window-sill,
Another guest hath entered the mill.

She points to him,
With her finger slim,
And smiles through her veil of the moonlight dim.

With trembling speed
He fills a measure,
His soul hath need,
He seeks his treasure.

Down the gates of the flume,
In the dark wheel-room,
The guest unbid is lost in the gloom.

The stones are dull,
Yet with merry roll
The bolt sifts fast while the hopper is full.

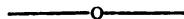
The dusty beams,
Are bright with the gleams,
That flow from the white guests' wings in streams.

"I know," said she,
"Thou hast found thy treasure ;
It returned to thee
In thy honest measure."

And with one hand,
Like a dewy band,
The miller's burning brow she spanned.

"I may starve," thought he,
"But my children three
In the care of their Heavenly Father will be."

And under his breath
Again he saith :
"Remorse is worse than the bitterest death."



PHILOSOPHY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY PROF. J. R. BUCHANAN, M.D.

PHILOSOPHY, which usage has made a term synonymous with wisdom, must comprehend in its essence and spirit, if not in its details, the situation in which man finds himself—the universe of matter and of life—the life especially, which is our own, and the matter which affects that life and which gives it its theatre of operation.

It is no solution of the problem, no understanding of the situation, to fall back upon an infinite and therefore inconceivable power, which would only deepen the shadow of mystery. Nor is it a much better solution to weigh, measure, and analyze the ponderable elements of the globe, ignoring all that cannot be weighed and measured.

Neither in God nor in matter can we find that center of knowledge of which we can take possession, and to which all lines converging, enable us to take possession at the axial center of the radii that lead to the limitless circumference. That center is found in man. Through him alone we gain access to the world of mind, and in the contact of mind and mat-

ter which his constitution exhibits we are enabled to study the laws of correlation between matter or form, and spirit or potentiality. Force, whether physical or psychic, is not matter. Matter and that which is not matter constitute the universe. Language gives us no other comprehensive term for the immaterial but spirit, and it is therefore legitimate to use the term spirit for all potential existence beyond matter, and say that matter and spirit are the universe. These are most perfectly combined in man, and in him we may study both in correlation.*

From the highest standpoint of philosophy we are compelled to take the anthropocentric view of the universe. If life be higher than inanimate form, and volition a higher force than gravitation—if the world of life and consciousness be higher than the basic world of dead matter from which it springs, the science of life must be higher than the purely physical sciences, and man, the noblest embodiment of life, must be the commanding central figure in the panorama of science.

Perhaps to the purely materialistic mind, this may seem a fanciful view, and man may seem but a small or trivial product of the vast cosmic forces which, through immeasurable space and unlimited time, have rolled the blazing orbs that are still glowing within and beyond the range of telescopic vision, or have cooled their mighty masses here and there for the home of animated beings. *

True, from the standpoint of physics, man is but a small

* To this very meager statement it may be added that mere force may be assigned to the realm of material science as commonly understood, though strictly speaking all force is spiritual. We then have on the one hand matter combined with force, and on the other spirit or conscious intelligence combined with spiritual force or will. But on the spiritual side we have not the simplicity of the material; for instead of two simple things, as intelligence and force, we have an infinitely varied combination of intelligence, sensibility, emotion, impulse and will—a variety of primal powers, like chemical combinations, the comprehension and analysis of which and of their relations to the material is the great problem of anthropology.

and impotent element of the universe ; but there is a world of mind as great *by its own standard* of magnitude as the world of matter ; yea, greater still—for in the world of mind the material universe is subordinate and external, and realized only when it enters the mental world subjectively.

But leaving the question of dignity and importance as determined by each observer for himself according to his own standpoint, let us appeal for arbitration to the right-minded man—the pure utilitarian, the lover of his race—to whom the happiness of each and all is the end and aim of existence. He would readily decide that all things are important in proportion to their proximity and power. As the earth is more important to us than the stars which yield a barely appreciable ray of warmth to the most delicate apparatus, and as our own generation is more important than the tombs of extinct nations—our own family more important than any remote continent with its millions—so our own constitutions, bearing in them all our weal or woe, are more to us than all the world besides ; and wise men, seeking useful knowledge, would have begun with the study of ourselves and our own immediate surroundings, instead of looking as far as possible from our own sphere.

But wisdom is the ripened grain of the harvest of the ages, and is not to be expected in the infancy of the race. The stars were studied astrologically before the continents of the earth were known. The social institutions of the Greeks and Romans were studied by the moderns before they had any social science, or had gathered the rudimentary facts of political economy from their own experience. The dead languages were studied before the arts and sciences of daily necessity ; the processes of logic before the useful knowledge to which that logic might apply ; and the speculations of metaphysics interested mankind for centuries before any really scientific knowledge of man had been collected. With the same erratic impulse to pursue the remote which led to the cultivation of alchemy before chemistry (endeavoring to master the

ultimate nature of matter before its most familiar phenomena were understood), barbarous nations generally have endeavored to solve the mystery of the entire universe, and to understand its genesis and destiny by theological speculation before acquiring any knowledge even of its superficial strata.

The cause of these innumerable errors is easily found in the combination of ignorance, arrogance, and indolence which has ruled the world's intellectual history. Arrogant and egotistical barbarians were unwilling to confess their ignorance, and habitually set up their crude notions and fancies as reliable knowledge. They guessed the world to be flat, and taught it as an unquestionable truth. Unqualified for patient and industrious research, they guessed, speculated, dogmatized, and imposed their speculations on posterity.

Science and true philosophy began with the abandonment of these vicious and delusive practices, and the overthrow of the fanciful structures of the ages of speculative barbarism. The revolution is progressing, but is far from being completed. Physical science is thoroughly redeemed, and speculation has given way to observation and induction. But *mental science still lingers under the shadows of the Dark Ages.*

With the exception of a few works of the last hundred years, all our German, French, and English philosophy relating to man and mind, painfully reminds us of the voluminous and jejune writings of the dark ages, and speculations of the schoolmen, before the astronomers, chemists, and geologists had given us any valuable knowledge of Nature.

My learned colleague of twenty years ago (Prof. S.), now a distinguished jurist and politician, published a condensed view of German philosophy, which unintentionally illustrated very forcibly its utter barrenness. The German philosophy was particularly and severely exercised upon the definition of matter, and arrived at the conclusion that everything which exists, exists not by virtue of any substance or potency in itself, but simply as the boundary and limitation of some other

thing, which likewise exists only in its limitation by some other thing ; in fact, that matter exists not by virtue of what it is, but solely by virtue of what it is not ! And after wrestling with these impracticable conceptions of transcendental speculation, the sentence was concluded, as if in despair of getting any clear idea of matter, with the declaration that "*matter is insane.*"

Yet it cannot be said that any work proceeding from the pen of an intelligent thoughtful being is entirely void of merit or of correct thought. The non-historical volumes of five hundred to a thousand years ago, which are now mainly little else but forgotten rubbish, had of course their full supply of philosophic platitudes and unprofitable statements, mingled with erroneous conjectures—constituting a mass of verbiage which it would be tedious and unprofitable to peruse. To have expressed such an opinion then would, however, have been a grave offence in the realm of letters ; and a similar opinion expressed now in reference to the mediæval style of philosophy which still lingers in our libraries, and darkens the atmosphere of our colleges, would be an offence to some whose perverted appetites, long fed upon such dry husks of knowledge, are scarcely capable of appreciating the sound mental food that should replace such innutritious material.

But the world generally has outgrown the appetite for the husks of speculative metaphysics. It is so utterly worthless as a preparation for medicine, for law, for business, for literature, or for moral and religious cultivation of the mind, that our young men cannot afford to waste their time upon it ; and it retains its place chiefly as a matter of curiosity, because it is called philosophy, and because it fills a place *that ought to be occupied* by something valuable—a sort of dummy figure in the family of literature, occupying its chair as a *locum tenens* waiting for the arrival of the legitimate occupant.

Precisely thus is it regarded by vigorous thinkers, by the scientific mind generally, and by practical men who have taken time to think of that gross violation of the Baconian

system of inductive philosophy which still by mere inertia holds its place in the schools as *philosophy!*

Comte speaks of the current philosophy as an "illusory psychology, which is the last phase of theology," and the members of the medical profession generally to whom it belongs to develop and to cherish the science of man (in which lies the philosophy that is required), scarcely give the metaphysical philosophy sufficient attention to express an opinion of its value.

Dr. Maudsley, an eminent and recent English writer upon insanity, says in his work on the Physiology and Pathology of Mind :

"Two facts come out very distinctly in the observation of the state of thought at the present day. One of these is the little favor in which metaphysics is held, and the very general conviction that there is no profit in it; the consequence of which firmly fixed belief is, that it is cultivated as a science only by those whose particular business it is to do so, who are engaged not in action, wherein the true balance of life is maintained, but in dreaming in professorial chairs; or if by any others, by the ambitious youth who goes through an attack of metaphysics as a child goes through an attack of the measles, getting haply an immunity from a similar affection for the rest of his life; or lastly, by the untrained and immature intellects of those metaphysical dabblers who continue youths for life.

"The metaphysician deals with man as an abstract or ideal being, postulates him as a certain constant quantity, and thereupon confidently enunciates empty propositions. The consequence is, that metaphysics has never made any advance, but has only appeared in a new garb; nor can it in truth advance, unless some great addition is made to the inborn power of the human mind. It surely argues no little conceit in any one to believe that what Plato and Descartes have not done, he, following the same methods, will do. Plato interrogated his own mind, and set forth its answers with a clearness, subtlety, and elegance of style that is unsurpassed and unsurpassable; until, then, the very unlikely event of a better mind than his making its appearance, his system may well remain as the adequate representative of what the metaphysical method can accomplish. Superseded

by a more fruitful method, it is practically obsolete, and its rare advocate, when such an one is found, may be said, like the Aturian parrot of which Humboldt tells, to speak in the language of an extinct tribe to a people which understand him not." *

Such being the condition of the intelligent mind of the age, the remark of M. de Bonald, that Europe in the nineteenth century is still waiting for its philosophy, is even much truer now than when it was first uttered.

The question that arises, then, in view of the "mighty void" that is confessed, is whether the philosophy which the nineteenth century is to receive, will be a COSMIC philosophy, in which man appears as an ephemeral outgrowth of the mighty forces of the universe—an interesting and complex result of the unending process of evolution, but still an ephemeral form of matter, like the flora and the animal life of past geological epochs, marking a stage of progress, and perhaps ultimately, by his fossil remains and his art relics, indicating where the extinct phenomena of human existence were manifested; or an ANTHROPOCENTRIC philosophy, which neither buries itself in the Telluric and Siderial masses, of which man's life is considered a trivial and transitory phenomenon—nor yet ignores the potentiality of the visible universe to rise to the supernal standpoint of an abstract theology—but avoiding equally, as ultraisms, the rigid materialism which sees nothing but ponderous globes and their physical forces—and the speculative supernaturalism which half ignores the physical realities and the innumerable laws of the universe, to revel in imaginary and *lawless* primal power of which our mightiest realities are but transient shadows—avoiding equally the sensuous and narrow materialism, and the baseless arbitrary idealism, shall contemplate the universe of matter and of

* "There still lives, and it is a singular fact, an old parrot in Maypures, which cannot be understood because, as the natives assert, it speaks the language of the Atures," an extinct tribe of Indians whose last refuge was the rocks of the foaming cataract of Orinoco.—(*Humboldt's Views of Nature.*)

mind—the two coterminous, parallel, and intermingling worlds—from the only central point of contact and conjunction which commands the whole of the dual realms,—seen from which, each becomes the interpreter of the other.

This philosophy is *Anthropocentric*, for the Spirit-world holds its communication only with the biological realm of nature (except in the matter of Creation, which is not yet a matter of scientific knowledge, indeed scarcely a subject of scientific investigation), and man may practically be regarded as the connecting link of the material and immaterial. In him, and through him, mind continually acts upon matter as matter continually acts upon mind, and each by its intimate and thorough connection becomes a satisfactory exponent of the other.

In him the spirit-world, of which mankind have in former times known so little philosophically, and so much by speculation only, comes into correlation with matter, of which we know the power, the forms, and the laws; so that the unknown, being brought down and measured in parallelism with the known, Psychology becomes a truly intelligible science, with its solid basis, its definite relations, its analysis and synthesis, and its ever-present limiting and explanatory forms.

But, in presenting this subject, it must be borne in mind that it is a novelty in the realm of positive science; and, as before the time of Volta, it was unknown that matter contained subtle, imponderable elements capable of controlling its chemical phenomena, so even at the present day it is not distinctly understood by many scientific men, and is even resolutely denied by many whose intelligence and love of truth cannot be questioned, that there is anything concerned in our mental phenomena but the blood and brain cells, the oxygen, and the chemical reactions of which those elements are capable. The organized cells, so long recognized as the basic element of vital organization, have given way to the crude *protoplasm*, in which vital bodies have been recognized without even cell-wall or nucleus. This, again, is supposed to

be proved capable of beginning from inorganic matter ; and from such limited data, the very elastic supposition is extended, like the tail of a comet, over the whole realm of life, that inorganic matter may, by assuming more complex organization, evolve the phenomena of mind, unaided by any psychic element.

The bold and frank positions of Buchner, Spencer, Owen, Bastian, and many others, involve the doctrine that matter alone, by proper combinations, evolves life and mentality. And although it is an utterly unthinkable proposition that *motion and consciousness should be the same thing*, our materialistic philosophers fearlessly assume it to be possible. [See concluding Note, p. 44.]

They assume the correlation of forces to be an adequate explanation of all imponderable energies and mysterious phenomena.* They carefully exclude from the domain of science, and from all potentiality as a cause, any conceivable spiritual element, and reduce mind to a mere phenomenon of matter—in other words, a product of material forces, dynamic and chemical, but not *psychic*. There is no conceivable product of physical forces but motion ; change of position and force tending to change position, resisted by other forces, are all that we can find in physical nature. If the physical world be all, and the psychic world an unreality, then thought and emotion do not exist except as a product of force or motion, which can be nothing but some other form of force or motion.

In following this mode of thought, we are compelled to adopt the inconceivable absurdities that motion is consciousness, motion is understanding, motion is love, motion is hate, motion is will. Perhaps those who, in former days, proved to themselves the non-existence of the external world, and the non-existence of causation, would not fear to adopt the

* In a lecture delivered by a learned Professor in the city of New York, under the most fashionable auspices, and which was merely an expression of the most recent notions of scientists, the attempt was made to calculate approximately the calorific equivalent of the thinking process.

conclusion that motion is mind. But all such insanity of speculation is now obsolete ; and though our materialistic philosophers may for a while be steeled against argument and ridicule, the public will see that when they reject all psychic elements from the scheme of nature, they are driven into an absurdity worthy of the Dark Ages—into the miserable puerility that *motion is mind*.*

In this position they become obstructives to the progress of all comprehensive science and philosophy. Their assumptions destroy the very foundation of philosophy. There can be no science of mind if there is no mind as a substantive existence. All that would be left would be the science of chemical changes,—of oxygenation and disintegration in the brain, of organizing and disorganizing *neurine*, and the singular phenomena or acts of intelligence consequent upon these changes. Mental science disappears, and chemistry alone survives. Pyrrhonism, which denied all causation, would scarcely have been more fatal to philosophy than this modern animalization of our reasoning faculties, forbidding the recognition of anything but the material objects of the senses.

But we need not fear that the field of knowledge will be swept by any such a sirocco, and reduced to the bald desolation of rigid materialism. The scientists who aim to produce such a result, are simply dogmatizing beyond their proper sphere—concerning not that which they do know, but that of which they know little or nothing. Mental or psychological science is beyond their sphere, and requires methods of investigation of which they know nothing. The mere sol-

* The ludicrousness of this position will doubtless suggest the easy subterfuge, that the materialist is not concerned to know what mind is—that he merely determines the physical conditions in which mind appears, and leaves the nature of mind to more imaginative thinkers. But this is only such an escape as the ostrich makes, when he thrusts his head in the sand. When the materialist affirms the correlation of forces to be the sole and efficient cause of mind, scornfully rejecting all other causes or psychic elements, he does, by logical necessity, affirm that the product of physical forces, which can be nothing but *motion, is mind*.

dier is not more unfit to be a civilian than the *mere* physicist to investigate the operations of the soul. He begins with the false supposition that mind *per se* does not exist, and that all evidence of its existence, as an entity, may be properly ignored and treated with contempt, if not hostility. If asked for the causes of mental phenomena, of intelligence and emotion, he falls back upon the correlation of forces, and though he cannot show how force is converted into mind, he deems the explanation sufficient for the present.

When materialists are driven into this defenceless position by the *reductio ad absurdum*, they accept the position and cannot be laughed out of it; nor are they apparently conscious of the light in which they appear to critical observers. They think, indeed, for want of a proper knowledge of that department of science, that psychology involves so many absurdities, it is better to rest in their defenceless position than to leave it for one they suppose still more defenceless, and still more ludicrous. But there is no necessity for occupying any defenceless or ludicrous position. It can be shown these learned gentlemen that there is a science which embraces psychology as an integral portion of it, which is neither hasty in its generalizations, nor capable of being made ludicrous by any unthinkable absurdity involved in its pretensions.

And in presenting a philosophy that embraces psychology, we have this charming advantage and convenience, that as a true psychology and a true physiology of the brain are parallel and substantially identical in form and phenomena, they whose eyes are accustomed only to the earthward side of the shield, may still look on that side and fancy that the side toward the sky does not exist, and it will give them no trouble. He who cannot conceive of mental science as a distinct substantive science—to whom psychology is but a fanciful word, and the term soul a relic of ancient ignorance—can still contemplate a true philosophy of man, and eliminate from it all that is purely psychological without destroying the intelligible consistency and beauty of the remainder, though

he rejects from his knowledge much that is deeply interesting and of transcendent importance.

To return : if there be a world of mentality—not only mind connected with organized matter and working through it, but mind surviving its cerebral apparatus and possessing a substantial existence itself (as good and wise men in all ages have believed)—if there be something beyond or behind matter, invisible but powerful, and in some inexplicable way related to matter—if matter itself be permeated by invisible, imponderable forces, and *may itself be nothing more than organized forces*—in short, if we are not certain that anything exists in the universe but *force* and emotional *intelligence*—force wonderfully organized and intelligence mysteriously connected with force—then the great problem of the universe is, how are force and intelligence or consciousness related to each other? Is there between pure consciousness, which seems the very antithesis of matter, and ponderous forms or organized forces, a range of intermediate subtle forces, of which volition may be one—half intelligence, half power—by which the spiritual and material world may be in an intelligible correlation? or, in the phraseology of materialism, mental phenomena may proceed according to the intelligible laws of matter?

In this investigation we would soon perceive that the phraseology of materialism is awkward and unnatural. Let us, therefore, discard it entirely, and leave the materialist to translate our language into the forms of his own hypothesis. The proposition that mind or soul is something distinct from matter and from all its phenomena, is so clear and self-evident, that we may well forego all discussion of that proposition.

The Anthropocentric Philosophy is and can be nothing else but ANTHROPOLOGY. The science of man is, in its highest and truest sense, the science of his conscious, intelligent, sensational, emotional, passional existence—not the science of his instrumentalities, his carcase or corpse—for, revolting as the terms may be, the person deprived of the soul is not a

man, but a corpse—it may be a warm, beautiful, perfect corpse, with the glow still on the cheeks and the smile still lingering on the lips, which would tempt us to address him ; but that is no more a man than an Egyptian mummy ; the man is gone, his old garments and instruments are left behind.

It is but a puerile and barbarous mode of thought, which is satisfied in studying man with the visible unconscious body, and ignores the invisible but conscious soul. Anthropology, then, is the compound science of soul and body, mind and matter ; and the word cannot be justly applied to anything less. It would be more just, indeed, to apply the term Anthropology to a science of the soul ignoring the body, than to a science of the body ignoring the soul—in other words, Psychology is, even more than Physiology, an Anthropological science.

Certainly, without the combination of the two we have no true Anthropology ; and as the world has not had heretofore a science of the soul and body in combination and correlation, it has had no Anthropology, and has had very little use for the word. Some thirty years ago the writer brought forward an Anthropological science, and endeavored to introduce, as its representative, the word Anthropology, which had been quietly reposing in the dictionary, and was generally supposed to mean an anatomical science. Latterly the word has gained some currency among naturalists as a substitute for the word Ethnology. But, excepting among a few thousand readers of my System of Anthropology, published in 1850, and of my Journal of Man during several years, the great world is not aware that there is a complete Anthropology in existence, or that there is any demonstrable solution of the great problem of life, and the correlation of the two worlds, fortified by experimental investigation, and firmly based upon the anatomy of the brain and body by the scalpel, and the anatomy of the soul by the isolated play of its various faculties. As this essay will be the first distinct announcement of the fact to some of its readers—a fact of the most cheering and inter-

esting nature to all lovers of truth—it will be necessary to outline briefly the new Anthropology. Resting upon experiments often repeated, it may be presented as a science, and a *full* presentation is all that is requisite. Argument is not necessary with clear, intuitive, truth-loving minds, for to such, truth clearly and fully stated is always acceptable.

The soul, in which are all the elements of humanity, communicates directly with the brain, and from the brain with the entire body. The brain is its primitive, the body its secondary seat. Its correlation is not indefinitely with the whole person, but is first with the central superior regions of the brain, which it enters on the median line, and thence, radiating to the posterior and basilar regions of the brain, descends into communication with the whole body through the spinal cord.

In robust animal life this radiation of the soul-power to the basis of the brain, and thence through the body, is very complete; but when vitality is destroyed by disease, or when, in trance or ecstasy, the soul is withdrawn from its bodily tenement, it withdraws from the body and from the basis of the brain, and, concentrating to the summit of the brain and to the median line, takes its departure thence.

In occupying the entire brain, all the faculties of the soul are brought into a definite relation; for every convolution and every minute subdivision of a convolution has a special distinct function, and the myriads of fibres and cells in the brain enable it to become the organ of the immense variety of faculties and traits that belong to human nature—an immensity which no power of language or literature can ever fully express.

These powers, emotions, and traits of character have all specific locations in the brain; for no two convolutions or groups of fibres and cells have identical functions, except as the right and left hemispheres of the brain correspond each to the other. The craniology of Gall and Spurzheim, who were the true founders of cerebral science, was a very meager

and limited affair in comparison with the vast extent and intricacy of the cerebral functions. No external mapping of the skull, however closely it may be made to correspond with the convolutions, can be at all satisfactory as a survey of humanity; for each convolution is a volume full of meaning, of impulses, aptitudes, capacities, and characteristics. A true organology would approximate the infinite, and would require in its fullness an illimitable nomenclature which no language can furnish. Nevertheless, as the English language abounds in words of comprehensive meaning representing those faculties and traits of character which have been generally recognized and understood, those words will be sufficient practically, when located on the brain, to denote the functions and traits of the various convolutions, and with from 100 to 150 terms we may convey a tolerable conception of human nature.

The Gallian system of Phrenology, though rude and meager as it must necessarily be (derived from the cranial observations of its founders), was substantially correct, though incomplete in details, erroneous and deficient in system and philosophy.

The Anthropological system, based on the method of experimental excitement of the organs, discovered by the writer in 1841, and their psychometric exploration in 1842 (an explanation of which need not be attempted at present), evolves from the brain all its various capacities in every state and stage of excitement or action to which humanity is liable. Hence we discover the abnormal as well as the normal capacities; the eccentric as well as the ordinary phenomena of mind and character; the marvelous as well as the commonplace capacities of the mind. Under the action of the various organs the individual becomes amiable or passionate, rational or insane, sensitive or hardy, energetic or weak; and as each hemisphere of the brain may be excited separately, the opposite side of the body may share its effects; and thus, for example, the left arm be energized to unusual strength, while the right is reduced to extreme weakness.

We thus trace to their specific seats or sources in the brain the capacities for sleep, for somnambulism, for dreaming, for trance, for clairvoyance, for sympathy, for spectral illusion, for insanity, and for disease.

This is a wide departure from Gallian phrenological conceptions; for we find in the brain not merely organs for the ordinary faculties and passions, but the *capacity* for all the abnormal conditions of human life. The capacity for disease is based upon a certain irritable sensibility and a deficiency of tonic power to resist the irritations. This capacity or morbid sensibility we find, like all other forms of sensibility, connected with a specific organ. That combination of excitability and weakness which constitutes the insane diathesis, and results in insanity whenever the exciting causes exist, is also connected with a particular organ,—not as its normal function, but as the effect of its unbridled action, as murder is the result of uncontrolled destructiveness. One signal and valuable result of this psychological anatomy of man is the determination of what is normal or abnormal in the current opinions and philosophy. An intelligent person, placed under the influence of each organ or passion in succession, shows by his changes of sentiment and conviction the sources of the various opinions to which he is inclined. Under the influence of justice and benevolence he has very different sentiments and opinions from those which he is disposed to adopt under the influence of pride, selfishness, or anger. Even our materialistic friends will discover that it is not under the influence of pure reason and the most refined sentiments that *dogmatic* materialism becomes irresistibly fascinating. But this exposition must be reserved for another occasion.*

Thus far, our discoveries amplify and rectify the rudimentary system of Gall and Spurzheim; complete the survey of portions of the brain not explored by them; develop a complete and philosophic psychology; bring it into strict

* Skeptical materialism which honestly waits for evidence, is very different from *dogmatic* materialism which closes the mind against evidence.

harmony with cerebral anatomy, and solve nearly all the problems concerning the twofold nature of man.

But there are other fields opened in this exploration which neither Gall and Spurzheim nor any of the speculative writings of our predecessors have even glanced at. The operation of the brain *per se* is simply concerned in psychological functions ; but the brain, operating in intimate nervous connection with the body, becomes a centre of physiological sympathies, and a source of diffusive controlling physiological influences on all the bodily functions. Hence, we must have a science of cerebral physiology, enabling us to infer from cerebral development what bodily functions are vigorous or defective, and what is the character of the entire temperament ; to say to one, in you the liver is naturally defective, as indicated by the conformation of your brain ; to another your digestive organs are naturally feeble, or naturally vigorous ; and to a third, your nervous system is in undue preponderance in your constitution. Such a cerebral physiology we have, and my pupils have often successfully used its principles in diagnosis and prognosis in the practice of medicine.

There is another field, equally new and outside of all previous science and speculation. The sympathies of the mind and the body are known to be very numerous and influential ; but the scientific have very little better conception of these relations than the rest of the community.

Our experiments show that, although the mind is more centralized and concentrated in the brain in man than in any other living being, still the centralization is not complete. On the contrary, the psychic element has its residence and operation in the body in a secondary sense, which we may not be able to define with precision, and which indeed is very different in different persons, according to their rank in nervous development. A small brain, with a large nervous system and body, cannot effectually concentrate the psychic life within the cranium ; while a large brain, with a feeble body

dominates more completely over the latter, and disregards, in the strength of psychic power, the admonitions and claims of the body.

In the lower animals, consciousness and mentality are so effectually diffused and lodged in the body, that the loss of the brain does not prevent acts of a low grade of volition and intelligence. The alligator, after decapitation, lifts its foot and pushes away the stick that pierces its side.

The existence of a secondary and shadowy psychic element in the body, even in man, and the complete response to each mental condition by some or all parts of the body, with the well-known power of the various organs of the body in irritation or disease to affect the mind, as when melancholy proceeds from the irritated liver, and fear from pericarditis or endocarditis—are prominent and familiar facts that have long challenged investigation without receiving scientific scrutiny.

If we have now, by a new experimental process, the key to all these mysteries, the discovery will not only be of the highest importance to philosophic medicine, particularly to the Homœopathic school, by whom the mental symptoms of disease have been faithfully studied, but will be deeply interesting in that broad philosophy which hopes, by tracing the exact relation of the psychic to the material, to draw near to the ultimate mysteries of life and creation.

The science of mental and corporeal sympathy and correlation must enable us to perceive something of the mind in the conformation of the body, as it points out that certain faculties sympathize with, and tend to develop each portion of the body, and that each portion of the body in turn invigorates and sustains certain mental faculties. If well-developed shoulders correspond with firmness, we should anticipate, *cæteris paribus*, greater strength of character when the shoulders are prominent.

The fact that in consequence of this sympathy the body becomes, *to some extent*, an exponent of the mind, has led me

to adopt the term SARCOGNOMY as the expression of the science of corporeal and psychic sympathies.

A series of statues modelled upon the principles of Sarcognomy, to illustrate the various bodily forms that belong to different characters, would be sufficiently expressive to be recognized by every observer, and would at once carry conviction to every mind.

There are some very wonderful and unexpected revelations in sarcognomy which illustrate the relations that man bears to the entire animal kingdom and the globe itself; but the present is not the occasion to refer to that world of wonders.

In the application of similar laws to facial expression, we also find a rational system of PHYSIOGNOMY—for in spite of its seeming improbability, there are some very definite and exact mathematical laws governing facial expression, which are recognized at once, whenever they are presented to the eye, with a feeling of surprise that they should have so long and so completely escaped the attention of both artists and anatomists.

Thus far, our very meager and brief outline of the science of Anthropology might indicate vaguely its scope and magnitude to those who are accustomed to patient thought upon the mighty problems which have vexed the intellect of many ages. Not only the problems upon which attention has been fixed, but many others which philosophers have quietly ignored as being beyond their reach, are solved in the development and analysis of humanity.

A true solution of the problems of humanity must necessarily be no mere metaphysical speculation, nor mere expansion of thought and revelation of beauty, but a practical revelation for the guidance of nations and individuals in the march of progress.

Philosophy, meaning etymologically the love of wisdom, its end is the attainment of wisdom; and wisdom is an infallible guidance to happiness, and to all the just ends and aims of human existence.

Anthropology, radiating to all human relations, becomes the vast anthropocentric philosophy which satisfies our highest aspirations for wisdom. Let us, then, glance at its capabilities and probable performance—not perhaps to be realized in the nineteenth century to any important extent, but to be distinctly understood and grasped before the century has gone, and to be organized in germs to which the twentieth century will give a vigorous growth. Anthropology will give us a new philosophy of art and eloquence; a new study of character, a new and philosophic medicine, a new education, a new sociology, a new genesis, a new exploration and evolution of mysteries.

1. *ÆSTHETICS*.—Anthropology develops a series of mathematical laws which govern all human relations, and which determine not only the expression of countenance, attitude, and gesture, but the relations of all things to psychological expression. The lines of drawing, statuary, painting, and architecture, so far as they are capable of expression, have a significance which the mathematical law interprets with exactness. The effects of light and shade are also determined with equal precision, and photographs or paintings may be made to assume precisely the expression that is desired (so far as it is controllable with lights and shadows), by a scientific adjustment of the lines of light. Oratory has its laws of expression in attitude and intonation, to which Anthropology gives us the key.

2. *CHARACTER STUDY*.—Anthropology gives us a craniological system and a facial system of expression, with a philosophic explanation of temperaments—all novel, and all capable of extremely useful application in the study of character and in self-improvement. Moreover, it gives us, in the art of Psychometry, the method of studying, with minute appreciation, the characters of thousands to whom we have access only through their manuscripts. This application has already been made extensively in the United States; as there are many successful practitioners of Psychometry, whose delineations

of character are so much more minute, penetrating, and truthful than anything which can be inferred, even by a perfect system of craniology, as to render the latter of little comparative value—at least in the difficult cases in which, by education or modes of life, the character has departed materially from the original or congenital disposition indicated by the head.

3. PHILOSOPHIC MEDICINE.—Anthropology gives us a new basis for the Institutes of Medicine, by establishing the laws of sympathy in all the vital functions. Every philosophical physician will admit, that if this can be done, it will constitute a new departure in medical philosophy. But, in addition to this, Anthropology shows what are the significance and relation of the mental symptoms which accompany the action of remedies which have been heretofore neglected by all but the Homœopathic school. Moreover, it shows the true philosophy of prescription for various constitutions; it shows that certain constitutions are affected by insensible quantities of medicine, and others require larger doses; that many can be affected by external application, even without physical contact; and that upon the impressible class we may most readily determine the physiological and pathogenetic relations of any remedy by brief and not unpleasant experiments; and thus review the whole materia medica, and explore a thousand articles of value now unknown. When this is done, medicine will be practically reorganized.

4. EDUCATION,—which has been for ages a process most harsh, fatiguing, and disagreeable in its progress and barren in its results; which has utterly failed to qualify men and women for the duties of life; failed even to give strength and correctness of action to the reasoning faculties; failed to develop a thirst for knowledge and love of improvement; failed to give any high development to the moral nature; failed still more signally in a sanitary view, by impairing the constitutions of students below the average of the community, and turning them out utterly ignorant of the laws of health

and means of prolonging life ; failed to stimulate progress, and served to perpetuate bigotry and prejudice—will, when Anthropology is understood, be revolutionized in its entire spirit, methods, and results. A volume would be required to do justice to this subject ; but we may allude to results which are certain to be realized, even if space does not allow a presentation of the *modus operandi*.

Young men and women educated according to the teachings of Anthropology will be fully equipped, with vigorous minds in vigorous bodies, for all the duties of life ; will understand industrial employments, not by rote, but by science ; and will be fully competent to progress toward wealth by honest industry. They will have complete mastery of themselves, and will obey every moral law ; for every unbalanced mind liable to crime will be *revolutionized* by an educational power not now brought into play. They will understand the laws of health, and will pass through life *almost entirely exempt from disease*, recognizing and obeying the principle that no one has a right to be sick, and that disease should be considered disgraceful, if not imposed upon its victim by some power from which he could not escape. All will have the power of clear and appropriate expression of ideas, and of eloquence under exciting circumstances. All will be progressive and fit for a higher order of society. Not only the pliable youth, but, to some extent, the adult minds will be made to feel much of this educational power ; and prison discipline will send forth *good citizens, thoroughly reformed*, no one being discharged until his reformation is complete. If these statements seem extravagant, as they probably must to those who know nothing of the processes, they are nevertheless fully sustained by experimental knowledge.

5. A NEW SOCIOLOGY is the inevitable result of a science which explains the relations of men to each other, which shows precisely what are the capacities of human nature, what are the basic forces on which society should rest, to what system of society each individual is adapted, and what are

the best institutions of which a nation with a given development is capable. It shows how, when the most desirable condition of society is conceived, the educational processes may be adapted to inaugurate that condition.

Moreover, Anthropology demonstrates the nobility of the divine plan of the human constitution, and shows that it only requires the removal of certain hindrances, and obedience to certain obvious principles, to bring the race to its moral maturity, and establish a society in which crime, ignorance, and suffering shall be unknown. No mountainous accumulation of statistics or voluminous history of social conditions will be necessary to understand the capacities which science demonstrates in man, and their most natural organization in social institutions.

6. A NEW GENESIS.—The reproduction of the race is that which determines its destiny. The character stamped by birth is generally more influential than all the conditions of after-life. Complete education, it is true, is capable of overcoming many congenital defects; but as it is not necessary that such defects should exist to any great extent, it may be sufficient to say, that with a profound and complete knowledge of the laws of reproduction, *to which Anthropology is essential*, nearly all our social misfortunes and degradation might be made to disappear with the existing generation, a new race coming on in the next to live in a higher social condition.

7. SUNRISE.—Notwithstanding the grave objections, the doubt, the disbelief, and, with some, the scorn which apparently Utopian expectations may excite, it is due to the truth to assert, that the intellectual progress of the race, even to this day, is but contemptibly slow in comparison with what it might be by following the imperative dictates of Anthropology. With a proper organization of scientific commissions for the advancement of human knowledge, more would be accomplished in even five years than has been accomplished in the last century—more for the industrial arts, for sanitary science, for moral science, for the exploration of the Universe

in every direction, and for bringing into human life and universal utility the highest results of science. But how, it may be asked, is Anthropology especially to accomplish this, or to render it practicable to do more than we now understand how to do? First, because the Anthropological philosophy itself points directly to all that should be accomplished; to much of which our slowly-creeping scientists have as yet but dim conceptions, if any; and it also indicates the men who can accomplish such labors, and the whole *modus operandi*. It indicates new methods of investigation not yet brought into use, and even points out in man faculties and senses not at present understood or made to do their duty in the intellectual labors of the age. The revelations of Psychometry are but a premonition of other and greater revelations and discoveries, of which man is capable when he shall be emancipated from the stolidity of the Dark Ages, and go forth to conquer and possess the rich domains of knowledge which lie before us; not merely as many of our scientists have been doing, picking up shells and little specimens on the shores of the great ocean of truth, but exploring its depths, its coral islands, and the vast continents which are as yet beyond our gaze.

The experiments which in 1841 opened to us the entire field of Anthropology, are but the precursors of others which shall lead us on in the path that Anthropology opens to that intellectual mastery of the Universe, which the strong soul knows within itself is the sure destiny of man.

Four sciences, of prime importance to human welfare,—three of which are, as yet, undreamed of among scientists,—are distinctly recognizable by their orient gleams from the high standpoint of Anthropology. They are not for us except in contemplation, for it will require more than the twentieth century to realize in human life the rich blessings of Anthropology, the glorious changes which are to

“ Ring out the ancient roar of strife,
 Ring in the nobler forms of life;
 Ring out disease and hideous crime,
 Ring in the glorious Eden clime;
 Ring in the harvest's vast increase,
 Ring in the endless years of peace.”

And yet, if the dull ear of capital should be reached at last by the "still small voice" of Reason, or if governments should ever learn their true function in promoting the increase of knowledge instead of the increase of international strife and internal corruption, there *might be* a tide of progress, with an increasing ratio, which in half a century would make a new world "of sweeter manners, purer laws," without a pauper, without an army, without a single agonized and breaking heart. But alas! governmental bodies are blind to the future, and have no sympathy with Watt or Fitch, with Gall or Columbus, or with the host of those who have loved and toiled for humanity. Those saddest words, "*it might have been,*" have not yet lost their mournful reality.

But these sad days are the days of infancy and suffering. A world without a philosophy, without a chart or map for its progress into the dark future, must toil on in weariness and pain until it has attained years of discretion—adopted a true philosophy and obeyed its admonitions.

NOTE—(Reference from page 28). Want of space forbids a proper reference to numerous writers, who by a metaphysico-scientific method, which is not really philosophical, have been endeavoring to construct a cosmic philosophy, or to raise physical science to the position of universal philosophy. Herbert Spencer, the most conspicuous at present, has signally failed, notwithstanding his fine powers, in working out a mechanical philosophy that shall embrace life. He avoids the question of the origin of life, and in discussing its phenomena he adopts hypotheses incompatible with his mechanical theory. The mechanical or cosmic system, which is the fashion of to-day, is merely metaphysics combined with dynamics and chemistry. But no science can go beyond its proper sphere. The science of the steam-engine does not explain plant-life; neither can physics and chemistry explain human physiology. To suppose that they can explain psychology (implying that motion is mind) is an error more worthy of ridicule than argument.

THE INWARD VISION.

THE subjoined lines are said to have been found among the literary remains of Milton. They present a touching and forcible illustration of one phase of spiritual experience. It is a well-known fact that the suspension of the organic functions of any one of the senses often leads to an abnormal quickening of the other powers of external perception. In like manner, either the sudden or gradual closing of the channel of outward sensation is sometimes followed by the interior opening of the same sense to a perception of the more subtle principles of Nature, and a view of the great realm of spiritual causation. Then the soul is flooded with light; the mind peopled by ethereal forms, and immortal realities are comprehended. Such was Milton's spiritual experience under the shadow of the eclipse that obscured his mortal vision. His trust was sublime while he seemed to stand alone in the gloom of a rayless night. Morning had dawned within, revealing manifold splendors that "eye had not seen," and the "excellent glory" seemed intensified by contrast with the outward darkness. The lines are not only beautiful, but they are characterized by the simple grandeur peculiar to the great epic Poet.

S. B. B.

I AM old and blind !
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown ;
Afflicted and deserted of my kind ;
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong ;
I murmur not ! that I no longer see ;
Poor, old and helpless, I the more belong,
Father supreme ! to Thee.

Oh, merciful One!
 When men are farthest, then Thou art most near;
 When friends pass by me, and my weakness shun,
 Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
 Is leaning toward me; and its holy light
 Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place—
 And there is no more night.

On my bended knee,
 I recognize Thy purpose clearly shown;
 My vision Thou hast dimmed, that I may see
 Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have nought to fear;
 This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing;
 Beneath it I am almost sacred; here
 Can come no evil thing.

O! I seem to stand
 Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
 Wrapp'd in the radiance of Thy sinless land,
 Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go;
 Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng;
 From angels' lips I seem to hear the flow
 Of soft and holy song.

It is something now,
 When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes!
 Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
 Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
 I feel the stirrings of a gift divine;
 Within my bosom glows unearthly fire
 Lit by no skill of mine.

SOULS AND SCENES IN SPIRIT LIFE.

BY FANNY GREEN M'DOUGAL.

AMONG all the subjects that engage our attention, there are none that come to us with such absorbing interest as the conditions and relations of the Human Soul in other states of being. All peoples, in all times, have had their speculations and their theories, their heavens and their hells. These are generally in accordance with their respective degrees of enlightenment,—rude and undeveloped nations having crude ideas on this, as well as all other subjects. Everywhere man makes God after his own heart, and in the image of his own character. Heathen or savage nations have savage, puerile, or brutish gods. The ancient Jews conceived of Jehovah as a capricious, cruel, and vindictive being; and though it seems to be a strange exception in the case,—marked by these same characters intensified and fixed in attributes of eternal terror,—still appeared—within the period of our remembrance—the Orthodox Christian God, demanding love, but addressing chiefly the passion of fear; or, in a wider sense, only the supreme selfishness of mankind.

But it is rather more than questionable whether there *is*, at the present day, any belief in literal hell-fire, in undying physical torture, or even a very sincere faith in any unlimited punishment. Scan them closely, and you will find that all the Christian Churches have, in this respect at least, unconsciously outgrown their faith, and now only await the time when they shall be true and brave enough to know and say so. How such a faith could have existed so long in a world of fathers and mothers, friends and neighbors, husbands and wives, and comparatively just men, is one of the problems

that yet remain to be solved. Indeed, there can be no stronger proof of the insincerity of all faith in this cardinal doctrine of the old creeds, than the fact that people affect to believe it and yet are happy. If we really thought that every Soul that goes out hence, without having made—in the sense implied by the Church—its “calling and election sure,” must be irretrievably lost, we should carry something better than gold-headed canes and diamonds, feathers and flounces, to St. James and Trinity. We should go clad in sackcloth and ashes, and wear the pavements with our bare knees in unceasing prayer for mercy.

It is often asked what good Spiritualism has done. It has done this, and if it had done nothing more, it would still be an infinite good. It has bridged the abyss of death, and demonstrated the continued conscious existence of the human soul. This it not only has done, but continues to do, daily and hourly. It may here be observed, in passing, that all the direct and absolute evidence on this point, which the Bible contains, is of the same character and based on the same principle—the capability of reëmpireance in spirits that have left the earth. It is a remarkable fact that the Christian world does not perceive the truth of this, that any attempt to overthrow Spiritualism is a blind thrust at the very cornerstone of its own faith.

The teachers of Spiritualism only share the fate of all advanced Minds that have led the Ages on in the eternal march of power and progress. Socrates, who flourished in the very zenith of Athenian power, for teaching the immortality of the soul, was made to drink poison; and Jesus, who called men away from the locked caverns of myth and mystery, where all light and learning had been hid, to be reached only by the few and favored, and taught the multitudes on the mountain and by the sea, was crucified, mainly because he made teaching free. If he had talked only with Rabbis, Priests, and Doctors he might have lived on to a quiet and happy old age.

When Galileo constructed his wonderful telescope, claiming that it demonstrated the Copernican system, all the University Doctors and other hoary representatives of the scholastic learning of the times refused to look in it, stoutly declaring that there was nothing there. And this is precisely the behavior of many at this day. They refuse to look into our Celestial Telescope, constantly affirming that there is nothing in it. But if this is really so, why do they give themselves so much trouble to denounce and put it down. In this view of the case, an attack on Spiritualism would be as airy and unsubstantial as Don Quixote's famous raid upon the Windmills. Better reason for fight, and better argument, have they who see under the lens the familiar features of their satanic Prime Minister. But no denial, no persecution, can overthrow the Truth. Still it stands untarnished, like a grand statue, towering up to Heaven, immaculate, impenetrable, and indestructible; and in the fiercest collision sparks are called forth that shall yet kindle the watch-fires of the world.

But the present object is not to discuss creeds, nor yet to describe what may be called the physical or external appearance of the Spirit World, but rather to unfold the states, conditions, and experiences of the Soul itself—its various modes of being and action, with the laws that govern them. Not by my own unassisted reason should I dare undertake subjects so vast, or themes so grand. But by inspiration of higher power I give, as I believe, the actual experience of a noble and heroic Soul, who not very long ago passed from our midst. I give it, verbatim, with all its dramatic features of character, incident, and diction.

This account of experiences in the Spirit World was given me by Gen. Baker, the soldier, poet, and statesman, who is here almost an object of idolatry. It was written with almost inconceivable rapidity, giving birth to unfamiliar trains of thought. For three months or more after its production, I lived on terms of daily intercourse with this noble Spirit; and during all that time never, for one day, did he fail to come to

me in the morning. After the article was finished the Spirit said, "We will revise it." A day was appointed for this purpose, and we sat with closed doors. I then read slowly and thoughtfully, and at the close of each succeeding section or paragraph the portion last read was commented on, and was either approved or criticised, and alterations proposed. The presence and power of the Spirit, during the time occupied in this revision, was as real to me as any presence could be. After having described his own terrific transit from the Field of Battle, with the interposing rest, waking and reunion with friends who came to greet him on the farther shore, he thus continued :—

The period of earthly probation being at length complete, by the Sage, Swedenborg, I was led away to be instructed in the real aspects and conditions of Spirit Life. As we passed along it seemed more as if the scenes were approaching us than we them. I had observed this phenomenon several times before, and I confess it puzzled me.

The Sage perceived the silent question, and thus responded : "Dost thou remember the childish illusion of flying shores, and hills, and road-sides, while the boat, or carriage, that was really in rapid motion, seemed to stand still? This phenomenon is owing to the same cause, the rapidity of our own motion, which we can perceive only as reflected from surrounding objects."

While he was yet speaking, a certain outward, or onward pressure, was arrested, giving much the same feeling that a sudden check of speed, whether physical or mental, did in the earth-life. It was a sense of revulsion, as if a strong tide were turned suddenly back upon itself while yet pressing hard headward. Until this I hardly knew that we moved at all.

"It is even so," said the Sage, as I staggered under the pressure of the inverted power. "Transitions are always more or less difficult and painful, and even here we can offer no exception to the established rule. In every change from state to state, we must enter in the position of a novice, to

try all things, and determine for ourselves. The true human Soul must always be an experimenter. That is, it must learn by its own experience. Without this never was there made a single step of progress. But look more closely, my son, and tell me what thou seest."

"I perceive that not only we are moving, but the objects we approach are moving also. Are the trees and hills, the objects and scenes of Nature, really unfixd and floating? What is this new wonder? Speak, I beseech thee!"

"This," he answered, "is the common attraction of like to like, as of thought to thought, or will to will. It is maintained by the presence of a reciprocal power, or action, and is chiefly due to the principle of spontaneous emanations. Thus, when I desire to approach you, I send out an aroma, which, if your organism is sufficiently fine and delicate, will find a thousand avenues of entrance, and inform you of my desire. If there is kinship between us, the power sent forth attracts you; and, in return, you send out a response, which attracts me. And thus we spontaneously come together. This power is present, if not active, in all things; though not yet always manifest to thy inexperienced spirit."

"Ah!" I exclaimed, joyfully, "I now see how and why thoughts so truly respond to each other. And this also accounts for the miracle of spirits sometimes being so suddenly present when we had imagined them far away. But, as it appears to me, it wholly fails to account for the effect on material things, as this moving landscape—this magnificent panorama, which really seems inspired with life."

"And, truly, seeming *is*;" answered the Sage, laconically. "Know, then, that after their degree and kind, all things have life. This life is always twofold. That is to say, it has an inflowing and an outflowing power. The first is magnetic and conservative, the second electrical and diffusive. These are the bases of all power and the parents of all motion. You will find magnetism in the mineral; magnetism and vitality in the plant; magnetism, vitality, sensation and voluntary motion

in the animal ; magnetism, vitality, sensation, motion, intelligence and individuality in the human ; and of all these the corresponding outflowing power is an emanation, which is more or less potent and refined. In free, or perfectly natural conditions, the attraction operates according to the degree of its intensity and composition or state. But when any intelligence governs the movement, the will power takes the helm ; and the grosser or more material conditions are thus brought into obedience, or at least partially overcome.

“And hereby hangs a secret for the people of Earth. When magnetism, with its essential relations of positive and negative, is thoroughly understood, men will learn to establish corresponding points, the positive here, the negative there, and to maintain between them all kinds and degrees of motion and power. But we are touching on deep and inexhaustible themes. The time will come for these also ; but not yet.”

As he spoke, his whole being became suddenly luminous. I looked, and perceived the tide of great thoughts, as it flowed through him, till my yet unpractised eyes fell, blinded with the brightness.

After a little he said more quietly : “Look yonder ;” at the same time stretching out his arm toward seemingly immeasurable depths of ether. As he did so, banners and curtains were furled away, aerial doors were opened, and the illimitable heavens appeared in view. Group within group, system beyond system, they were all seen, shining through the pure crystalline, and evidently in rapid motion. This was the first time I had witnessed the actual movements of the heavenly orbs. My heart heaved, and my brain whirled with a strange, ecstatic sense of delight, not unmixed with terror. For a moment it seemed as if I should be drawn into the profound vortex of fire in which all attraction centred, and toward which all motion tended.

It was but an instant, when I felt the strong reaction of my human power. I stood erect, growing taller and stronger.

I, a son of God! I, a brother of Angels! I, in my own right, an Immortal!—would any dead matter, though it be in the form of quickest fire, swallow up ME—or take me from myself—or control my actions—or shorten my will? No, never.

The Sage had withdrawn to one side, reabsorbing himself, if I may so speak, that I might be left wholly free from his influence. He smiled on me with a deep, serene smile, and after a little he came forward and blest me silently. And this blessing was a new baptism of the consciously human being.

“Behold,” he said, pointing to the radiant and rolling spheres, “the law of Reciprocal Emanations on a grand scale. Science may tell you that it is merely a balance of the centrifugal and centripetal forces, and that, too, imposed by some foreign power. Learn, then, the wisdom of a truer science, that leaves nothing suspended without a consistent and sufficient counterpoise. Behold the higher Omnipotence, and the truer Omniscience, of a Creator who works by laws. Know, then, that these moving forces are in the constitution of the planet itself, and belong to every particle of included matter. The sphere is the first and simplest organic form; and the power that determines it is inherent and vital. As a plant puts forth stem and leaves, or an animal its proper organism, so does an Earth sphere itself, and for the same reason. The particle, which may be termed the manifold germ of the sphere, is itself endowed with the forces that must so ultimate themselves. And this is the true God-power that puts into everything all that it may need, to develop, to maintain, to reproduce, and preserve itself.”

This was followed by an expressive and eloquent silence; and then he added: “Could the mechanical value of magnetism only be known, men might move mountains, navigate the air, write speeches, lectures, and even books by telegraph; dissolve the earth, and draw forth pure its hidden and disguised gold.

“But I have other teaching for thee now,” he said, turning

abruptly from the subject. "Know, then, that the Spirit that has not entered consciously into the sphere of progression, has power to reproduce its own experience, and so to invest itself, that this ideal character or equipage becomes for the time an objective reality."

As he spoke, he led the way toward a group in the distance. On approaching them I felt a cloud pass over me. And directly I saw what I had not perceived before,—a large town, in the midst of which we suddenly stood. At first the place seemed wholly unknown, but directly, on looking through the minds around me, I perceived it was the city of Manchester, in England.

It was a cold, gray, foggy morning in early summer. The factory bells were calling to work; and I saw multitudes of shivering, deformed, and half-starved creatures hurrying to and fro, with haggard and anxious looks, especially after the bells had ceased tolling. As their eyes turned toward me in passing, they had a vacant, stony stare, or a kind of glassy insane light. "What is this?" I asked. "Are we really returned to earth, its heavy cares and its intolerable wrongs?"

"You see only Thought-pictures," he replied. "These people are still bound by the material necessities of the first estate, simply because they have not yet grown out of them. That is to say, they have not acquired strength sufficient to liberate themselves. Elsewhere thou hast been shown that the human Spirit can only advance by its own efforts, intelligently and freely. Here that great truth is demonstrated. We cannot transport the Soul beyond its own power of flight. It must make its own wings; and dark and hopeless as it seems, wings are being woven* even here.

"Look," he added, pointing to a group of Spirits, from whose white forms radiated lines of light, beneath which the shadows were gradually melting away. Tracing the luminous

* Figurative, to represent the development of the innate capacity, and the spiritual instrumentalities of volition and motion.—ED.

lines, I perceived that wherever they fell they woke a kind of discontent in the present, and the aspiration for higher and better things ; yet even these changes appeared to be of the same material type, and on the same material plane.

Beyond one group, for instance, I could see landscapes, pictures which I recognized as different scenes in America,—cities, towns, wharves, canals, railroads, and especially farming operations, where everything seemed to go on more freely and cheerily. By this I saw that they had heard of America—that there food is cheap and labor high ; and especially that the very peasant may there become a lord of the soil.

“You read aright,” said the Sage. “The higher Spirits, unknown to them, are inculcating these ideas ; for, strange as it may appear, only by these material processes can they be brought out of their present state. This you will more easily understand when you reflect that all genuine progress is a result of voluntary motion, or of effort and growth, and is never a forced or arbitrary transfer from one point to another.

“These spirits have been operatives in the cotton-mills of England. They have lived in such a state of deformity and dwarfhood that they could no more conceive of the duties and rights of a free human soul than they could conceive themselves possessed of a royal pomp and power. They must change their state and come into better material conditions before they can progress spiritually. After a while they may have an ideal emigration to America, or something equivalent. Then they will have the idea of better wages, and more time for self-improvement.”

“But they know, at least, that they are in the Spirit World,” I ventured to say ; “and if so, all these fantasies must appear the height of absurdity. Is it the office of wise and good Spirits to cherish these illusions ? Nay, is it consistent with a strict regard for truth ?”

“I answer thy last question first, because it is often asked, and has never yet received the full and broad answer which its importance demands. It is not so much literal fact as the

spirit of things that constitutes truth or falsehood. **How** should it affect science to know if Newton founded his **theory** on the fall of one or two apples? The principle involved is the only important thing about it. And precisely in **this way** have Spirits been accused of lying, when they have given as much of truth as could be understood or accepted. It is **conceded** by all liberal moralists that the intention to deceive constitutes the lie. By this rule you will find that **intelligent** Spirits are never guilty of the imputed wrong. And yet the points of view are so different between the giver and receiver of instruction, that occasional misconstructions are not **only** probable, but sometimes inevitable. But this will be treated more at length when we come to speak of evil Spirits.

“To return to the more immediate subject of our discourse, I ask, What could such darkened minds conceive of the Spirit World? By their cruel and scanty religious instruction they have been taught only of a Hell of endless and infinite woe, and a Heaven of vague and pointless pleasure. And when they find neither of these, skepticism necessarily intervenes, and they are thrown back on their own resources. These, with very few exceptions, are essentially groveling and material, and they always bear a more or less strong and complete resemblance to the Earth-life. This is natural and inevitable. The human mind is never at rest, and it must always work with whatever material and power it has. Neither do bare theories satisfy the Soul. There must be, always, demonstrative proof, and both this and the principle itself must be measured by the capacity to receive and appropriate.

“Take a little child and explain to him the philosophy of the diurnal and annual revolutions. Tell him how the first makes day and night, and the last brings the beautiful change of seasons, and all the corresponding ministries of the year. And if he be a child of thought he will be amazed, terrified, almost paralyzed with a sense of the inconceivable. But the ordinary child will coolly tell you that he knows better than that. Pointing to the West, he will say, ‘There the sun sets.

When he gets tired of walking so far, he comes right down the hill quick, and goes to bed. But he doesn't sleep all night. When he has rested himself he gets up. He can see in the dark ; and he goes round, away under the ground till he comes there, pointing to the East. ' And then he gets up and walks away, high up in the sky, till he begins to get tired ; and before night he goes down to his bed again.'

" Now I submit that this theory is better than anything the philosophers can give him. Just as soon as he wants a better he will have it. It is the part of wise teachers not to deprive the simple mind of anything it possesses, until something better can be given it to rest upon. They should simply watch the wants of the Soul, and administer accordingly.

" Do you not feel the truth and reason of this, or something like this ? " he resumed, as he perceived that my incredulity was slowly giving way. " You cannot," he continued, " prove this or that to be a better state by simply asserting it to be so. You cannot enlighten the benighted—you cannot make men spiritual by simply declaring that they are in the midst of darkness and error, and must come out of their evil and wicked ways. Even if this could be achieved there would be in it no genuine progress. Every particular step must be unfolded by the Soul itself—out of its own needs—out of its own desires—out of its own aspirations. When it is once well awakened to the sense of want, to the necessity of change, the future progress becomes more easy and rapid. It is the apathetic and inane contentment in these low conditions that is most to be dreaded, because it is most nearly impervious to higher influences."

" This is horrible ! " I exclaimed, in a burst of almost despairing thought.

" And yet," returned my Guide, " hard as it appears, this is an essential step in the progress of Humanity. In the grand march of the Race, all phases and conditions of being must be represented. And hence, every human creature, however exalted he may be, has either in himself or his antecedents passed through them all."

"This atmosphere is gross and stifling. It distresses me," I said. "How, then, can the highly refined beings who preside over these spheres, escape the ill-effects of pernicious effluvia which I now perceive in the cloud of corrupt emanations?"

"They are guarded as you are not," he responded. "If your spiritual sight were more expanded, you would see that all these shining ones are invested with a shield, composed of a substance that seems, so far as we can examine it, intermediate between fire and light. It is an emanation from the heart and brain of Love and Wisdom, and it is the most potent of all material things. These two potencies mingle and unite in the rays they form; and their finely tempered edges cut or turn aside the less potent rays from below. If these Guardians should so far relax their care, even for a single moment, as to become negative, they and their charge would both suffer for the neglect. Strange as you may think it, only very high Spirits are intrusted with these important and responsible positions, or could maintain them if they were."

"Yet how wearisome this watch must be!" I exclaimed. "How hard and heavy must seem the leaden-footed hours, with only this dull routine before them!"

"If you think so," returned the Sage, "you know not the genuine inspiration of humanity for its own sake. But you mistake in supposing their life to be an idle and vacant watch, without variety and without relief. They pass their time in the most ennobling and delightful employments, in cultivating and enriching their own powers, and in fashioning good gifts for those who need. They also frequently relieve each other; for were not this the case, even the highest Spirits would be exhausted by this incessant strain on their vital forces. They must frequently go back to the fountain-head of Love and Wisdom to endow others and enrich themselves with inexhaustible supplies."

It might be my own consciousness, but I thought his expression was verging farther into rebuke than I had felt be-

fore. By a rapid glance I saw ~~my~~ own course. I saw how often I had bartered away Principle for Policy—how I had trampled on Truth and Right—how basely I had betrayed my trust and sold myself for a mess of pottage. It seemed to me then, that I had been willingly and wilfully disloyal.

“Think not so,” returned the Sage. “Every man is the result of all that has made him what he is. As your sphere of observation widens, you will see that the partisan is no more accountable for his ambition than the usurer for his greed, or the poor man for his poverty. They are all, either in themselves or in their state, diseased; and by enlightened Spirits they are so considered. A truer and more philosophical observation of men will teach you that the pure instincts of human nature, spite of all its temptations, its wrongs, its misdoings, and its misgoings, almost always draw us toward good. Capability of judgment and freedom of choice being given, men will seldom volunteer on the side of wrong. Hence, they are always just about as good as they can be. If we could see all the motives, all the forces and materials, that go to make up human character and action, we should look at it much more leniently than we do. The morbid craving for popularity and power, in the office-seeker, is no more voluntary than the appetite which compels a hungry man to steal a loaf of bread.

“But we must extend our observation,” he continued, after a little pause; “for you will return to Earth as a teacher.”

Thus saying, he led the way to a distant scene. It was darker and more repulsive than the other. But what at first appeared very remarkable was, the Guardian Spirits were brighter and more beautiful than those we had before seen.

“This, you will perceive, is necessary,” said the Sage, replying to my thought, “because the greater the resistance, the greater must be the controlling power.”

Approaching the nearest groups, I saw in their dreadfully depraved self-consciousness, pictures and scenes of drunkenness and profligacy too horribly gross to mention. They

seemed surrounded by the emblems of punishment, poverty, misery, filth, and woe unspeakable. Prison shadows, dark and cold, fell around them; and the Work-House, hardly less pestilent and horrible, frowned from over the way. In their miserable Thought-pictures were foul ditches, crowded courts, slimy cellars, yawning graves, and homeless streets. And in the midst of all, black and high, towered the Gallows, a specter with an evil charm, which, spite of its horrors, drew the forlorn ones unto itself, and multiplied the wrongs it was sent to punish.

Sometimes these unfortunates tried to put on a false gayety; but many of them appeared sunk in a confirmed despair. They had lived without hope, died without hope; and now it was difficult to make them believe there could be any good for them. They would not believe they *could* be led out of the long, dark shadow, ranker than death, that enveloped and bound them.

But there were healing rays penetrating even there. And by means similar to those made use of in the former instance, they were to be led forth into the broader beams, and the higher plane of a true self-consciousness.

I need not repeat; but we passed in review many groups, including criminals of every degree, character and kind. These were all the outbirth of Civilization. Not a barbarian, nor even a savage, appeared among them. Mortifying it was to see that the lowest, foulest dregs of humanity are deposited in Christendom. The heathen world can furnish no parallel to this horribly depraved Selfhood. But in and around them all shone rays of love, and mercy, and wisdom, in the ministry of higher Spirits.

"Where, then, are the Hells?" I asked, as we returned to the beautiful bower where the noble Spirits we had left still reclined.

"What hast thou beheld, my son?" answered the Sage. "Certainly not the Hells," I responded confidently; "for we have not yet left the Heavens. Nor do I see anything like

the tortures which the accepted Christianity has led us to expect ; and even in the most deplorable places we have seen the most beautiful Spirits preside."

"That word, place, is misapplied in this case," he rejoined. Heaven, or Hell, is a state, and not a place. Take any one of these poor benighted beings, and transfer him anywhere, and he will still be the same. No mere change of locality can bring light or intelligence to him. He must expand into a truer measure before he can either appreciate or enjoy a rational happiness."

"I see not the good of coming hither," I exclaimed, yielding to a feeling of momentary discouragement, "if men are to continue the same."

"Do you not perceive," he returned, "that the conditions are more favorable? The pressure of actual physical want is removed ; all the pangs of disease are taken away, and there is no punishment, in the common earthly sense of the word. The influence of vicious character and bad example is greatly lessened ; and to ignorance—however dark and deep—in due time comes the truest teaching."

"And yet," I said, "the poor operatives still imagine themselves bound to the machinery of a hard, unpitying Toil ; and the wicked still dream vile dreams of outrage and wrong."

"That is in some degree true," he returned. "But this diseased consciousness is by no means perfect. It is more like what we call reveries or day-dreams. No man, when he startles himself wide awake, believes it wholly. And the evil illusion is but a temporary thing."

We sat silent for a little time, and then he resumed : "In this connection let us pay some attention to the law that governs the action and influence of Evil Spirits. I perceive that a highly pernicious faith in the power and predominance of these is gaining ground among men. I scarcely need to say, that all the evil spirits, demons, or devils that we know, are simply the undeveloped classes of mankind. You have seen that they are under the care and influence of very highly

advanced minds. Hence, it may be inferred that the evil powers are held in a very strong check. This is true. And when we note, farther, that the most depraved and degraded human beings are looked after and guarded by the highest Spirits that visit the Earth, it may also be inferred that the poor and ignorant are protected from the demoniac invasions they might otherwise suffer. And this is a still higher truth ; for while the Undeveloped, by the crudeness of their propensities, attract low Spirits, by the wants of their humanity, they also attract high and noble ones ; for while their misfortunes open the door to the vicious, their nature always invites and attracts the exalted and refined."

" This is a new doctrine," I observed, " and quite different from the theory that the low always, of necessity, invite only the low."

" Nevertheless it is true," he answered, with a quiet smile. " You have seen that the highest Spirits guard the lowest in the spheres we have just visited. And for the same reason the Unfortunates of Earth will be in like manner guarded and protected. It is a law in all mechanics, in all science, in all logic, that the greater the resistance to be overcome, the stronger must be the operating force. It is a false notion that prevails with many that high Spirits cannot enter a gross or corrupt atmosphere. The opposite of this is truth. Only high Spirits can do so with perfect impunity. Be assured that the nearest to God are brought also nearest to those who most need them. For as the extremes of a circle meet and blend together, so do light and darkness, right and wrong, wisdom and ignorance, love and hate. All positives and all negatives approach and sate, or equalize each other."

The aroma of this beautiful truth seemed to float around me as an atmosphere of light ; and though my prejudices still clung to some of their old notions, the reasoning was so clear I could not choose but believe ; and we relapsed into that expressive silence, which, when Spirits really understand each other, is always most eloquent and inspiring.

“Take careful note, my son,” at length resumed the Sage, “and you will see that there are always on the watch, over every community, every group, every individual, a sufficient number of good Spirits to note all important changes, to take advantage of opportunities, and to ward off, as far as possible, all unnecessary dangers and misfortunes. Were men only influenced by their inferiors or equals, they would make no progress. And for reasons before shown, the worst and lowest must be attended by a sufficient guard of the best and highest to prevent any undue encroachment on the part of inferior or evil Spirits.

“Much of the wrong-doing that is imputed to evil Spirits may be traced to perfectly natural causes, in the follies and vices of present parties. And not unfrequently the evil action is excited and maintained by a simple belief in the power and presence of malicious beings. Or, in other words, the medium is self-psychologized. It often happens, too, that the whole party enter into the same state; and all the follies and extravagances which they commit meanwhile are laid at the door of much-abused Spirits.

“There is, perhaps, no mere opinion or form of faith more injurious than this. The less men believe in evil Spirits, and the more they feel that such can have no power over them, the nearer they will approach the actual truth.”

“Is it, then, to be understood that there is no influence of evil Spirits among men?” I asked.

“By no means. Such influence may for some good reasons be at times permitted; but of this be assured, it cannot exist without permission. There is one good rule that will never fail. Always try the testimony of Spirits as you would any other testimony, by itself. Never surrender your reason, your freedom, your individuality, to any Spirit in the body or out. These are your own, and there is no power, finite or infinite, that has any right to infringe them.

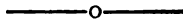
“There may be a few exceptions to this in some very peculiar cases and periods of development. But in the main

the rule holds good ; and if it were adhered to there would be fewer silly and ridiculous things done in the name of Spirits than are now witnessed.

“ By and by,” he added, after a short pause, “ there will be no ignorance in the Earth ; and before the higher Intelligence, that knows and claims its own, selfishness will recede. Then there will be no more evil Spirits, and no more Hells.”

A soft, opaque veil flowed around the Sage, and even as he ceased speaking, I saw him no more.

CHINESE CAMP, Tuolumne Co., Cal.



HYMN OF THE BATTLE.

BY THOMAS L. HARRIS.

CAN ye lengthen the hours of the dying Night,
 Or chain the wings of the Morning Light ?
 Can ye seal the springs of the Ocean deep,
 Or bind the Thunders in silent sleep ?
 The Sun that rises, the Seas that flow,
 The Thunders of Heaven, all answer, “ No ! ”

Can ye drive young Spring from the blossomed earth ?
 The earthquake still in its awful birth ?
 Will the hand on Time's dial backward flee ?
 Or the pulse of the Universe pause for thee ?
 The shaken mountains, the flowers that blow,
 The pulse of the Universe, answer, “ No ! ”

Can ye burn a Truth in the Martyr's fire ?
 Or chain a Thought in the dungeon dire ?
 Or stay the Soul, when it soars away
 In glorious Life from the moulding clay ?
 The Truth that liveth, the Thoughts that go,
 The Spirit ascending, all answer, “ No ! ”

O, King ! O Despot ! your doom they speak ;
 For God is mighty as ye are weak ;
 Your Night and your Winter from earth must roll
 Your chains shall melt from the limb and soul ;
 Ye have wrought us wrong, ye have brought us woe
 Shall ye triumph longer ? We answer, " No ! "

Ye have builded your temples with gems impearled,
 On the broken heart of a famished World ;
 Ye have crushed its heroes in desert graves,
 Ye have made its children a race of slaves :
 O'er the Future Age shall the ruin go ?
 We gather against ye, and answer, " No ! "

Ye laugh in scorn from your shrines and towers,
 But weak are ye, for the TRUTH is ours ;
 In arms, in gold, and in pride ye move,
 But we are stronger, our strength is Love.
 Slay Truth and Love with the curse and blow ?
 The beautiful Heavens ! they answer, " No ! "

The Winter Night of the world is past ;
 The Day of Humanity dawns at last ;
 The veil is rent from the Soul's calm eyes,
 And Prophets and Heroes and Seers arise ;
 Their words and deeds like the thunders go ;
 Can ye stifle their voices ? they answer, " No ! "

It is God who speaks in their words of might !
 It is God who acts in their deeds of right !
 Lo ! Eden waits, like a radiant bride—
 Humanity springeth elate to her side ;
 Can ye sever the twain who to Oneness flow ?
 The voice of Divinity answers, " No ! "

LABOR, WAGES, AND CAPITAL.

DIVISION OF PROFITS SCIENTIFICALLY CONSIDERED,

BY J. K. INGALLS.

THE right of Property, or private control over accumulated wealth, rests ultimately upon the principle that such wealth is the product of one's labor ; and since, in society as at present existing, little or nothing is the product of unaided individual effort, but the result of the labor of numbers combined, the correct division of this product becomes the great underlying question, upon the proper solution of which depends all *exactness* in social or economical science.

The system of traffic for gain, or for *profits*, is older than civilization. Wages followed inevitably the emancipation of the worker from slavery and serfdom. That such a change was the best thing possible, in that stage of social development, may be admitted without raising the question as to the scientific importance of such an improvement ; for all science, as we understand it, is by many thousands of years younger. In a general way we must recognize the several steps which have been necessary in the attainment of true knowledge. The astrology of the Arabs was as near the truth of an exact science of the stars as was the system of wages and profits—resorted to in utter ignorance of social and economic law—in its approach to a correct method of division. With the attainments already made in economics, and with the methods of analysis we have applied with so much success in other fields of investigation, it ought not to be regarded presumptuous if we attempt to determine the true value of a custom, ancient in its origin and general in its adoption.

It will be necessary to consider these subjects somewhat in detail. I propose to treat of wages as the system is found in actual operation ; not as to whether it is just and equi-

table between individuals and classes. The question is as to whether it effects the results proposed, and which social economy requires. I wish it borne in mind, that more than specific and temporary results must be secured in order to justify any custom. Those results must be uniform and continuous. Bribery and subsidies will produce specific effects; but they can never insure continuous results. Their ultimate consequences will be precisely opposite to their immediate effects; and instead of promoting the contemplated purpose, will finally render it impossible to be done at all. They are therefore economically as well as morally unjustifiable. Now, if the system of wages is lacking in permanent and uniform influence upon human industry, we may rest assured that it has been at best but an expedient, resorted to in the ignorance and barbarism of earlier times, and which must certainly pass away as soon as society is prepared to profit by its advancement in knowledge.

Labor, the source of all social and individual wealth, consists in those efforts which man puts forth to produce whatever is necessary to his subsistence, and the realization of his aims in life. For the purpose of this discussion we need not distinguish between the labor of the hand and that of the brain; or whether it be devoted to actual production, or to any of the services required by society. With regard to the product which results solely from individual effort, there is of course no question of division; and with that we have nothing to do. In a general view, the whole social wealth is the result of the united effort, and therefore society, in its collective capacity, has a voice, rightfully, in determining the method by which the common product shall be subdivided among its members.

Having defined *Labor*, I must refer to *Capital*, in order to be fully understood. *Capital*, according to political economists, is "that stock in business which is made the basis of profit." But this defines nothing, and means nothing more than the appropriation of a certain proportion of the labor product under certain conditions.

The conserved, or accumulated labor product may be used directly as the passive agent in production; indirectly, by supplying the wants of the laborer while he is employed on other material; or be used in the form of machinery, tools, and otherwise in increased facilities for business. But we must not lose sight of the fact, that however employed, it is still nothing but the product of labor; and as truly so, as the more perishable things which are immediately consumed. In the place of Labor and Capital, we simply have only *Labor and its product*. Now the claim for profits from invested Capital assumes this untenable position: That the labor of yesterday, or of last year, is more valuable than the labor of to-day, or of the present year. And here arises the question of *abstinence*; a term with which our cowardly moral scientists and political economists attempt to conjure up a spirit that will justify the greed of our land and money systems; by a casuistry similar to that which once would have justified human slavery.

But it can be shown that the principle of abstinence can be utilized, without any such resort being necessary, as is assumed by these apologists. The man who has produced a surplus of some perishable article, finds a pressing necessity to put it into a more durable form, if he would preserve it. This he can do by direct exchange with some one who has a more enduring product, but requires the perishable product for immediate consumption; or he may permit another to use what he possesses, returning the same at some future time when it may be required. We see, therefore, that he has all rational inducements to preserve his surplus, and indeed to constantly increase it.

All forms of the labor product are subject to constant change if they do not absolutely decay. The precious metals, by very slow degrees, to be sure (and this is why they became the "tender for choice"), lose value by attrition; the great mass of the animal and vegetable products of the earth maintain their values only for a short season; while

houses, fabrics, machinery, tools, and all the implements of industry and the conveniences of life decline constantly in their power to serve and please. Now, no one can naturally receive *more* for his abstinence than the thing he abstains from using or consuming ; but always *less*, according to the time of his abstinence and the nature of his surplus. It follows, therefore, that a man has every healthful motive to conserve his surplus, by changing it into renewed forms of use, without the idea of profit or gain in so doing ; and the assumption that he will not do it unless enabled to lay other labor under tribute, is as impertinent as it is gratuitous.

An abundant motive being shown to produce and conserve the surplus product of labor, any system that offers a greater inducement must partake of the nature of a bribe, subsidy, or hazard, and cannot, on the whole, work beneficially, however plausible the instances which may be cited to prove certain desirable results.

The claim of the political economists, that *profits* constitute the great main-spring of all economic action, is as philosophically absurd as it is morally degrading. But, for the moment, admitting the proposition in their sense, how does it bear upon our main question of wages as an economic force ? No one, say they, will do anything but for profits. But the man who works for wages has no profits ; and is not only destitute of this stimulus, but his labor product is *minus* the profits of the capitalist, landlord, and forestaller. A rational economy would seem to require, that if any one received extra inducement to act, it should be that one who did the most laborious and repulsive work. It is thus seen, that while exorbitant profits afford an unnatural stimulus, in mere wages we have an inadequate motive to action.

Not only does our current system fail in the above-mentioned particulars, but it also fails to secure the wages *system* itself from the most palpable discrepancies. The *ratio* of wages for various kinds of service, and for different individuals, is in *inverse* rather than *direct* ratio to the

and the thing produced. One will be struck with astonishment at the disproportion in the compensation of those who are engaged in the actual production of the wealth of society, and those who are employed in light and frivolous duties, and even in services which are useless and destructive.

That such a system can be productive of economic results, none can be so demented as to suppose. What, to-day, is the universal complaint with regard to those who work for wages? Are we not told that they have no proper interest in their work? From the kitchen-maid to the bank president the cry is, that they are not faithful or honest, do not attend to their business, but improve every advantage which offers to promote their own purposes. Profits are seen to be more tempting than wages; and if, in addition to the economic argument, I may be allowed to refer to the moral one, I should add, that the result has been to infect our whole social fabric with dishonesty, from the servant-girl who helps herself and next friend to the tea and preserves, to the public functionary who appropriates to his own use the public funds, the contents of safes, the stocks of railroad companies, and whatever else he finds loosely lying around.

Let us now proceed to consider more closely the history and nature of wages. I have already stated that the system followed of necessity the emancipation of the laborer from chattel slavery. The earliest disposition of the labor product was by the strong arm. The one took who had the power, having destroyed the producer. After the era of mere brute force, came ownership of the laborer. He was held as a slave, and his labor compelled by stripes. We will find no one now to justify such a system. It became impracticable hundreds of years ago, except for a rude and barbaric race, preserved in the freshness of its primitive condition by importation.

To refer again to profits, let me now say, that through all the different ages of savageism, barbarism, and our inchoate civilization, trade, or dealing for profit, has existed in essence unchanged. If we analyze it we shall see that the purpose of

gain is inseparable from the idea of compelling another to produce for our advantage. The mere robber had a very uncertain dependence. Those whom he had destroyed could not produce more. He slaughtered "the goose that laid the golden egg;" and other producers were discouraged by witnessing their fate. The slaveholder had a more economic system; but still there was much uncertainty in his method, since at times he might have to change places with his bondman. Thus hazard still entered largely into all the industrial affairs of social life.

As slavery disappeared, the worker was allowed wages. This word is derived from the same root as *wager*, and has a similar signification:—"a thing laid down," to abide or be staked upon the result of a certain action or event. In those early times the result or the actual product of a certain number of days' or years' effort was a matter of much uncertainty; as instance Jacob's service with Laban. As they could not trust each other for a just division after the event, they previously bound themselves by contract. And thus in the barbarism of our industrial system we still follow a similar method; only we may have shortened the period, and now stake the money on one hand and labor on the other, upon the productive result that shall follow.

If this hazard were conducted by an open and fair method, then the laborer's chance to obtain more than he had produced, would be just as good as the employer's to realize a profit. But wages and profits result from different mathematical processes, as will be seen by a simple analyzation of the elements involved in each. Wages are determined by the employment of two factors, viz., the rate, and the number of days. Profits, on the other hand, are calculated by rate, time, and amount of principal. This last factor is the one which is potentially an increasing series, and by a duplicate geometrical ratio. What is purely profit, has the ability to double itself in definite periods. Thus while one's utmost effort and toil can not yield him over one thousand dollars

value per year, for whatever term of years, the income from profits, or usual interest, or rent, may increase from one to ten, or to a hundred thousand dollars ; nay, to millions. Take a most expert laborer or mechanic, and it is perhaps possible he can produce double what the average man in his calling can do. But by profits, one man is enabled to claim an amount, the production of which requires the incessant labor of a hundred men. Nay, there are men, even in this country, whose income absorbs the entire product of thousands of men.

With small capital, but insignificant profits can be realized ; so the small operator finds scanty support. Yet the smaller transaction is frequently as serviceable to society as the larger. Take an instance in Finance. It takes a Bank President no longer to sign a thousand-dollar bill than a one-dollar bill ; nor does the paper and printing of the one cost more than that of the other ; yet the profit on one is *seventy* dollars per annum, and on the other seven cents. The latter has effected the greatest number of useful exchanges, and, on account of its rapid circulation, perhaps to an equal amount. Could the excessive profits here shown, be accumulated and conserved, and reemployed in production, the result might be economically justified. But in accordance with a well-known law governing distribution, this absorption of the labor-product inevitably begets and fosters a class of parasites and sinecurists, who consume the wealth and corrupt the habits of society, without contributing in any respect to its support. And yet we are told by professed scientists, that unless, through laws of land-tenure and inheritance, etc., men are privileged to place their children in such conditions that no necessity shall exist to require from them any useful service to society, they will put forth no effort to create wealth and increase production. We need not go to the offices of our State and National governments, to find the evidence of parasitic growth in our system. Sinecures are not confined to Church or State. They exist in your Banks, Insurance Of-

fices, Manufactories, Railroad Companies, and in fact, every branch of business. Nay, they enter the homes of the people, and the self-assertion, which claims the right to do what it will with its own, incites parents to guard their offspring from the remotest suspicion of ever having done anything useful or serviceable, while encouraging in them the most exacting temper and extravagant habits.

Now no one can maintain sinecures, unless he has some resource other than his own effort. With the absorbed product of a hundred men's labor, however, he may indulge in the luxury ; and lackeys, favorites, and pets, are the logical concomitants of such absorption. Strictly speaking, economical principles are best subserved where the utmost freedom is given to every available productive force in society, and where none are either repressed, wasted or corrupted. In a broad philosophy, to be sure, we may see the wildest departures from wisdom resulting in progress ; but even such philosophy assumes that we grow wiser by suffering the consequences of misdirection, and hence cease to repeat the follies we deplore.

One thing is certain ; no one who is interested in the future of human society can look with unconcern upon the present aspect of our industrial affairs. The worker is beginning to realize his position as the creator of society's wealth, and to feel that *hazard*, rather than any system of justice or science, determines his share in the wealth he alone has produced. He discovers that he is the victim of a system—could it be reduced to any certain rule—which can never be made to favor the toiler ; and that he it is who must pay all the profits and shoulder all the risks of every venture, and though often losing can never win.

I know our political economists claim that there may be *gains* without corresponding *losses*. I am not ignorant of the sophistry by which it is attempted to sustain this claim. It is assumed that under certain conditions of privation, results cannot be obtained by the same amount of effort as they can

under more favorable conditions. Hence the standard of real service is not determined by the amount of effort put forth, but rather by the measure of labor saved to the one who has been supplied with more favorable conditions. The economical objection to this is plain; the moment we admit that the need or the condition of the one served, is to enter into the question of exchange of services, we involve a new element in purpose or motive. It will then become a mutual struggle not to supply each other's demands, but each will strive to subject the other to such conditions as will render his own service of paramount value.

The system of wages and profits effectually accomplishes this result: the one depressing the condition of the laborer and the other improving the fortunes of the employer. It may be sometimes necessary to give enormous salvage for the saving of ships and cargoes placed in perilous positions; but the effect must be to cause the wreckers to desire more wrecks, and it is not the fault of the system if they do not show false lights to lure mariners to destruction. When our service to another is to be measured, not by the amount of effort put forth, but the necessity to which he is reduced, our study may then be to keep him in that necessitous condition rather than render him the required service. The system of profits, however, obviates the necessity for any *intentional* effort in this direction; for its inevitable operation is to force labor into more and yet more necessitous conditions, wherein the increased exactions are shown—of course by the same rule—to be wise and salutary. The inequalities relied upon at the start to justify this unequal dealing are perpetuated thereby, and rendered more and more intolerable; thus increasing the demand for the unequal exchange, or, as Mr. Kellogg says, "compelling consent as it operates."

No fact is better established by political economy than the normal industry and frugality of mankind. Industrious habits and judicious accumulations and appropriations are found to take place almost in direct ratio to the proportion of

the labor product which they are enabled to enjoy. As this proportion diminishes improvidence and idleness prevail. It is equally true, that while profits often stimulate to great penuriousness and greed in individuals, they also, on the whole, excite to great extravagance and dissipation, and to the engendering of parasites and sinecurists ; and hence, to increase the desire for expense and diminish the tendency to conservation. Thus we see that the general operation of the system of profits is to discourage industry, incite to extravagant consumption, and beget indifference to judicious accumulation. No wonder that useful labor is held in such contempt by both extremes of society, and that the attainment of the means of extravagant living, by whatever dishonest method, is respected and encouraged.

I have already answered the argument of the economists, that unless the capitalist could be awarded profits, he would not allow his accumulations to be used productively. He has no other means of preserving them in existence. It is sometimes urged that inasmuch as the tool, the machine, or seed lent, enables the borrower to do so much more than he could possibly do without them ; that in paying usance he is not subjected to any loss, but he is actually benefited. Bastiat makes a very labored and specious plea from this premise ; but it is a most puerile, inconsequent, and one-sided argument, from a mind so able and clear on other points.

Please bear in mind that this is all hypothesis. Now for the facts. Notwithstanding the great advantage to be derived hypothetically under these circumstances, the lending of tools among workmen, both in country and city, is practiced widely, yet payment for their use is wholly unknown. Let a stranger go into the country and be destitute of tools, and he has little trouble in borrowing. The lender will be only too glad to get them again in reasonable time and with moderate wear. On the frontier neighbors will turn out and assist the new-comer in rearing a cabin, and only ask that he shall take his turn in helping some other settler. But let him

want the loan of a hundred dollars, or of a piece of land which is made monopolizable under our laws of tenure, and he will be required to pay ten to thirty per cent., although he returns all that he borrows—not as he did the tools, more or less worn—but uninjured as well as unconsumed. This payment will tend to keep him in the same condition of need, because the amount of land and money do not increase by labor ; and whatever is paid for their use is by so much *labor's loss*, whoever says to the contrary.

These views of the industrial problem beget no feeling of hostility against the wealthy, for many of them are useful workers ; nor of especial interest in those who work for wages, merely on that account. Many of them are employed not in adding to the genuine wealth of society, but in pernicious and destructive pursuits. They do, however, awaken an interest in those who produce in contradistinction to those who merely absorb and consume the labor-product of society. No especial blame attaches to any class. No one with true manly feeling can contemplate occupying the position of a hireling all his life without disgust. Nor can any true man feel that the account is wholly settled between him and his life-long helpers when he has merely paid them the current wages during his prosperity and business success.

If asked what remedy I propose, I answer none. I have no faith in quacks and nostrums. The world must acquaint itself with the science of Industry and Economics, and apply the knowledge so obtained in the interest of labor, which underlies all social order and progress. Moralize wealth, as the Positivists say, not merely through the exercise of benevolence and bestowment of charities. These are already magnificent. Let us supplement and complement benevolence with a justice which shall divide the labor-product *according to work*, and leave mere wealth little to bestow in charity, and labor nothing to ask of alms.

Society has advanced to our present state of civilization through one grand conception :—*the right of private property*

—the public acknowledgment of one's right to control his own labor-product. This idea is not yet so inwrought into our social and civil system as to supersede the older idea of force, particularly its subtler manifestations of cunning and mere intellectual domination. We have only just freed ourselves of slavery, which totally ignored this idea, though arrogantly pretending to proceed therefrom; and in Land monopoly and other systems of class legislation, we have still the relics of the older barbarism. But the idea stands acknowledged in our theory of law and science of economics. Indeed, both the one and the other proceed from it, and could have no logical existence upon any other basis.

The beneficent effects and the progress of society resulting from the recognition of this right have been falsely referred by the political economists to the love of traffic and passion for profits. A scientific analysis of the principles will show that they are wholly incompatible with each other. The individual is protected in his private right to property, upon no other principle than because it is the actual product of his labor. If then another has produced something that I want, the science of economy, no less than that of morals, teaches me that to obtain it I must produce an equivalent in order to exchange with him. On the contrary, the theory of profits suggests, that although I may not take the *whole* of another's product by superior muscular force, I may take *a part* of it by guile, by duplicity, or superior intellectual activity. To the clear vision of reason, however, this latter conception is essentially the same unscientific, crude and barbarous notion, which in the earlier ages prompted the robbery and enslavement of labor.

We have now to supplement the right of private property with the recognition of the general truth that individual effort is of limited extent; that the *wealth of society is the result of the united effort or aggregate labor*. And it logically follows that those who represent the labor of the past, or capitalists, and those who do the labor of the present, are *equal partners*,

and should be rewarded in proportion to the labor performed.

The remedy, then, lies in the direction of coöperation ; not after any specific plan, but by giving place in our thought to the grand idea that the useful industries of society are carried on under a widely-extended copartnership. At present the products of this partnership are unwisely as well as unjustly distributed. Wages and profits partake of the character of hazard, bribery, and subsidies, and are not subject to any rational or equitable division. We must recognize the social as well as the private right in property. Industries of every kind, which do not begin and terminate with the individual, have a social as well as a private side. Especially must we recognize the fact that exchange, finance, and distribution, are public rather than private functions.

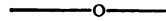
We see a great discrepancy between classes who are employed at wages ; but when we contrast the income of the producers with that of the individuals who accumulate profits, the inequality of the method is most glaringly conspicuous. Skilled mechanics do not realize over \$1,000 per year. Many useful laborers do not realize more than one-quarter of that sum. The agricultural laborer, whose work is, in fact, the most serviceable of all, is generally the most poorly paid.

In contrast with this, there are persons with hundreds of thousands and even millions of income, who render no useful labor. They only speculate in the products of others' labor ; monopolize the land which the poor need for homes and cultivation ; make a "corner in Erie," or lock up some millions of greenbacks, and so profit by the general distress they produce. By our class laws they are thus enabled to plunder society of its wealth, and to impoverish most those who have produced the common treasure by their persistent toil.

The banker or merchant essays the performance of a public function, as truly such as the mayoralty or presidency. When these functionaries are unprincipled enough to grasp and lay by a few thousands or millions from the public funds, we

justly regard them as malefactors. A broker, merchant, or landlord, lays aside an equal or greater amount annually from the results of the general industry, and we honor him as one of our "merchant princes," "bank barons," or "railroad kings." Really they have made society just as much poorer, by their transactions, as the official delinquent; and there is no certainty that they will employ this accumulation to any better purpose than he.

Science must despair of any intelligible method for the division of the labor-product, or for any relief to society, from the existing conditions of poverty, venality and corruption, until the principle is practically recognized, that all genuine service has a social as well as a private interest; and our industrial, commercial, and financial affairs, are regulated upon this basis.



SPIRITUAL MATHEMATICS.

BY PROF. A. F. EWELL.

SCIENCE treats of the laws of the Spiritual and Material Universe. At its foundation we find, "like causes produce like effects." By contemplating matter, and reasoning therefrom, men have developed physical science. Similarly they may proceed with spiritual science. Knowledge requires order: "Order is heaven's first law;" Mathematics is the language of order, and, in its speculative phase, considers quantity without reference to matter. It investigates unknown quantities as well as known; therefore it is fitted for the solution of spiritual problems. Its brevity, exactness, and comprehensiveness are needed by spiritual scientists.

Men have not used equations, diagrams, and notations to embody their reasonings with an attempt at exact results;

except by agreements and conventions in regard to the use of symbols. If spiritual truths are infinite in variety and magnitude, there are expressions for an endless series, or a lack of limitation in mathematics. With the minutest conceptions we may deal by means of infinitesimals. Combinations of a changing nature are found in the mind; and by means of Fluxional Calculus we deal with variations of value and probabilities of chance. Thoughts are units, and therefore may come under the laws of arithmetic.

Dr. Carpenter observes: "As the power of the will can develop nervous activity, and as nerve-force can develop mental activity, there must be a *correlation* between these two modes of dynamical agency, which is not less intimate and complete than that which exists between nerve-force on the one hand, and electricity or heat on the other."* This admits that spiritual things, like the will, are mathematical functions of material things, as nerve-force.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, in *English Traits*, says: "Each religious sect has its peculiar physiognomy. The Methodists have acquired a face; the Quakers, a face; the nuns, a face. Trades and professions also carve their own lines on face and form." If spiritual states can be studied by the geometry of the face, it suggests that algebra might furnish equations for such states as are represented in the lines of the face.

Truth, thus simply stated, would be more readily comprehended by the student; corollary and scholium would more easily appear when the main proposition was digested. Could the laws of fluxions be introduced, the changes of progress and civilization could be analyzed, and many valuable methods of producing harmony among men be formulated and established.

Professor Rankine, of the University of Glasgow, observes in his *Manual of the Steam-Engine*, that "The science of energetics comprehends, as special branches, the theories of

* Human Physiology, page 542.

all physical phenomena." This includes the physical phenomena of mental states as well as those of heated bodies ; and thermo-dynamics is no more embraced by energetics than will-power in its dynamical effects on the nerves, and thence on the muscles. Mathematics is useful in abridging the work of one, and could illustrate the other.

In his *Applied Mechanics*, Professor Rankine, after admitting that the Greeks are our Masters in Philosophy, Poetry, and Rhetoric as well as Geometry and the Fine Arts, adds, that they thought natural laws—studied by contemplation—were also applicable to *celestial and indestructible bodies* ; and empirical laws applied to gross and destructible bodies. The Professor urges that Geometry is applicable to laws of Physics and Mechanics. Both may be correct in one sense, for spiritual and material sciences are all related to Mathematics.

Equations can be used to exemplify spiritual truths and theories. For instance, if a man have a limited amount of "sense of justice," represented by j , and a certain degree of "tenacity," denoted by t , we can reason thus : If $t=j$, his tenacity of purpose equals his sense of justice ; therefore he will continue a course of action as long as he sees it just. If $t < j$, the sense of justice is the greater, he will give up if even conscience says go on. But if $t > j$, the tenacity preponderates, he will continue, just or unjust.

Much labor may be saved to the person familiar with such symbols by rejecting many words for a few signs and letters. This method shortens the work. Such equations can be represented by lines—and diagrams may be employed in problems of intensity of spiritual states. As many unknown quantities could be evaluated, as equations could be obtained independently. Harmony of association is subject to discord as well as harmony in music. The waves of the latter are expressed quantitatively, and quantity is seen in the increase of hope or harmony of soul as well as in concord of tones increasing in volume or intensity of vibration. Society and music are both spiritual conceptions out-wrought in the ma-

terial world. We express time and distance as functions of velocity, and find differentials to show their law of variation in ratio ; yet they are not matter, though studied by theorem and example in colleges and universities. Thoughts are units in series ; we can tell one from two or more of them ; and they may be considered abstractly, as well as units of heat. We have a scale of hardness for minerals ; why not a scale of thought as numerical and distinct ?

There is a remarkable analogy in the same terms as used in Mathematics and Metaphysics ; for example : Point, a position in space ; or the point of death at the end of life. " Life is a series of moods," says Emerson. This is no mere visionary figure of speech, but an actual fact. We also speak of lines of thought—one leading to the other, or intersecting it. Planes of life and spheres of action are terms that can be used with all the modifications of geometrical meanings. " The problem of the couriers," so well known in algebra, is as little fitted for a discussion by symbols as the typical one given on tenacity and justice in this article. Students seeing such things as zero divided by infinity, are as much at a loss to find any connection with material things at first sight, as they would be to read of a proportional ratio of virtues ; and a teacher could as readily impress a beginner with the reality of an equation of condition for peace and war, and its usefulness, as the equation for the condition that two lines intersect in Analytic Geometry.

Bishop Berkeley said infinitesimals were ghosts of departed quantities. Could it be that his calling led him to see more in Mathematics than those around him ? There may be a double significance in Longfellow's lines :

" Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream ;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem."

WINNIE WILD.

THE FAIRY OF THE HONEYSUCKLES.

A BALLAD FOR VERY SWEET LITTLE GIRLS.

COME to the veranda, Alice and Mary, and let us look up at the stars that shine so steadfastly and earnestly. Let us remember the moving story of the little maiden of other days—the little maiden-mate, that ever must stand and shine in the sunrise of Memory and Affection, a spirit of purest flame, white and fair forever.

Truly the story should be turned as sweetly as the vespers of elves, or the symphony of guitars in starlight.

O that our voices were sweet and soft! But they are not; neither are our lips sufficiently pure. Seldom, indeed, our words are as musical as elves! The story of mortal, told by mortal, is at the best a rude work.

Let us think of the grace of the little maiden of other days. The glow of sunlight, as a golden surge, still laved the shadowy world; and the old charioteer, sitting on his chariot of fire, was driving his bright steeds away behind the hills. The quivering glory of his eye glanced no more on river, ruin, cataract, or spire. Alice and Mary! Listen, my dears, to me! I sometimes think I sat that night upon the mountain-tops of Life, far out—entirely out—of the Valley of the Shadow of Death. All around me were the low monuments, glimmering white, and the grassy graves.

I was thinking then, or dreaming—perhaps I was dreaming—of little Winnie Wild, whom the merry and lively group, partly for love of her gentle ways, and partly for girlish joy, were wont to call "*Winnie Wild, the Fairy of the Honey-*

suckles," because she was very sweet. I always think of Winnie when the sun sinks and the *light* is lost. But Winnie was brighter, and better, than day or light.

Like the day, she is gone. But upon the summit of our souls is left the radiance, the glory, of her blessed presence.

Alice and Mary, mine, we all knew Winnie Wild; and we loved her, too, with real love, and coaxed her to mate and play with us in every childish holiday and merrymaking. By the ancient rock I leaned and lingered, thinking very deeply—perchance dreaming—and, yet, *thinking*, too.

Mary and Alice, mine, O listen now to me! There were myriads and myriads of sweet and happy Voices in the air everywhere!

The Voices were all very fine, and plaintive. They were over my head in the blossoms of the honeysuckles upon the rock; they were in the leaves, zephyrs, stars!

They issued wildly from the Mosses, and the Grasses. They were all around me, as an innumerable choir, mingling the fine spray of their melody in an infinite sea of Happiness and Harmony. The language was scarcely intelligible, and the symphony was almost a mystery. I have never been gifted, alas! to interpret the whispering of stars, nor am I now clear-thoughted enough to know why the foliage should have been so rapturously touched and stirred.

I have a thought, but it is all too vague to speak. The Honeysuckles were so jubilant!

I bowed my head among the Grasses, and listened eagerly to their madrigal.

Alice and Mary! the Grasses are a gay nation (such a bright little folk)! merry and vivacious; and all of the day waving their little heads, and singing away!

But it is said that they are all born of the Dust and Ashes. I do not know. Their voices there among the tombs were as clear and sweet as sounds of Elfland.

And I fancy that I have since learned much of the *meaning* of the melody I heard. It is a very pleasant fantasy.

But the words of the world are coarse and harsh. Listen!

We are the Grasses!
And under the starlight,
The fair light and far light,
Marry! O marry!
Winnie, the fairy,
Passes and passes.

And behold we are proud
To avow it aloud:
There is not in the land an old man, an old *maid* of us,
But is true to the Fair! Nor a knight nor a blade of us;
(Let the wicked beware!
For Winnie is fair!—
'Tis the truth that we tell),
But would draw for the Fairy, and fight till he fell.

O the prison, the prison,
So cheerless and chilly;
She loved not the prison
So gloomy and chilly;
And she is arisen, arisen, arisen!

Why is it, why is it
That Winnie doth visit
Us the unworthy,
The evil and earthy?
For we *are* unworthy,
Are evil and earthy;
Why is it, good Grasses, why is it, why is it?

The whole world, I think, has known a Winnie Wild. Everybody can say how the child looked, and how she laughed—can tell you of her kind, mild words, and how she sang her little songs and smiled. Blue-eyed and blessed! Pale and pure! Quiet and thoughtful! Everybody must have seen her—nobody can ever forget her. That night, among low monuments glimmering white, and grassy graves, I saw

the quaintly insculptured little tomb where Winnie rests. It stood behind a gray old rock, around whose stern and rugged brows the Honeysuckles hung like a wreath of worth and of honor. The inscription upon the white stone, that stood in shadow, is clear in my thought to-night as the stars in the sky.

WINNIE WILD.

"Fairy of the Honeysuckles."

*"The Death-blight fell,
Quick oped the Blossom,
And the fairy flew!"*

O light as the flake is the fall of her feet—
We are burnt up with blisses!
And crumpled with kisses!
There is nothing—in *sooth*, there is nothing *so sweet*,
As the quick, warm kiss of her rosy feet!

The sounds grew fainter, fainter, fainter. Suddenly here the strain broke! I looked up, and the stars were clear, and bright, and silent; and the moon as pale and calm a mystery as ever. The white stone, that always stands at the head of little Winnie Wild, glimmered on the gloom.

Mary and Alice, mine! May your dreams be ever sweet, and your lives, and thoughts, as sweet as your dreams. These are my last words.

F. W.

WINNIE WILD.—This poetic conception of our dear departed friend, FORCETHE WILLSON, was sent to the Editor some years since, as a contribution to a Spiritual Annual. As the proposed Gift Book was never printed, Winnie Wild did not make a public appearance. Great have been the changes of the years! The young and brave have fallen; States have been revolutionized; and the author has gone to dwell in the poet's heaven. But his story of the "Fairy of the Honeysuckles" is still fresh, and beautiful, and sweet as ever; and therefore we enbalm it to-day, with the sacred memories of his young life and poetic genius.

S. B. B.

INVISIBLE ARTISTS.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

AMONG the curiosities of modern Spiritualism are Mystical Writings in many foreign and unknown tongues, and Drawings in almost endless variety, as well in respect to the objects represented as in the varying degrees of æsthetic taste and artistic skill exhibited in their execution. The Drawings are often made through the instrumentality of persons who have neither the ability to draw the simplest object, nor even the capacity to determine the relative excellence of the different specimens that may have been produced through their own mediumship. These illustrations of the agency of Spirits represent many forms of earthly origin and other objects not at all familiar to our observation. It is proper to observe that they frequently violate the conventional rules of Art, at the same time they as often exhibit a peculiar clearness of conception, with great force and exquisite delicacy of expression and manipulation.

The accompanying specimen of pen-drawing was executed, some time ago, through the hand of Mrs. Miriam M. Thomas, of Manchester, Vt. In authenticating its claim to an ultra-mundane origin, a brief account of the lady's experience will be necessary. At the age of thirty-five years she had never received the least instruction in drawing, nor had she so much as attempted any exercise of the kind in the absence of a teacher. One day, while seated at table and holding a fork, her hand repeatedly moved backward and forward across her plate, without any conscious agency of her own. Feeling some curiosity to know what might result from this new automatic motion, she substituted a pencil for the fork and paper for the plate, when—to her surprise—the initial letter of the



name of a daughter (then in the Spirit World) was made in precise *fac-simile*. As this was wholly involuntary, so far as

she was personally concerned, the circumstance very naturally suggested the possible agency of the daughter in the motion of the hand. For a short time Mrs. Thomas was moved by the invisible agent to write, when—under the same or a similar influence—she began to draw in a rude way. The improvement, however, was extremely rapid, and very soon the objects were represented with remarkable precision and delicacy. It is worthy of observation that in the execution of some forty pieces, during the first year of her experience as a medium, the accident of a single blot had never occurred, nor had one false or irregular line been made.

And here is a striking and peculiar feature in these phenomena, that will not admit of a rational explanation on any hypothesis hitherto suggested by popular skepticism or instituted by the most accomplished jugglery. Neither our experience nor observation warrant the expectation of such invariable accuracy of delineation, even after a very careful training of the mind and hand. The voluntary efforts of the most skillful artists are not thus free from accident and irrelevancy. In this respect the Spirit Drawings and Writings, of these days, are scarcely less remarkable than those mystical characters, traced by the finger of a Spirit, upon the walls of Belshazzar's palace.

The Illustration presented in this connection is a *fac-simile* from one of the forty specimens referred to in this article. The original was executed with an ordinary steel pen and common ink. The pen was forwarded with the drawing for our inspection, and was such an one as may be found in the hand of every school-girl. In some cases Mrs. Thomas has a kind of psycho-photographic image—on the brain and in the mind—of the picture to be drawn; but more frequently she has no idea of what is to be done, any faster than the work is accomplished under the automatic action of her hand. The careful elaboration of this small specimen suggests that the Spirits might possibly excel the Gobelins and other tapestries of the Old World. It has intrinsic merit; but when

we recall the fact that during its execution the mind of Mrs. Thomas was either vacant or otherwise occupied, it is not only unique but in other respects remarkable.

The phenomena developed in the experience of this lady are not peculiar, since there are hundreds of similar mediums in the country. And yet our modern scientists—with a few honorable exceptions—attempt to dispose of all such facts by either attributing them to a diseased bodily action, or by boldly disputing the testimony of the witnesses, who are numerous, and many of them of fair reputation and blameless life. Whether prompted by ignorance or cowardice, this conduct is highly reprehensible. What right has a scientific inquirer to dispute the occurrence of any class of actual phenomena? By what authority does he presume to question the veracity of thousands of men and women whose integrity is above suspicion? His appropriate business is to *observe, analyze, classify, and explain*. When he attempts to evade the truth, to deny the facts brought to his notice, and to defame the passive instruments employed in their production, he abandons the true methods of science, and becomes a mere dogmatist, whose arrogant self-conceit is far more conspicuous than his wisdom.

It is scarcely necessary to remark in conclusion, that, among the numerous and various illustrations of Spirit Art, we find many examples that are destitute of merit—resembling the rude exercises of the inexperienced limner. At the same time we have many others, embracing flowers, fruits, landscapes, animated forms and still-life, portraits of Spirits, etc., that are every way extraordinary. Among the specimens of portraiture are mythological and other heads, automatically drawn by the hand of a delicate young lady, that exhibit a freedom and boldness in the handling, a graphic power of delineation and expression, that might, naturally enough, suggest the idea that the mantle of the immortal Angelo had fallen on the medium.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

BY HON. JOHN W. EDMONDS.

IN all the religions which have ever existed among men—at least so far as history teaches us—there have been two most interesting and difficult questions, namely:—Whether there is any existence for man beyond this earth life; and, if there is, what is the nature of that existence?

There is an innate feeling in us which tells us that there must be, and is, some future life for man. But when, in the maturity of our manhood, we have set our intellect at work on the problem, and asked for the evidence, it has not been forthcoming in a satisfactory form, and mankind, therefore, in all ages, have been vacillating between the extremes of unreasoning credulity on the one hand, and logical infidelity on the other, or reposing in a state of doubt which is well expressed in scriptural language, “Lord! I believe. Help thou my unbelief.” And as, in the course of time, man has advanced in knowledge and in the capacity to reason—and such advance is manifest to any reflecting mind—the question has still recurred, again and again, What is the evidence of our immortality, and what is the life that we are to lead during it?

How full of anxiety, in all ages, have these questions filled the human heart! How often has the question been asked, Why does not the Great First Cause give us the evidence? This question has been one of absorbing interest, and now prompts the inquiry, Has it been want of power in Him (or It) to give, or want of capacity in us to receive? Is the darkness which has enshrouded us on this subject, a spot on the sun, or a cloud around the beholder?

Century after century has rolled into the bosom of eternity while all around us Nature has been telling her story, bearing

her evidence of a renewed and continuing life in all things—even in inanimate matter—and putting the question, *Why not also in man?* The human intellect has not been able to answer this question satisfactorily to itself; and it would seem as if, just in proportion to the increase of our knowledge of the infinite universe around us, and of our capacity to comprehend it, has increased the incapacity of that evidence to convince us of our own immortality.

Something more, then, than the mere voice of Nature, would seem to be necessary to our conviction, and that necessity would appear to have increased in exact proportion with our progress in the power of reasoning upon all subjects brought to our consciousness. In the wisdom of a Divine Providence that necessity has not been disregarded, and something more has been given.

If one, whom I had once well known in this life—and as to whose actual existence at this moment I was in doubt—should appear personally before me, and make himself manifest to all my material senses and to my inward convictions, I could no longer—if I was sane—doubt his continued existence. We have that same evidence now of the continued life of those whose deaths we have ourselves witnessed, and whose bodies we have seen consigned to the grave and buried beneath the sod at our feet, and that so long ago, that those bodies have, ere this, crumbled to dust.

Yes! This is Spiritualism! This is what "Modern Spiritualism" teaches, and can be testified to by hundreds and tens of hundreds yet living upon earth. And what is equally important, the direct evidence is within the reach of any one who will honestly and earnestly seek for it. But it must be sought. We have no school-house running around town on wheels seeking for scholars. The evidence must be sought for. We must dig for our diamonds, perhaps amid a mountain load of dirt and rubbish; but if we do thus seek, we can do so with the certain assurance that, first or last, the evidence will certainly come.

How wise ! how beneficent is this dispensation, in the midst of which we are thus living ! There is no other evidence, of which we can conceive, that could be so comprehensible by us, or be so satisfactory to us. If any other can be conceived, for mercy's sake ! let us know it, for at present, the natural, the irresistible inclination is, to receive this, as the best that the subject is capable of.

If this be true—if this evidence does thus exist, and is thus accessible, then at length are the two questions answered which have so long disturbed humanity, and that by means of a revelation, similar to those which have been known in all ages and among all peoples ; but going a step farther, because man—in that progression which is eternal—has attained the capacity of comprehending it.

In respect to the first question—a future existence—the proposition was once well stated to me by the late Professor Hare, who, during his long life of “ threescore and ten,” had entertained his doubts. He told me that he had long been communing with a spirit, who, he was convinced, was his sister, who had been dead some ten years or more, and he added, with characteristic simplicity, “ Surely, if she lives beyond the grave, I shall.”

The other question—What is the nature of that Future Life?—is equally important, but more difficult of solution, because here less aid can be derived from inanimate nature, and more intimate knowledge of ourselves is required.

Here the best, if not the only evidence we can have, is by revelation from those who have entered that life and can detail their experience in it. This involves, at the very outset, the questions, How we are constituted ? and What it is that we leave behind on dying, and what we take with us beyond the grave ? In answer I quote from myself, as I have found it necessary to do in other parts of this paper :—

“ 1. The soul is an independent entity or existence of itself—possessing its own individuality and identity independent of all other existence, whether connected or disconnected with it.

"2. It has its own peculiar attributes of thought and feeling, which it can exercise independently of, as well as in connection with, the body.

"3. Science has long spoken of the duality of man, conveying the idea of two separate and distinct entities belonging to him; but how thus connected, is involved in profound mystery.

"Strange as this idea has seemed, it has been accepted by many, because it was only thus that many things, indisputably established as facts, could be explained, and because without it the reasoning mind had no refuge but in denying the reality of that whose existence could not be questioned.

"4. This quality consists of two existences (being or entities), each possessed of its mind and heart, or in other words (for it is difficult out of old words to convey new ideas for which they have not been fitted), each having its own power of reasoning and feeling; which, in the earth-life, most commonly act in unison, but possessing the ability to act independently of each other, and at death one of them ceasing to exist, and the other acting on for ever.

"5. These two parts of the entire man are connected together by a third being or entity, which has no separate attribute of thought or feeling, but whose office it is to connect the other two parts together in the earth-life, and to give form and shape to the man in the Spirit-life.

"Thus there is in man the emanation from God in the soul—the animal nature in the body, and the connection of the two in what I will designate as the electrical body. Hence man is a trinity.

"6. This electrical body has, among others, two attributes applicable to the matter in hand. *First*, in death it leaves the body, and passes with the soul into the Spirit-life, and lives with it there. In the earth-life its presence is manifested by that odic light of which Reichenbach speaks, and in the Spirit-world it causes, or rather is, that pale and shadowy form which the seer beholds when he sees Spirits. *Second*, It has a power of elasticity, which enables the soul to pass to a distance from the body, and yet retain its connection with it. When that connection ceases, death ensues, but while it exists, life continues.

"Hence it is, that in dreams and in clairvoyance we behold actual realities, existing and occurring at the moment far distant from us.

This is not a mere picture, like a painting presented to the mind, but is the passing, changing reality, for we behold the various and incessant changes of the scene, and we hear the conversation accompanying it.

“ 7. The soul and the electrical body are never separated, but the animal body may be separated from one or both. In death the animal body is separated from both.”

That part of man, then, which passes into the Spirit World possesses all the powers he ever had of perceiving, comprehending and relating his surroundings and the incidents of his life, as well as the memory of what occurred in this life, and the passions which marked it here. Hence, it must be capable of communicating to us all that there is of that life, if we are only capable of receiving it. It is like my going into a foreign land, where the natives can give me full information of all things connected with it, if I only understand their language well enough to comprehend them, and will place myself in a condition to be approached by them.

This power of the Spirits to communicate has always existed. It is the greater capacity of man to receive, that has been developed in this age, after centuries of human progression; and primarily in this country, where freedom of thought is of the very essence of our social and political life. Thus has now arrived the epoch when can be accomplished the one great end and aim of Spirit Communion, in so revealing to us the life to come, that in this life we may know adequately how to prepare for that.

The first step toward attaining this result was the removal of the false impressions of the past, first, that such spirit intercourse was demoniacal, and next that it was impossible. As far and wherever that object has been attained, and as rapidly as the reality of a future life has been established, revelations of what that life is have been made.

The amount and extent of such revelations are not, I suppose, known to any single individual on earth. But they have been very numerous. They are now occurring fre-

quently in all parts of the world, and gradually, but steadily, increasing in extent and in interest. And what is remarkable about them is, that while, in other respects, there may be found incongruities in Spirit Communion, there is, in regard to the nature of the spirit life, an accordance in the statements made, that is calculated to remove all doubt, and enable us to know, to comprehend, and to prepare for the event, which is so near in its approach to each of us all.

This, then, in my view, is the end and aim of the present advent of Spiritual Intercourse among men. I say present, because it is, by no means, the first time it has appeared on earth.

There is in man—planted deep in his very nature—an instinct of Devotion. He must worship something, and that must be according to his capacity of comprehension. What is that something he must learn in the course of that progression which is his destiny.

To teach him that has been the office of the Spirit World, and gradually, in the progress of time, it has done its work. Step by step, it has led man on, accompanied by the ever-present craving for a future life—from worshiping stocks and stones, to the idea of an overruling Intelligence—from the idea of a host of deities to one Supreme God, from believing in annihilation, and hailing it as the reward of virtue, to the conviction of a future life for both the good and the bad, until at length it has reached the point of teaching what that life is.

THE PROMISE.

It was in January, 1851, that I began my investigations into Spiritual Intercourse; but it was not until April, 1853, that I became fully satisfied of the reality of its existence. In the summer of that latter year, having fully, and to my satisfaction, investigated the phenomena, my attention was turned directly to the objects and purposes of it, and what

it was calculated to teach. And then—now nearly twenty years ago—it was said to me :—

“ Our work, your work is of more importance than you can at present realize. Spirits of higher position than any with whom you have had intercourse are to teach you, through me, and also personally to influence your hand, and write out what takes place in the localities in which they reside ; to give descriptions of places ; the customs, habits, laws and government of each locality ascending ; to give the history of the progression of spirit from sphere to sphere ; the passage from one to another ; the history, too, of the surface of the earth, or rather the spheres ; the vegetation, such as the flowers, fruits, trees and all those vegetables which are cultivated for the use of the spirit ; the animals found there ; the spirit communion and power ; in fine, everything in connection with life in the spheres, in the ascending scale, as far upwards, as it is possible to have any distinct and tangible communication.

And it was added—a short time afterwards—that in their “ teaching or vision of fact,” would be “ given more of life, actual life of spirits, than ever before—their occupations, habits, connections, dress, conversation, pleasures, amusements, business, and, in fine, all that could or should interest us as belonging to the spheres.” “ The teachings will assume the particular details of real life and what is given is the reality of life as it is. You may suppose many things, indulge your own imagination, but it is really the absolute reality of living fact.”

Such was the promise then made to me, and I can safely say, that, so far as those faculties which enable me to know anything of earthly affairs, could enable me to learn and to know these things, the promise has been performed.

To enter into an account of all that has thus, within the last quarter of a century, been given me, or even to detail ever so briefly the great truths that have thus been taught, would far exceed the limits of such an article as this. That may be the subject of future papers. In the mean time, one suggestion at least may be made, and that is, that the Spirit Communion, in the midst of which we are now living, by rolling

away from our minds the false conceptions of the future which have hitherto obtained among men, is teaching us what is to be the influence of this life upon the next, and how our conduct here is to affect our condition hereafter.

It is not, of course within the compass of an article like this, to give much of what has thus been revealed generally, or much even of what has been given to me individually. It will not, however, be amiss to detail some of the instances which go to show what it is to die, and what are the characteristics of the life beyond the grave. The following are from my own experience only :—

A DEATH SCENE.*

“THERE was no group of pale mourners around the bed of the departed one. The room was vacant of mortals ; but floating in the air, over the bed on which the body lay, were two bright spirits, apparently young. They were her two children. Her spiritual body was also floating directly under them. It was evidently unconscious when I first saw it. At length she opened her eyes and extended her arms towards her two children. At the same time she felt the strong attraction of the love she bore to those she had left behind. She turned to look at them. They were in another room in the house, yet she saw them. She seemed somewhat bewildered. She was aware she had died, yet the scene around her was precisely the same to which she had been accustomed. Death was so different from what she had supposed it to be ! It was but a continuation of life ! She saw our sorrow. She was reluctant to leave us, and wanted to return to comfort us, yet she felt attracted upward. She arose to an erect posture, and felt so buoyant that she could not help rising. She saw other spirits in the distance, some of them her old acquaintances on earth.

“As she arose she saw, opening to her view, a very glorious country, and she was accompanied by a great number of spirits, who were rejoicing at her advent. Among them were spirits from other planets, some from Mars in particular. It was a very joyous welcome they

* September, 1853.

gave her. Still, she thought of those she had left behind, and often turned her looks back to them while borne aloft in the arms of her children, and welcomed by glad shouts all around her.

“As the scene passed from my view the spirits who surrounded me said to me—‘Such is the death of the pure and the good, who have subdued all selfishness and cultivated a love for others.’”

ENTRANCE INTO SPIRIT LIFE.*

I once asked the spirit of one whom I had known very well on earth, What were his sensations or perceptions after awaking to consciousness after his death? He answered:—

“Surprise; perfectly amazed at what surrounded me. I saw my dear wife sleeping sweetly, and blessed her, knowing how much alarmed she would be at the mortal form of her dear husband inanimate and lifeless, and tried to make the blow as soft as possible. I suffered so much that I could not remain in bed, so got up to get breath, and soon passed away.

“As I saw earthly objects fading, I saw my dear mother’s spirit, which convinced me I had made a great change. Then soon saw father and brothers. I was satisfied I was gone from earth.

“I had feared the pangs of death, and, not suffering them, I thought at first it must be a delicious sleep, on waking from which the stern realities of life would be made manifest. But, to my joy and great happiness, that was not so.”

I asked: “What next did you see?”

He answered:

“My darling boy, whom I had so deeply mourned—then vast beauties in art and nature—soft, gentle atmosphere, sweet with perfume; sweet, melodious music, and bright faces beaming love upon me, bidding me welcome to their abodes of bliss. Oh! I was overcome with joy, and wanted all my friends to die instantly, that they might realize what I was enjoying. But they told me that I must not carry my selfishness into spirit-life—that was to be left behind. They whom I desired had glorious missions to perform among men, and must live for the good they could do to mankind, while I must aid them with my influence and experience. I was too happy, and wept

* April, 1863.

with joy ; then came to you, and tried to speak to you through —. But I was fearful I might injure her, and desisted. Then I tried to have you see me, but could not convey my full idea ; but now I will be able to."

I inquired if he could tell me what had made his condition there so happy and joyous? He said :

"The knowledge that I lived on in happy consciousness."

"But," I remarked, "the vicious and depraved must have the same consciousness there?" He said :

"Well, I had tried to live an honest man ; they tell me that assisted me to be happy. I do not, in looking back through the area of time, see that I have wronged any man."

At a subsequent interview I inquired :

"Have you, since I last conversed with you, learned any more definitely why you are happy?"

"Yes. That I had found all things here vastly beautiful, and different from what I had expected ; I was so happily disappointed. As has been expressed, I wronged no man, and have a keen appreciation of truth. And then an influence that I got from you, brother, helps me to see and understand more readily and rapidly than I would or could have done if left to myself. It is like placing a powerful glass over a half-blind man's eyes—I mean your influence to me."

I referred to the law of progress in love, purity, and knowledge, as at the foundation of his happiness.

"It elevates the mind," he answered, "and makes it advance in the great love and truth of intelligence, and brings man nearer to the Divine Mind—Love being positive—and he who possesses much has less of the lesser good in him, and is, in consequence, pure here and nobler in his nature.

"I have hardly expressed this as I desire it. I find some difficulty in the use of language to convey my full idea ; yet your comprehensive mind may understand my meaning."

THE DEATH OF LINCOLN.*

When Lincoln awoke to consciousness in the Spirit-world he was surprised and somewhat confused ; for he had no idea

* Given June 9, 1865.

that he was dead. The shot that slew him instantly suspended all sensation and consciousness, and he was not aware of what had happened to him. This condition of bewilderment did not, however, last long. He was familiar enough with Spiritualism to understand what death is; and he was not, as many are, astonished at the state of existence into which he found himself ushered.

He perceived himself surrounded by many whom he knew to have been long dead, and he was soon fully aware of his condition, and soon learned the events that had caused his death. The feelings that then overcame him were very great. He found himself surrounded and most cordially welcomed by many, very many, for whom he had ever entertained a high regard. He felt their warm sympathy and love for him, and he saw at a glance enough of the bright and beautiful world into which he had entered to be able to appreciate how great and happy was the change for him. At the same time there arose in his heart a feeling of anguish for the suffering which he knew his family must be enduring; he was filled with anxiety for the effect which his assassination might have on his country and its cause, which he had so much at heart; and he felt the grief and sympathy of the whole people at his sudden "taking off." These feelings drew him strongly back to earth, and overpowered the more natural desire to pass away at once into the happiness that was apparent to and waiting for him.

.

In the mean time Lincoln is enjoying happiness far beyond anything he ever anticipated. It fills his heart so full that he is overpowered and silent. He has already met and is almost constantly attended by many of those who have died during the Rebellion, and whose patriotism was as pure and as ardent as his, and whose full-flowing sympathy is ever before him; and by very many of those who were engaged in our Revolutionary War, and who welcome him as the man who has

finished the work which they but began. He meets, also, many a slave emancipated through his instrumentality ; and many a one of this and other countries whose hostility to slavery awakens in them love and admiration for him ; and he feels in the whole atmosphere around him a quiet and a repose most grateful to him after the turmoil of the last few years of his life. He is thus realizing daily the true condition of his present existence. His attraction to the earth is fast wearing out, and it will not be long before he will pass away to his far-distant home, and feel only an occasional impulse to return to earth.

FATE OF THE UNHAPPY.*

Among the visions of the Future Life which have been accorded to me, this is one : —

“It was a vast country that was before me. I saw to an immense distance. It was peopled by great numbers. Some parts were darker than others, and some of an ink-like blackness. There was a great variety of shade to the atmosphere from a light-gray to black. I had seen the same variety in the happy spheres, only there it was a variety of light, here it was a variety of darkness.

“I approached one of those black spots, and there, in a miserable hovel, was a human being. He was ghastly, thin, haggard—almost a skeleton. He knew no means of escape from that dark habitation, where he was all alone. The most violent of human passions were raging in him, and he was ever walking back and forth, like a chained tiger chafing in his cage.

“There was a little light in that habitation of his, but it was an awful one. It was the red, flame-like light of his own eyes. They were open and staring like burning coals, with a black spot in their centre, and were constantly straining to see something—the darkness was so horrible to him ! He had no companion but his own hatred and the memory of the evil past.

“He paused once in a while in his walk, raising his clenched hand above his head, and cursed his Maker that ever he created him. He cursed also the false teachers, who had pretended to tell him the con-

* December, 1853.

sequences of a life of sin and yet knew so little of them. They had told him of a hell of fire and brimstone only, and he knew that when he died, casting off his material garb, such a hell could have no effect upon him. He knew that such a hell was impossible. He therefore laughed the idea to scorn, and, dreaming of no other, he believed there was none. Now, wakening to the reality of a hell far worse than had ever been painted to him, he cursed God and man that he had been left alone to dare its torments—that he had been left in ignorance of what must follow the indulgence of the material passions to which he had given up his whole life.

“If you could have seen the agony that was painted on his face, the despair and hatred that spoke in every lineament, the desperate passion that swelled every muscle, and the horrible fear that stole over him of what further, or worse, might ensue from his daring defiance of God, you would have shuddered and recoiled from the sight; and what aggravated all this suffering was his ignorance that there was any redemption for him, and the belief that it was for ever!

“He clasped his hands together over his head with a gesture of mute despair, and standing thus a few moments he cried, ‘Oh! for annihilation!’ If you could have heard the tone in which that imprecation was uttered, you could have formed an idea of ‘the torments of the damned.’ He had worked himself into a frightful paroxysm of passion. He had thrown himself prostrate, and there, groveling in the dirt and writhing in agony, he howled like the most furious maniac that bedlam’s worst cell ever saw. At length, from sheer exhaustion, he was still. His physical powers could go no farther, but the worm of his memory of the past, which never dies, was but the more active because of the cessation of the external effort, and now, as he thus lay prostrate and exhausted, solitary, and in utter darkness, all the evil deeds of his life on earth chased each other through his memory, sporting with his agony, and faithfully performing their terrible duty of retribution.”

AN OLD MAN AND HIS INDIAN COMPANION.*

Among the spirit scenes which I thus witnessed, was on one occasion, this:

“The beautiful scene returned upon me again, and it seemed as if

* September, 1853.

I could stand for hours in one spot, and see ever new beauties around me. On my left was a border of stately trees. How gorgeous they looked in that glowing light! On my right, and before me, as far as the eye could reach, was spread out a magnificent landscape, the face of the country gently undulating and covered with trees, and flowers, and running waters, and smooth paths, and interspersed with pleasant mansions of a beautiful order of architecture, and most pleasantly located. What a home for a man after his weary pilgrimage here!

“Off at my right, the land rose gently into sloping terraces, one above another, and pure streams of water were tumbling down the slopes, adding their hoarse murmur to the repose of the scene.

“The trees were so majestic! One I observed in particular was immense; it drooped like the willow, with a leaf like the oak and shaped like the elm; its foliage was very dense, and it cast a shade large enough to cover the whole of one of our parks.

“Under its shade, nestling snugly beneath its wide spreading branches, was a log-hut, like those I have seen among the backwoodsmen on our frontiers. The man who built it had chosen that spot and all its surroundings, because it brought back to his recollection his earth-life. He had been fond of Nature, and had been wont to select such romantic spots in which to reside; and thus he continues to enjoy what on earth was so beautiful to him. He can here enjoy everything that is beautiful. He belonged to no church; he was of no sect; but he looked from Nature up to Nature's God. He could not read the Bible, but he read of God in every leaf that trembled in the breeze. An Indian lived with him. How they loved one another! He was an old man, and the Indian was younger.

“As he sat at the door of his hut, he heard the footsteps of his companion approaching. He immediately asked himself what he could do to make the Indian more happy? And so the Indian, as he approached, was thinking what he could do to contribute to the old man's comfort. Thus forgetting self, they thought only of each other's happiness.

“I saw, much to my surprise, that they had their dogs and guns with them. The old man was sitting on a bench, made of a slab, with four legs thrust rudely into holes bored at each end. Scattered around the ground were the rude implements common in a frontier lodge.

“I suspected they did not use that cot to sleep in, and I soon found that it was not indeed their home, but had been erected by them as a reminiscence of their former life, to recall to mind their earthly hunting-grounds. They were exquisite lovers of nature. Behind their hut, was a large rock, higher than the building. Growing out of its crevices were trees and flowers, and creeping plants ; at its base gurgled up a spring of pure water, running near the end of the hut, and there forming a little pond. They had excavated the earth just behind one of the large roots of a tree, and thus the pond was formed, the water falling over the root as over a dam, adding its gentle sound to the pleasure of the scene. Behind them, stretching far off in the distance, was an earthly scene, consisting of dense woods and mountains, among which was a beautiful lake which

“‘Its lone bosom expanded to the sky.’

“It seemed to be ten or twelve miles long, and two or three wide, and meandered up among the hills. It was an earthly hunting-ground, and recalled to them again the life which their love of Nature had made so pleasant.

“As they sat at the door of their hut, on one side they could behold those hunting-grounds, and on the other, that beautiful country with its heavenly light. Far as their eyes could reach, the scene was so beautiful ! presenting every variety of form, and colored with the tint of that gorgeous ruby light, so clear, so soft, so grateful, and reflecting from everything around—from every leaf and flower, as if from ten thousand sparkling mirrors. And thus they conjoined their life on earth and life in the spheres, and enjoyed at the same moment the beauties of both.

“And it was so, because while here they had enjoyed the beauties which God had scattered around them, and had learned of them the lessons they taught of Him, the lesson taught as well by Nature as by revelation—to love the Great Creator, and one another—this they did when here, and hence the happiness they now enjoyed.”

A SPIRIT SCENE AND ADMONITION.*

I was once presented with a scene, on beholding which I exclaimed, If this is a specimen, then there is indeed a happi-

* November, 1853.

ness in the Spirit-life of which we have had no conception. I cannot describe the scene which opened to my view. It was filled, as far as my eye could reach, with a mellow golden light, mingled and fringed with a rosy hue. Imagine the most gorgeous, and beautiful, and variegated garden ever pictured in Eastern fable; select the most beautiful scenic representations of our theatres, multiplying them a million times, and you can scarcely conceive the reality that was before me. What happiness to be there! And yet I saw higher elevations in the distance. It seemed to me impossible there could be higher conditions of beauty and happiness than the scene before me. Yet there were, for I saw them.

Everything was so full of joy and gladness. Look where I might, I saw it:—among birds, beasts, plants, man, all, all were full of it, overflowing with it.

I saw innumerable spirits moving about: some in shady bowers, some sitting beside a murmuring brook; some reclining on beds of flowers; some floating, as it were, on the perfume and drinking it in; some sauntering around sparkling fountains, whose pure waters were of different colors; some strolling in the smooth walks in pairs and in groups lovingly clinging to each other. I saw no one alone. No sad recluse was harbored there, but each one's happiness was in that of others. Interspersed amid the flowers and shrubbery were many statues.

But I cannot describe the infinite variety of beautiful objects before me. I stood and gazed with solemn awe. Ever and anon as I gazed around I saw in the distance—his head shining like a blazing sun, but with a mellow light—the presiding Spirit of that community, and I learned from my spirit-guide that all the Spirits I saw around me, and many others not then there, had duties elsewhere, and here assembled only in the pauses of their toil. They were constantly coming and going, and this was their relaxation only.

The Presiding Spirit said to me, "Is it difficult for you to conceive a condition of man so superior to your mortal exist-

ence? Know that we have only entered on the threshold of that eternity of love and happiness which is your destiny. The difference between you and the merest atom of inanimate matter from which you have been developed is but a step—though a step of ages—a feeble, halting, crippled step in that eternity. See to what you may attain! Is it not important you should understand how to attain it so as to hasten your progress and not retard it? That knowledge is now proffered you; are you prepared to receive it? It would have been in vain to have proffered it to inanimate matter, to the vegetable, to the unreasoning animal, or even to the reasoning animal, man, until, in his progress, he had attained the capacity to comprehend it. Are you yet at that point or must the lesson so often attempted to be taught to man be again abandoned for a fitter season? Must they, who can be used as the instruments of conveying that knowledge to man, be again, as they so often have been, done to death for that cause? Is man ready yet again to strike the hand that is outstretched to lift him up, or will he grasp it with some appreciation of the infinite love it proffers? Is man yet so enveloped in his material garment that the light of Heaven's love cannot penetrate it?"

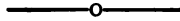
A SCENE IN THE SPIRIT WORLD.

Extract from the account of another scene I beheld in the Spirit Land :

"The path, as it ascended the slope, was turned off by stone steps, made of a yellow, beautifully variegated sort of soap-stone, not as hard as marble, but polished as highly, and shining with innumerable sparkling atoms. I could have paused here for hours, merely in enjoying the beauties of the path. Everything around me was beautiful. There was nothing to mar the scene. The air, the light, the objects around, all were beautiful; and then the people seemed so happy, a sober, calm happiness which filled the heart too full for utterance. Then so calm a silence rested upon the scene, inter-

rupted only by the chirping of insects and the song of birds, and off from the distance came floating on the air, the sound of vocal music, exquisitely soft and touching. And thus alone was the peaceful silence broken."

And such are the lessons that Spirit Communion comes to teach to man—to lift him from the degradation into which his material proprieties have sunk him, and draw him nigher unto God. In his love, and in man's capacity to understand and appreciate it, he will find at once his Redeemer and his Saviour. Whether the truth be spoken through mortal lips, or through his vast creation, it is still full mighty to triumph over sin and death—all powerful to save—all conquering for Man.



FOOTPRINTS.

BY CHARLOTTE BEEBE WILBOUR.

IT matters not at what page of Earth's History we open, we can scarcely fail to find the blessed footprints of the holy Watchers, with their diviner thoughts, irradiating the primeval soul of man, or yet may light upon some scorched and fire-blackened trace, where the hot-handed demons-souls of men irregularly developed, have clutched at the natural graces of the human heart, and left a stain forever.

Far back in the unremembered ages, when the very souls which rose in ordered forms on the swarming plains of Shinar, were walking there in fair organic life, the long dim vista seems to open to my uplifted eyes, and offer glimpses of primeval man, his ways and works, and the far wandering of his tireless thought, in fearless wonder or in wondering fear.

Time has not touched the essential nature of our souls

since then, nor the marked traits of individual and national character.

Men vary in their ways and thoughts of expression as we look from land to land, and some of their universal features are more strongly brought out in one people than in another.

It is so in the ages, and the human nature which I see struggling in joy and pain, in the far sunrise of the world, is at its centre what we see to-day; only this I must notice, that man seems in that far-off time to be more a child in simple wonder and blunt healthy loves and hates, more open and direct, a downright honest being whether good or bad.

I see a vision of that primeval time. A mother leans over the lifeless clay of her only boy. A serpent has stung him, and his loving young soul has gone up from the purpled body, a fair and beautiful mist, just forming in the beatific perfection of the visible features.

His little palms are spread to clasp his mother, and the first deep smile of that new conscious bliss is dimly troubled by the mother's grief, and her unheeding look.

A darker spirit stands at her side and whispers in her ear: "There is no God; life comes and goes, and death ends all." She lifts her eyes with a momentary wonder and one inquiring look, then saddens into gloom again to find herself alone. The cherub clings unnoticed about her neck, and only says, "I love you, mother! I love you, I love you, mother!" and the dark spirit grows yet darker, and mutters, "Love is lost when life is lost, and there is no God to pity us."

She wails, and lifts up imprecating hands as if to curse the hollow heavens and the invisible God; but the breath of her darling is cool on her cheek, and the hand of her darling is soft on her brow, and his angel lips breathe over and over again the same sweet words, "I love, I love, I love," and the dark spirit slinks away before the simple persistency of that undying love.

The mother's curse is softened to a prayer, the shriek and wail are mellowed to a moan, and now she sinks into "

momentary trance, and sees and feels her darling on her bosom, and hears the low word, "love, love, love," as a sweet melody in her ears.

Eternal love is life's eternal pledge. The conscious child leaps jubilant on her arm, and his whole form flushes with a transfiguring delight which thrills and flutters to his utmost limbs, as a quick gladness flutters in the mortal face.

And now the angels lead him to their bowers, for the heart of the pained mother has felt the eternity of love, and thence the certainty of life.

It is not a faith, but it is a feeling ; it is not an outward consciousness, but the retained conscious influence of an inward impression, which, though lost in form, still masters all her soul in its essence.

No positive consciousness of any presence goes with her, but a deep sense of central good, a feeling that all is well—somehow and where, to be made manifest—attests the holy influence of her angel boy, and shows how even in that far-off age the souls of men were led by the souls of the departed.

A poet sits by the shore of that primeval sea which once beat on the wild Armenian hills, before the valleys and plains of Palestine rose from the weltering waters, fat with the slime of immemorial ages. The cedared mountains stretch away to illimitable distances, losing their purple crests in the descending heavens, and the blue sea rolls ridgy and whitening, and mingled by times with angry green and black, where the homeless west-wind howls like a forsaken soul in the deserts of despair. An ancient harp, whose frame is a gigantic shell, and whose chords are the raw fibers of leviathan strung to their utmost tension, leans by his side, and seems to ring a fierce, wild monody in the unequal gusts, while the eye of the poet looks far out over the waters, with an intense gaze that seems to fathom, not the blue air or troubled deep, but the great deeps of time, into the chambers of eternity. An awful Spirit, clothed with sixfold wings, two black as brooding thunder-clouds, two livid as the lightning, and yet two light

as the lining of that cloud the sun has touched and molten through with glory. This Spirit broods over the Prophet Bard, now with his black wings brushing the sun out, and anon with the broad fire-vans, setting the world aflame, and now again smoothing the wrinkled forehead of the heavens, and the perturbed bosom of the deep, with the wide winnowing of the dove-white twain! Ha, it is not the wind that sweeps that giant lyre! There comes a meaning in the measured motion, and the deep echoes of a heavy tramp are booming from the rigid strings, touched by invisible fingers. A rude wild song breaks from the poet's lips, that keep time with the measured tramp, a song of loss and triumph, ruin and restoration, inspired indeed by the vast Spirit with the sixfold wings who stands above him, dimly touching the dilated retina of his inward eye, and faintly fluttering the quick chords of his consciousness.

It is coming ! coming ! coming !
 A day of doom ! a day of gloom !
 A terrible and memorable Day.

Hills shall dissolve and the mountains melt,
 And the great sea burst from its adamant belt,
 And drown the wail of a world of crime,
 In its reeking slime, with a wrath divine ;
 And drown the wail of a world of woe,
 In one wild flow, and overflow !
 On that terrible and memorable Day.

It is coming ! coming ! coming !
 A day of change, a day more strange,
 A wonderful and memorable Day.

From the hollow deeps as a beryl-cup,
 Red tongues shall lick this mighty sea up,
 And the sea-green grass shall rock like the sea
 Over the lea where the wild waves be ;
 And man's old wrath burn on and burn,
 As it burned before, with a red return
 In that wonderful and memorable Day.

It is coming ! coming ! coming !
A day of right, a day of light,
A beautiful and memorable Day.

Old hatred and crime, and oppression shall die,
Young love glow in beauty, from lip, cheek and eye,
And a song of delight, a delightful life song,
Now faint, and now strong, shall leap out and along,
And man be restored to his innocent prime,
A being divine, as his Maker divine,
In that beautiful and memorable Day !

As that song ends, the dark wings are folded over, the lurid and the white wings only fan the rippling air into a lull, and the ruffled soul of the Poet into a holy calm. Almost he knows that a spirit has breathed the gift of prophecy into his broken dream, and sunshine and water, and wind are vital with all that uncertain spiritual influence which he feels.

It is thus in all ages that this gospel has had its witnesses, sometimes unconscious of the power that moves them, yet doing well the work of superior beings, sometimes aware of the very forms that rise aloft in startling grandeur, or surprising beauty ; or even in darker hours, of those awful figures which have made the all-prevalent faith in devils coëxistent with the faith in Spirits of God.

That comfort which comes even to untaught souls, when pouring their wild wail over the dead, is an imperishable witness of the faith. How the old heart puts out new tendrils, yearning toward the dark with a blind necessity, as dungeon plants lean to the single ray that pierces their night ! The bereaved are never quite bereft, while reason lasts, for hope survives however dimly seen, and still says there is something for them yet, still something more for that undying love to rest upon.

When the Tree would let go its hold upon its leaf, it prepares for the change by loosening the tough fibers, cell by cell, till it drops without violence and floats away. There is maturity.

But no heart's love was ever mature. Dearer and dearer to the last breath grows the beloved, and nature lends no merciful relaxation of the strong fibers of fellowship, as she ought if here was a finality, as with the individual leaf.

But nature never works in vain. If she put out tendrils from the growing vine, her intent is that they shall cling.

When she creates relations, it is that they shall hold as long as the chords hold which unite them.

The loves of the birds and beasts cease when their definite purpose ends. The passions of men burn out when their work is done. The love of earthly life itself wears away with the decaying earthly faculties, till in all natural deaths the feeling of readiness comes as fast as the change itself.

But not so with the higher loves. They never let go. The first departed is the best beloved, and the dead are ever dear. Nature reverses the method of her action ; when she means to end, she changes.

To the final change she prepares the way by relaxing the ties which hold the transient to the permanent, the going-to, the remaining ; but when she means futurity and not finality, she strengthens the ties as she lengthens them, and the departed go hence more loved and dearer than before.

This universal feeling is radical spiritualism, and but a little process of reasoning would convert the feeling into faith, and the faith into demonstration of the soul's immortality. For no man who did not believe this whole world to be one monstrous mockery, the work of deliberate cruelty and refined diabolism, could notice such a significant arrangement without seeing there the angelic finger of God's providence pointing forward to man's reünion, or better still, to man's unbroken fellowship.

AN ANGEL LEADING THE WAY.

BY BELLE BUSH.

"He who laughs at any living hope,
Or aspiration of the human soul,
Is just so many stages less than God,
That universal and all-sided Love."

Alexander Smith.

"OH! please do n't tramp on the pretty blue flowers,"*
Said an innocent child one day,
As I walked with her in the glad Spring hours,
Through a flower-enamelled way.
Violets gay in our pathway lay,
But I heeded not their light,
Nor the lovely bloom, nor the sweet perfume,
They were yielding us day and night.

I carelessly trod on the gifts of God,
And sighed as I passed along,
Oh! dreary and old, how weary and cold
Is earth to my heart of song!
I had counted the joys of the past, and wept
O'er the graves of departed years,
Till shadows dark to my heart had crept,
And earth was a "vale of tears."

Oh, weary world! oh, dreary world!
I cried as I passed along,
Where are the flowers, and the sunny bowers
You pictured to me in song?
Down, down in the grave of my youth and love,
Their ashes repose to-day,
But tell me, oh! *earth*, and ye skies above,
My *beautiful*, where are they?

* These are the exact words used by a little girl with whom I was walking one Spring morning, down a garden walk bordered with blue violets, upon some of which I inadvertently stepped.

They are gone, all gone, and I tread alone,
 A weary and darkened way ;
 Oh, lovely world ! oh, fair, bright world !
 Why did you pass away ?
 Tell me, oh ! winds and ye answering waves,
 Where their radiant spirits fled,
 Whose forms we laid in the cold dark graves,
 In the homes of the voiceless dead ?.

Ye answer me not, from cave or grot,
 By winds, or the rolling tide ;
 I only know, it was long ago
 They lived, and loved, and died.
 Thus I sighed in my grief and pride,
 Unheeding the sunny hours,
 And the lovely bloom, and the sweet perfume,
 Of the delicate star-eyed flowers.

I carelessly trod on the gifts of God,
 And sighed as I passed along,
 Oh, weary world ! oh, desolate world !
 Thou art cold to my heart of song.
 " Oh ! please do n't tramp on the pretty blue flowers,"
 Said the innocent child once more,
 With a voice whose pleading, mysterious power,
 Seemed born of some heart's deep lore.

I stepped aside from the flowery path,
 When lo ! from her eyes of blue,
 A light I have dreamed that an Angel's hath,
 Shone tearfully struggling through.
 Then I saw her stoop, and with tender hand
 Lift up from its lowly bed,
 A flower that was lying half buried in sand,
 Crushed down by my careless tread.

" Ah, poor little flowerie ! " she pityingly
 And laid the bruised form in her hand,
 Then tenderly raising its low drooping head
 Her tears washed it free from the sand

And the timid thing, with its eyes of Spring,
 Looked upward and seemingly smiled,
 While a sunbeam bright, from the founts of Light,
 Kissed the brow of the innocent child.

Then I saw where I trod were the gifts of God
 In daily munificence spread ;
 Only each hour, like the timid flower,
 They were crushed by my careless tread.
 'T was a beautiful lesson the dear child taught
 In her innocent artless way,
 And one that came with a blessing fraught,
 To live in my heart alway.

For a vision bright to my mortal sight,
 Like a ship from over the sea,
 Dawned on my gaze thro' a golden haze,
 And showed me her destiny.
 She stood before me a woman grown,
 All lovely in face and form,
 But motherless, out on the cold world thrown
 In a blinding, pitiless storm,—

A storm of fate more merciless far
 Than a tempest of rain or sleet ;
 For her heart saw only one waning star,
 While snares were beneath her feet.
 Then I saw her roaming the streets at night,
 So weary, and sad, and lone,
 That I heard in the hush of the still starlight,
 Her desolate heart make moan.

Then I knew she had loved and had been betrayed,
 But I read in her eyes of blue,
 A look of innocent trust that said,
 To *love* and to *God I am true*.
 And I seemed to hear in the ether clear,
 The rush of a viewless throng,
 And heard a sound from the deep profound,
 Repeating her childish song.

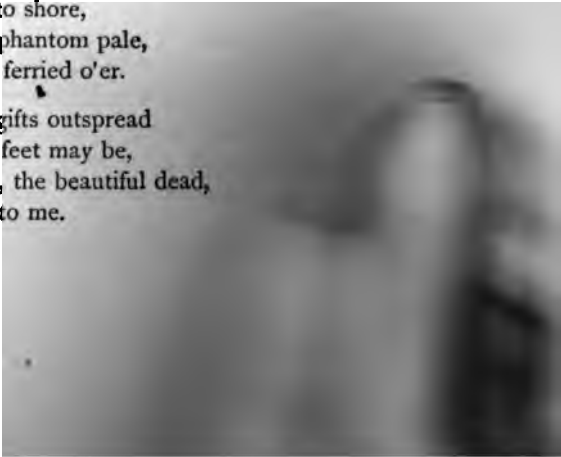
It rose with the chimes of the midnight hour,
And said to the hearts at strife :
“ Oh, please do n't tramp on the pretty blue flowers,
In the paths of human life.
Then I saw her turn with a pleading eye
To the crowds in the city street,
Seeming to ask of each passer by,
A rest for her weary feet.

And I saw a woman with raiment white
Gently her footsteps stay,
And I knew she was safe from the storm that night,
For an Angel was leading the way.
The vision faded ; we wandered on,
The dream of the years went by,
But we met no more on the sunny shore,
The innocent child and I.

But oft since then I have felt the power
Of her words in my heart astir ;
And I never look on a blue-eyed flower,
But I tenderly think of her.
And whenever the eyes of an innocent child
Look lovingly into my own,
My heart by that scene is again beguiled,
And I list to the Angel-tone.

Ah ! the world hath fairer and brighter grown
For the lesson she taught to me,
Till I hear no more the murmur and moan,
For souls that were lost at sea—
The infinite sea, where ships set sail
But never come back to shore,
Except in dreams like a phantom pale,
That the midnight has ferried o'er.

No more I tread on the gifts outspread
In the path where my feet may be,
Or dream that the loving, the beautiful dead,
Can never come back to me.



No more I thrill to the plaintive lore
I sang in my heart that day,
Saying, oh, earth! and ye skies of mirth!
My beautiful! where are they?

For I know they live in the "Better Land,"
In the gardens of love and song,
And I see by the light from the farther strand,
That my bark will be there ere long.
And I know there are times when the distant chimes
Of the spirit-bells I hear,
And voices low, that come and go,
To tell me "the loved are near."

So I work and wait for the garden gate
To turn on its golden hinge;
I cheerfully wait, tho' I read my fate,
In the evening's purple tinge.
I know the sun of my life will set,
And the world move on the same;
Friends will be gay, and perhaps forget
I e'er had a place or name.

But I do not fear, I have this to cheer,
No matter how far I stray,
On sea or on shore, I can sing the lore,
There's an Angel leading the way.
Oh! oft the voice of its singing breaks,
Like a dream on my listening ear,
Stilling my heart when it plains and aches
With songs of the loftiest cheer;

Oft in the midst of a moving throng,
With the patter of hurrying feet,
They rise, like a flute-note, sweet and strong,
With a musical swell and beat.
That Angel-voice,— "the persuasive voice,"
Wanders the wide world o'er,
And seems to say to each heart to-day,
Rejoice with the loved once more.

It rises and falls, yet ever it calls,
 And seems to each soul to speak :
 Saying to man, "'t is the nobler plan
 To guard and protect the weak.
 "Then know, O mortals of high estate,
 That the truth shall outlast your gold,
 And love with the LIVING, the good and great,
 Can neither be bought nor sold.

And when for pelf you have bartered self,
 Then say in your palmiest hours,
 I have carelessly trod on the gifts of God,
 His beautiful Spirit-flowers.
 "When you look with scorn on a dusky brow,
 Or on hands made hard with toil,
 Then the pure white buds of the heart bend low,
 Till their petals are stained with soil.

When you turn a slave from the 'greed of gain'
 To bend to the 'lust for power,'
 Ah ! then you may list for the Angel-strain,
 And sigh for the bruised flower.
 "Oh ! free as the air and the light of Heaven,
 Will be the rich gifts of the earth."
 When men shall learn from these lessons given,
 What a *living* soul is worth,—

What its hope, its trust, its rest in joy,
 And that holiest gift of God,
 Pure love, that no one can ever destroy
 Though he trample it into the sod.
 O friends ! O brothers and sisters true !
 O resolute hearts of youth !
 Make way for all who would toil with you,
 In the whitening fields of Truth.

From far and near let the words, "*good cheer*,"
 "God-speed" to you toilers all !
 Be heard to fall like a "bugle-call"
 On hearts that have dropped their thrall.

Say not of *one, he* is little worth,
 Or his zeal ill-timed and vain,
 For the grandest plans have an humble birth
 From a thought in a toiling brain.

"There's strength in Union," and love will ne'er
 Enkindle the fires of strife,
 Or crush out hope with a laugh or sneer
 When it brightens another's life.
 It never will tread on the gifts outspread
 By a bountiful *Father's hand,*
 But gratefully gives what it *freely receives,*
 As waves give their pearls to the *sand.*

O Manhood! Womanhood! fair to see,
 Will thy equal lives appear
 When none shall say what thy work *must* be?
 And neither shall serve through fear.
 But the ages are long, and the work begun,
 Seems often to lag behind,
 Yet we know that the right is the central Sun,
 Attracting and swaying each mind.

Though some may swing from their arc and bring
 Disorder, and grief, and sin,
 Yet we hear sweet voices from heaven that sing,
 The *Father* will gather them in.
 Thus through my life with its toil and strife
 Runs the golden thread of my lay,—
 To every soul there's a bright'ning goal,
 And an Angel to lead the way.

SEMINARY, BELVIDERE, N. J.

The Editor at Home.

SALUTATORY.

TO THE FRIENDS OF PROGRESS:

REVOLUTIONS are thoughts endowed with life and locomotion. Some revolutions proceed in a noiseless manner, so as really to endanger no human interest; and these, especially, are most potent. Like the gravitation that moves worlds, these silent forces are greater in their development, and far more lasting in their effects, than the shock that rends a continent, and rocks the globe to its center. The boom of thunders and the hoarse voices of the sea shake the audience-chamber of the soul, but a silent thought has power to move the soul itself. The waves rise and beat the unyielding shore; the impassable walls of the ocean remain, but the angry billows fall, recede, and disappear. In like manner do great facts and principles resist the elements of passion and prejudice through all ages. Like bold promontories, from which we look out above life's troubled sea, they are left unmoved when the elemental strife is over.

Too long already has the idolatrous world deified the attribute of brute force, and sought for the noblest examples of heroism among its military animals. The deeds of kingly warriors, who have never ceased to immolate Humanity in their conquests; the legends of blind superstition and religious strife; the bloody stories of the crusaders, and the savage villainies of reputed saints, whom fear consecrated and tradition invested with Divine authority; these have too often been the themes on which the painter, the sculptor, the orator, the poet, the musician, and the historian, have their noblest powers. But the world shall yet receive his sad delirium, and the human mind and heart no more. The Spirit of the Age is the swift | ant

changes to come. Great events slumber in the womb of the Future, but their shadowy outlines now fall on the prescient soul. A little while and the revealing Angel shall wake the sleepers and renew the world.

Long ago, when the Earth was new and Humanity was young, Despotism set his unhallowed foot on the image of the living God! But we live in revolutionary times, and the reign of tyranny draws to a close. Yet not chiefly by the power of fierce embattled legions are these changes to be wrought. No! But truth, like lightnings, shall rain from heaven on perjured priests and kings, until a mortal palsy shall smite the tyrant's arm, and seize the dying brain and heart. The avenger of all human wrongs is at hand, whose sword is Justice; whose royal habiliments are Liberty and Love; and whose followers are the immortal ministers of Light.

The dying prayer of Goethe is emphatically answered in our time. We have more light now, and a clearer perception of the intricate mysteries of being. We look through the material forms of the world and perceive their spiritual essences. We discover that in the most ethereal elements reside the dynamic forces of Nature. In the last analysis all the powers of the Universe are invisible and spiritual. With this knowledge of the sources of power, we can do far more with essential principles and inspired ideas than the ancients ever did with battering-rams and battle-axes. The true reformer arms himself with these subtle implements—he wields the sword of the Spirit. The truly great men of this, and indeed of every age, are those who smite the powers of evil by the force of great moral principles. Such men are great, in a divine sense, because they make mankind far better and happier. Strike boldly, then, at thy brother's error, but be persuaded to lay thy hand gently on his Manhood.

The advent of Spiritualism and its rapid growth, present an amazing phenomenon in the religious history of mankind. With no recognized individual founder; without the prestige of illustrious names among its early disciples; without seek-

ing any alliance with the powers of government ; with no ordained ministry ; without so much as an organization of the believers ; derided by pantheistic philosophers ; shut out of the schools of modern science ; and anathematized by the priesthood of a Fashion and Mammon worshipping Church, Spiritualism—in a very few years—has made its way throughout the world, not even stopping at the outposts of civilization. Its invisible missionaries have made themselves at home alike before kings and cardinals, savans and savages—on the four Continents and among the distant Islands of the sea. To-day its influence is felt in every walk of life. It is surely demolishing the superstitions of the ignorant ; quieting the fears of timid mortals, and scattering forever the vain speculations and foolish devices of popular skepticism. Its radiant image is indelibly stamped on the best literature of the age ; its message of mercy has softened the tone of the pulpit, and stifled the thunders of Sinai ; the press either speaks with becoming civility or it is silent ; while the clear light that Spiritualism reflects upon all the springs of human feeling, motive and action, leads juries to disagree in the trial of capital offences. Its logic of love unnerves the arm of the executioner, subverts the duelist's code of honor, and renders war unpopular.

Error is presumed to be sacred when it enjoys the fellowship of the Church ; imbecility and deformity are usually respected when they are generated in royal bed-chambers and nursed in the palaces of kings ; but Truth is sublimely great when it stands alone, and unsupported, and the thought that is born in a manger may live, and grow, and silently conquer the world. Thus may we triumph in the spirit. Too long have nations and races been led and governed by the lusts of the flesh and the selfishness of a misguided ambition. It is time for the Spirit to assert its rightful supremacy. The inspired thinker must again have his turn in the government of nations. In that more interior life where thought things, and moral qualities are substantial realities,

is felt and comprehended. A starry diadem encircles his brow, and he wields a peaceful scepter over the enlightened and redeemed. Hereafter it shall be said that the great Reformation commenced in the Nineteenth Century. Compared with this, the Reformation under Luther was insignificant in its principles and unimportant in its bearing on the moral growth and spiritual freedom of the race. *That* asserted a single principle, while *this* proposes to furnish the world with a new philosophy of human nature and its relations; to lend an immortal quickening to the human senses and all the powers of thought. It promises to enlarge, indefinitely, the field of investigation and the boundaries of science; to restore the lost treasures of the human heart; to spiritualize our worship; and to roll the stone from the door of the sepulcher, that our buried hopes may rise from the dead.

Having some grave things to speak of, we desire to be heard. In the social and political institutions of the world are great falsehoods which must be uncovered, that all who live a lie may be rebuked. The strong oppress the weak; Innocence and Beauty are spoiled by smooth depravity and unbridled lust; while the gilded Juggernaut of wealth rides over the prostrate forms of Genius and Virtue. Fashionable hypocrisy appears solemn and goes to church; "the money-changers" defile the temples; avarice leaves God to look after its "golden calf;" priestly hands have planted the Upas by the river of Life; and the wrongs of Forty Centuries find an apology at the altars of Religion.

Of these things we must speak fearlessly, but in love for oppressed and misguided Humanity. Nor is this all. Divine mysteries and immortal realities yet wait to be revealed on earth; and the laws of the Celestial Republics must be expressed in the actual life of Man. Personally, we may fail as a translator of the silent speech of the invisible nations; but they will send their own interpreters. Ordinary language may be wanting in flexibility, power and fitness for this purpose; but the fire of inspired thought may soften and illumi-

nate its rigid outlines, and even melt and mold its discordant elements into music.

We have elsewhere observed, that what the world most needs is a record of our convictions *in our work*. This is the demand of the time, and my friends are those who hear me for this cause. Our chief object should be the incarnation of the world's best conceptions in its institutions. We come to actualize our ideal. The times are auspicious and we are in earnest. The very ground about us is covered with the essential elements, and the viewless air is alive with the dynamic forces required in the erection and consecration of the Spiritual Temple of the Ages. The light of all eras shall illuminate its open portals, and the superior effulgence of the Spirit World glorify the sanctuary. Our philosophy must cover the nature and relations of all material and spiritual existences, and our science demand the liberty of the Universe. For our faith we claim a holy alliance with Nature and Reason. On this basis—in a reverential spirit—we come to rear the Church of the Future. It must be neither a nursery of vain pride and arbitrary power; a display of fashion and ambition; a theater for the performance of solemn ceremonies; a museum for the collection and preservation of old manuscripts and fossil remains; nor a sarcophagus for spiritually dead men. On the contrary,—it must be quick with all vital principles, living thoughts, and unselfish deeds. The devotee will neither exhaust his energies nor wear out his sandals on the old road to Jordan; but he will go directly to the river of life to celebrate his baptism; while in the true heart and illuminated mind will be the altars of its universal worship.

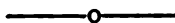
Verily, this shall be called the Church of the Divine Humanity, and its holy sacraments shall be feasts of charity given to the poor. It will neither depend on the "broken cisterns" of the ancients, nor on the dispensaries of modern theological doctors for living water; but within the soul of every true spiritual disciple shall be the "well of water springing up into everlasting life." Our communion seasons will be hours

of silent meditation, when, by the subtile chemistry of souls, the spirit blends with all kindred natures. With such a faith and worship, it becomes us to be earnest without dogmatism, religious without cant, and free without irreverence. With one accord let us build and consecrate such a Temple, and bring our sacrifices to the altar.

Hereafter we shall not venerate, above all else, the crumbling relics of the Past. Not lifeless things from Egyptian and Hebrew sepulchers do we fold to our hearts; but forms of living beauty, inspired with divine affections, and radiant with the freshness of an immortal youth. The Angel of the Spiritual Dispensation walks unveiled in our midst. At his approach the fires are rekindled on altars that were cold and deserted. In this benign presence Spring encircles the year. Perennial flowers blossom in his footprints, and exhale their fragrance over the dismal solitudes, and unnumbered graves. He touches the restless and sorrowing heart, and it is full of peace. He breathes into our souls, and life and love become *one*, not in the etymology of our speech alone, but in spirit and in truth.

Friends of Progress! we are rapidly approaching great crises in governmental affairs, and in the religious institutions of all civilized nations. America to-day presents a grand eclecticism of Peoples, Arts, Sciences and Industries; and she is destined to become the luminous center from which light will radiate to every part of the globe. It is for the existing generation to begin the work of organizing the mundane instrumentalities for this wide diffusion of light and knowledge. We feel that the time for action has come, and that the capacity for important achievements is imminent and visible in the period. The field of labor is before us, and our objects are defined. Not unlike the promises of success, are "the signs of the times." The four winds are made eloquent with the earnest words that daily come to us with assurances of profound sympathy and active coöperation. The names of all such shall have a place among the builders of the new Church

and State. Honor to all true men and women, whose position, in this great Era, is defined by the clear light in which they stand. Friends! you are doing good service in a noble company—a multitude that no man may be able to number, and of which not even the Angels of Heaven shall be ashamed. All hail! Far over the broad spaces that separate our mortal shadows, I greet your earnest spirits To-day, and recognize your immediate presence.



INSANITY OF POLITICS.

“Get thee glass eyes;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see things thou dost not.”

IT is greatly to be lamented that political life in this country is deeply depraved. Our leading politicians are far less devoted to correct principles than to the interests of personal ambition. Few among them merit any high distinction as reformers. They are poor blind guides whose shameful career terminates in darkness and desolation. Where are those fixed stars that once illuminated the political heavens? Many of our present leaders are rather wandering lights in the national firmament, whose very eccentric orbits even the wisest of our political astrologers may not determine. Or, they are mere *ignes fatui*, that bewilder and mislead the traveler. Such men are rarely either united by noble sympathies, pledged to any improved political policy, or animated by the spirit of a pure and lofty patriotism. On the contrary, they are often homogeneous only in a common feeling of bitterness, the unbridled lust of power, and the exercise of their destructive propensities. Our local and national politics are a Dead Sea of corruption that no agitation can purify. There is mortal

poison in the bitter waters ; and the upas that blooms along the shore loads the very atmosphere with invisible shafts of death.

It is true there are several natural causes of national in-harmony and sectional strife. We have a vast territory ; our interests are widely diversified ; and we have a mixed and restless population, never content with the present, but always grasping after the possibilities of the future. But beyond all these are numerous sources of political injustice and partisan hostility. If an honest man chances to be elevated to some high position ; if we have a magistrate who is dispassionate, self-poised, and just in the exercise of his power, he is quite sure to be pursued by all the dogs of contending factions. Swarms of political parasites fasten upon him and defile the magisterial ermine with the foul slime of their own iniquities. Vampires from the realms of political perdition seize him. They must live by extracting the elements of a superior life. How can the restless knaves be still ? Such lively and irreverent souls would not be quiet in the kingdom of heaven. Of course they would scarcely find anything there suited to their peculiar tastes ; and, very likely, their ambition might suggest a reconstruction of the divine economy of the country. The modest sense of propriety that always covered the naked truth, might prompt them to criticise the scanty costumes of the Angels. Or, some enterprising journalist, just arrived, might start a New Jerusalem organ, or get up a party to control the celestial administration.

Intriguing politicians are subject to several infirmities, such as obliquity of vision and paralysis of the conscience. They have also a mania for office, as imperative as if it were supported *jure divino*. They also suffer from the tenderness of the pericranium, and, according to Shakespeare, have the scurvy. But they seldom exhibit any abnormal delicacy or irritability of the cuticle, the epidermis of an old, unscrupulous politician being thick (dry, of course), and so indurated as to resemble a "hard shell." Indeed, this is the peculiar armor

that the necessities of our depraved political warfare render indispensable. The empty aspirants for public recognition, and the gamblers for official distinctions, must not be too impressible. Loss of sensibility may, therefore, be esteemed to be a good preparation for a vulgar politician. He must be a tough subject, indeed, if he would follow the devious ways wherein many travel. All who had rather "rule in hell than serve in heaven" should be fitted for their own place and prepared for their master's service. Let the "itching palm" be scratched; and such as have the itch peculiar to a large class of American politicians, should not pause at the smell of sulphur and the touch of fire. Carbolic acid is a good disinfectant; but there are depths of degradation and sinks of uncleanness in our political life that can only be cleansed by the process of combustion. It is written, "The fire shall try every man's work."

The composition of our political parties is often so heterogeneous, and the elements so completely animated by a spirit of mutual antagonism, that the Christian, the patriot, and the philosopher, sicken at the contemplation. No deformity can exceed the vile distortions of political character in America. "Paradise Lost" and Dante's Vision of the Inferno, are redeemed by their sublimity. Such conceptions of exalted genius inspire a feeling of sympathy rather than of disgust. They are the very poetry of hell compared with the vile prose of our political pandemonium, around which Cerberus lifts his hundred heads and barks at every honest man. Such compacts may be fitly symbolized by the "bond of iniquity," the contents of "the witches' caldron," and the herd of swine into which the demons entered. We have all read the story of Arnold's treason; but he had no country to betray. Others have; and we are quite sure there are bold apostates and political Iscariots in our country, compared with whose treacherous deeds the literal history of Benedict Arnold holy memory.

SPIRITUAL BALLOONERY.

THERE is a class of religious teachers who approach the spiritual heaven as a man goes up in a balloon. Whenever their spirits are exalted to such a degree as to overcome the strong terrestrial gravitation ; in other words, when they are sufficiently *inflated*, they ascend into aërial regions, and go angling after Spirits and Angels. But they seldom stay long up there, owing to the powerful attraction of the earthly nature. As soon as their gas is exhausted they inevitably come down in a hurry. If such people have been wakeful enough, during their spiritual peregrinations, to have made any discoveries, they generally lose sight of the same on their way back, and so at last we find them empty.

Now it appears that a result not altogether unlike this has followed Mr. Beecher's heavenly excursions. It is said he knocked hell out of his creed some time ago, not leaving so much as a single rafter for the Plutonian birds to roost upon. The Universalists were greatly elated, and seemed to think that at length the millennium had dawned. Then he began to preach Spiritualism, apparently in sober earnest. The secular press reported his radical utterances from week to week, and the evangelical churches were powerfully exercised in view of the new departure. Those Spiritualists who rest their faith on influential names rather than immutable principles—on a mere personality instead of the truth—were ecstatic in their joy. And even the pine tables at the altar of Plymouth Church performed a "round dance" before the distinguished convert, as David did "before the Lord;" and things in general were jubilant, as when "all the trees of the field" were said, in the hyperbolic language of the Hebrew poet, to "clap their hands" for joy! Selah!

But the chain of earthly influence is strong—how strong

we may not say ; but several men, as well as inanimate objects, are wont to yield to the sublunary attraction. Hence it follows that some people still

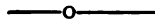
“ Dive at stars and fasten in the mud.”

The rocket that goes up, enveloped in a many-colored flame, breaks in the revelation of its ephemeral glory, and descends in darkness to the earth. So Mr. Beecher appears to go up, under the high-pressure of his inspired moments, and thus he comes down when his afflatus gives out. According to the phonographic reporters, he preached Spiritualism with pious fervor and apostolic unction ; but, according to his own more recent pen-and-ink professions, he doesn't yet believe it much. In the inelegant but expressive parlance of Young America, “ One can't exactly, sometimes, always tell ” precisely what one does believe.

But such aeronautic explorers in spiritual realms afford rare opportunities for pleasant observation. Their power to enchant us, however, depends upon their distance. Their comparative elevation, and the consequent angle of incidence, determine the intensity of their light and the measure of their influence. When they ascend toward the zenith, and reach the purer atmosphere above, they begin to be luminous with star-like scintillations. This is true in respect to the elements that form the most brilliant meteors. So long as they exist in the lower atmospheric strata they are dark as the earth from which they are eliminated ; but when they attain the proper altitude they ignite, and even dim the stars by the momentary splendor of their incandescence.

Such are the spiritual teachers who are here, there, yonder, and nowhere—whose experience affords no solid foundation. When dressed for Sunday, they may be “ caught up ” and made to hear unutterable things ; and then, they are abruptly let down through the week into the murky sphere of common life. They cannot define the position they occupy, and if they could the definition would be rendered u

by the next day's experience. In their vague conceptions the whole world of Spirits is nebulous, and souls, like fire-flies, dance about in the illuminated mist, seeing nothing clearly, and never touching bottom. Such are the recent phases of Brother Beecher's development, and his career—as a brilliant meteoric phenomenon of the religious world—furnishes a fine study for both saints and sinners.



THEATERS AND THEOLOGY.

THERE certainly have been extensive improvements in both theaters and theology, if one may judge from Rev. Rowland Hill's programme of the Day of Judgment, which he posted beside the regular playbills on the walls and fences of London, one hundred years ago. That eccentric divine advertised the performance to come off "on the eve of Time," in the "theater of the Universe." The solemn drama was artistically arranged in Three Acts.

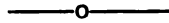
ACT I.—Oppressive silence, and a Trumpet Solo by the Archangel.

ACT II.—A Triumphal Procession of Saints, marching to the music of golden stringed instruments (*pianissimo*), and the grand Epithalamium of Christ and his Church.

ACT III.—The vast assembly of the Unregenerate—*ecce signum!* under the lurid shadow of what Pope calls the "infernal sky." A melancholy medley, performed by many dissonant voices, with Satan to wield the baton—*doloroso* to the last possible degree. This piece of not very refined blasphemy was made to terminate with the announcement of an Oration by the Son of God, in which he was represented as doing very much as selfish and vindictive men will do in these degenerate days—blessing his friends and emphasizing the damnation of his enemies.

Rowland Hill's theater was divided into two parts—Gallery and Pit. There was no dress circle, and hence no provision for the aristocracy. The fashionable classes were ruled out of both heaven and hell by Hill's imperfect architectural design. He elevated the white-

robed saints to the place now usually assigned to the cyprians, and sent the whole impenitent crew to the pit, with no provision of reserved seats for such as might be willing to pay extra for superior accommodations. Theaters have evidently improved in the last century ; and the latest programme of the Judgment presents the entire subject in mild aspects, with tender epiphonema, and none of the melo-dramatic thunder and frightful glare of infernal pyrotechnics.



NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW.

THE *Review* conducted by PROF. EDWARD I. SEARS is not merely national in its character. It is so much more than its title implies that it fairly covers the interests of Literature and Art, and the progress of Civilization throughout the world. In the profundity of its erudition it takes rank with the ablest foreign Reviews, while in the breadth, independence and liberality of its thought, it may be said to occupy the first place in the entire periodical literature of the age.

Professor Sears approaches every subject with the quiet consciousness of his mastery, alike of its essential principles, historical details, and practical bearings. His faculties, naturally keen, have been sharpened by conscientious discipline and thorough scholastic training ; his power of analysis leaves no problem unsolved, and the decisions of his judgment—within the broad, legitimate field of his researches—seldom fail to command the respect of the intelligent reader. The uniform justice and fairness of his treatment of Authors and Books ; the mild severity of his criticisms ; the candor that tempers his views ; the learning that solves difficult questions, and the genius that touches everything as with a pencil of light, are happily blended and clearly revealed in this masterly work.

Professor Sears has placed men of letters in this country great and lasting obligations, by furnishing a *Review* that a substantial monument to his own industry and ability honor to American literature.

AMONG THE BIRDS.

WE are indebted to *Zara*—an invalid friend in pursuit of physical health and spiritual repose—for several sprightly letters, intended for our eye alone. She writes from Vineland—the New Jerusalem of New Jersey—from whose quiet homes and peaceful highways “the powers that be” have banished those evil spirits that are wont to come up “from the vasty deep” of old hogsheads and dark cellars. As a consequence of this process of legal exorcism there is no open door to pandemonium in Vineland. Something like a vital elixir pervades the very air, and the moral constitutions of the people are presumed to be eminently free from the contamination of popular vices.

In that mysterious city of refuge, our esteemed correspondent has spread her tent for a season. Not only is she in intimate sympathy with external nature, but not less so with those inspiring powers that touch—with invisible fingers—the innermost springs of the human heart. She holds intimate relations with all living creatures. The sweet singers that, through the long Summer, have been caroling about her windows, wake an interpreter within, and her voice mingles with the matins and vespers of the feathered choirs. In one of her epistles she thus interrogates the beautiful bird that often calls—in the morning and evening—for “Bob White!” with the passionate emphasis of a distracted lover.

Who is he—this “Bob” of thy fond devotion?
Is he trusty, stanch and true?
Ne'er deserting his mate for a “higher notion,”
As some “Bobs” we know of do?

Yes, it must be so; thy note, so cheery,
Has no undertone of pain,
As the saddened chord of a spirit weary
With watching and hoping in vain!

Ah! bright brown bird, with glance so tender,
Have I read thy secret aright?
No wrongs to redress, no rights to surrender,
Only loving trust in “Bob White?”

THE POLITICAL BETHESDA.

“The Lion and the Lamb lie down together.”

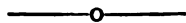
THE political assemblage at Chappaqua, immediately after the Summer solstice, was unique in its composition and decidedly original in its suggestions. We are actuated by no partisan feeling in referring to this curious illustration of the science of political chemistry. The company was far more interesting, as an exhibition, than Barnum's Happy Family, and the occasion of the interview seemed to warrant the announcement of the millennium at hand. The old democratic lion met the white bell-wether of liberal republicanism in the quiet fold of the latter. The lion approached, bowing meekly and trailing his caudal extremity. He seemed to have lost his original ferocity and to have become very lamb-like in disposition. It was indeed a beautiful sight, inspiring soft words, gentle manners, and sweet prophecies of the good time so long coming and yet so unaccountably delayed. What precious memories will hereafter people the brains of the contrite ones who made their peace with the great Commoner over a bumper of pure spring water !

The spring of Castalia, made sacred by the presence of the Muses, possessed no such inspiring influence as this water. The Castalian fount was chiefly visited by heathen, and of course it was far less sacred than the Christian spring of Chappaqua. Even baptism in the Jordan, as a cleansing process for great sinners, was nothing in the comparison to “a drink” from the philosopher's well. The patriarch Jacob had a very excellent watering-place, and he “drank therefrom himself, his children and his cattle ;” but it afforded no such lasting satisfaction as the faithful are said to find in the placid waters of Westchester.

We have tried St. Catherine's water, but did not derive any special benefit from its use. Vichy and Congress waters have not rendered our politicians very healthy ; and hence it may be well to resort to a new spring. And so at last we have discovered the Bethesda for political sinners. To this pool they must come and be purified ; and here the half-converted disciple shall complete his religious expe-

ence. All who drink of this water forgive their enemies, and that is beautiful. Everybody has his iniquities blotted out, and that is good enough for him. Their sins are to be remembered no more, and such forgetfulness is Christian charity *ne plus ultra*.

By the way, this peculiar virtue that brings obliviousness of the past may render this Spring celebrated. Forgetfulness is refreshing when memory oppresses the conscience. Fire-eaters who have long and vainly tried to cool their parched tongues at the Sulphur Springs—and to quench their burning thirst with “gin and tansy”—may hereafter make a pilgrimage to the haunted Spring of Chappaqua, whose waters shall be “for the healing of the nation.”



PROGRESS OF RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

THE steady progress of spiritual ideas, in and about the commercial metropolis, can not be doubted by any one at all disposed to notice the illustrations of the subject. The depravity of the great City, visible alike in its filthy lanes and splendid avenues; in the low dwellings of squalid poverty and the high places of aristocratic influence and titled power, can not suppress the light that at once unveils the deepest depravity and points the way to a higher life. But a few years ago the opposition to all spiritual views was strong and general. The enemies of truth were vigorous and venomous, and they pursued its fearless advocates with determined hostility, and a bitterness of spirit only surpassed in those darker ages when political and religious ostracism was accompanied by a passport to another world.

We may still expect to witness some “ground and lofty tumbling” in connection with solemn rites and scientific assumptions. Occasionally some progressive religious teacher—becoming alarmed at the thought that he may have ventured too far—suddenly determines to take the back track toward arbitrary authority and the Dark Ages. The accredited masters of science may dispute the facts they cannot explain, and resist the force of their moral convictions; but the Race moves on toward the adoption of a spiritual and scientific Rationalism—the ultimate faith and philosophy of the civilized World.

Authors and Books.

SOUL TO SOUL.

WE have been favored with the advanced sheets of a new book with the above title, from the graceful pen of MRS. CHARLOTTE BEEBE WILBOUR, and bearing the imprint of G. W. Carleton & Company. It embraces eight "Lectures and Addresses." The several themes are thus distinguished by appropriate titles. "Unity in Diversity;" "Divinity of Truth;" "God in all Things;" "The Inward Peace;" "The Conqueror and the Savior;" "Heaven in its Multiplicity;" "Spiritual Culture;" and "Faith and Life."

Some sixteen years ago, Miss Beebe (now Mrs. Wilbour) made her first appearance as a lecturer before the Spiritualists in New York. She was then quite young; but the inheritance of genius, thorough mental discipline, refinement of manners, and a certain susceptibility of the influence of inspiring agents, enabled her at once to command general attention and respect. The youthful Priestess—consecrated at the altar of a new faith—went forth as the herald of a despised truth, and her foot-prints are still visible on the mountains of our Spiritual Zion. Her public ministry was short, but it will long be remembered. She had fairly awakened a strong interest in herself and the cause she had espoused, when, suddenly, she retired from the observation of the people. Her place was left vacant; and many were the expressions of regret that an apostle had been called from a sphere of great public usefulness by the not less sacred obligations of marriage and maternity.

The title of Mrs. Wilbour's elegant volume—"Soul to Soul"—is fitly chosen, since the fair Evangelist speaks from her own prescient spirit to the waiting souls of mankind. In the treatment of the several themes, she exhibits unusual intellectual powers and possessions. Nothing, however minute in form or subtle in substance, eludes her keen perception. The exuberance of thought; a natural wealth of imagination; the refinement of the æsthetic sense; the quiet playfulness of her satire, and the affluence of her speech, though conspicuous on every page, are not more manifest than the precise methods of severe discipline and scholastic culture. With no ambitious attempt

to display her erudition, we are everywhere reminded that she is familiar with History and the Mythologies of the ancient nations ; that she is deeply imbued with the spirit of Poesy ; that she commands the entire circle of the Sciences ; that she is learned in Theology and Moral Philosophy, and versed in the subtle mysteries of the Soul.

This modest teacher of the religion of Progress has a happy faculty of illuminating whatever she touches. While the homiletics of the priesthood are often as lifeless as dry skeletons, and bear about them the aroma of the graveyard, these discourses, on the contrary, have all the vitality of living creations. Though prepared some time since, they have the freshness and grateful incense of spring flowers, gathered in the morning while the dew is upon them.

When we meet with so many books that give evidence of unbecoming haste in their preparation ; in which hypothesis is mistaken for philosophy, naked assumptions for solid reasons, and empty bombast for true eloquence, the perusal of such a work as "Soul to Soul" is doubly refreshing and delightful. The too current rhetoric of much of our literature no more resembles the chaste and graphic language of this book, than the cheap tinsel on an Indian's wampum is like the precious gems that scintillate in a royal tiara.

Mrs. Wilbour's philosophy of religion and life is both reverent and profound. Her power of analysis is sharp, discriminating and irresistible ; her argument is "logic set on fire of love." It is always clearly conceived and logically drawn—polished as a Damascus blade, and sweetly tempered in the divine fire. She has a large vocabulary ; her diction is pure and lucid ; and her ideas are always beautifully clothed, in garments so transparent that the truth is never concealed. Her thoughts flow in such rhythmical numbers that the sense is captivated, and the soul is touched and moved as when we wake and listen to the chime of silver bells in the still morning air. And above these fine qualities, so felicitously illustrated in her style, and above every other excellence, is the all-embracing LOVE that finds a happy solution of the darkest problems in our mortal history and immortal destiny.

We cannot dismiss this book without earnestly recommending our readers to purchase and read it, and then send it out to do its missionary work. An unbelieving world—narrow in its thought and frigid in its selfishness—is in need of its liberal philosophy, its earnest moral inculcations, and the warm influence of its abundant Charity.

REMINISCENCE OF A POET'S CONVERSION.

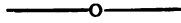
THE London *Spiritual Magazine* for July last fills no less than twelve pages, taken bodily from an Essay by MR. CARLOS D. STUART, prepared expressly for, and originally published in, the *Shekinah*, in 1853. Our foreign cotemporary prefixes the name of the real author, but otherwise does not intimate the source from which the same was derived, so that the reader is left to infer that it is an original contribution. The article is decapitated by the omission of the introduction, and eviscerated by taking out other portions. And it is otherwise disguised by the suppression of the original title—"BELIEFS REJECTED ON REALIZATION," and by the substitution of the following :—" *Does the World accredit its own expressed faith in the Spiritual?*" The latter may, possibly, be the more appropriate title, and yet we are disposed to recognize one's right to name his own offspring. It may be necessary to add, for the information of our English readers, that Mr. Stuart has been a citizen of the Spirit World for years, and that being otherwise well employed he does not find it convenient to contribute directly to our current periodical literature, whether it emanates from Southampton Row or from some other place.

The writer sustained the most intimate relations with Carlos D. Stuart. We often dined together, especially during the period that the latter was at the head of the editorial staff of the *New York Sun*, and also of Colonel Fuller's *Evening Mirror*. Mr. Stuart was thoroughly skeptical on the spiritual question; but the dissimilarity of views neither interrupted our friendship nor ever restrained the freedom of our intercourse. He was a most unselfish, genial, and honorable gentleman; and his cold skepticism was utterly at war with the deep affections and exquisite sympathies of his large and loving nature.

There is a little history connected with the origin of the essay in question, that may interest the reader. One day it occurred to present writer, that he would engage the mind of his friend

direction that might possibly help him to work his way through the shadows that still darkened his mind, and veiled the grand realities of the immortal life and world. Accordingly, we requested him to prepare an essay for the *Shekinah*, designed to illustrate the presence of the spiritual element in poetry. Mr. Stuart readily yielded to our solicitation. In looking over his favorite authors, with a view to the selection of illustrative passages, he was surprised to find that the illuminated poets of all ages and all countries had freely accepted and clearly expressed the spiritual idea. He discovered that he had been reading their works all his life with a veil on his understanding. Now the spiritual conception was plainly visible, flashing out, here and there, like heavenly scintillations, or running like silver threads through the fabric of their works. The preparation of that essay—thus undertaken at our special request—made our friend a Spiritualist. In its profound philosophy his reason obtained anchorage; in its living faith his spirit found repose; and in those sublime hopes that "*lay hold on immortality*," he rejoiced up to the close of his brief but useful and noble career.

Carlos D. Stuart—the dearest friend we ever had among American authors—was himself a true poet, and he left many beautiful Lyrics, that are sweet, flowing, and natural as wayside flowers and running brooks.



THAT OLD STAGER.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE has a writer with the cognomical designation of "OLD STAGER," and he gives his misty recollections of several of our public men such an airing as may puzzle and amuse the readers of that excellent journal. In a recent issue, his ideas appear to be considerably mixed. Out of the order of events he brings confusion, and inverts the history of the times. By some means—possibly by a lying spirit—his chronological tables are upset, and we find "Old Stager" in a semi-unconscious state—lost in the mazes of a lapsing memory. After referring to the characteristics of Mr. Webster, as displayed in his social relations, he briefly

describes a visit to the elder Adams, at Quincy, just before the death of the venerable ex-President. He then proceeds with his own remarkable experience, by recording his recollections of a personal interview with Mr. Webster. To illustrate the value of this writer's contributions to the history of our public men, the following brief passage will be quite sufficient.

"Meeting him [Daniel Webster] at the Astor House, in 184-, I mentioned that Nathaniel P. Tallmadge, lately Governor of Wisconsin, was dead. 'Ah! is Tallmadge dead? Well, all the tears that will be shed on the occasion lie in an onion.'"

"Old Stager" here represents himself as telling an untruth; and then the great expounder of the Constitution is made to respond in terms that would scarcely be creditable to a ragged loungee at the corner grocery. We are not at liberty to believe that Mr. Webster ever made any such observation as is here attributed to him. In fact we discover that the memory of the ancient individual—who records these reminiscences of distinguished men—is not at all reliable in respect to the main facts of the case. He announces that the death of Mr. Tallmadge occurred (the time is not definitely stated) prior to 1850, and while Mr. Webster was yet living. Now the truth is, the present writer spent two days with Hon. N. P. Tallmadge, at his temporary residence at Cornwall, on the Hudson, as late as July, 1864, and his death did not occur until the November following. Thus it appears that the worthy Governor preserved his relations to this world during a period of from fourteen to twenty-four years after his alleged death, and that he survived Mr. Webster by a number of years.

If one may thus draw on his imagination for his facts; employ hypothesis where knowledge is required; and when he loses the logical thread of his argument, dive headlong after a conclusion, and have the whole accepted and paid for, it occurs to us that the superior merits of authentic history over fiction are not likely to be recognized in the scale of commercial values. If the party employed to do the public men for *Harper's Monthly* does not stop his heedless dreaming, and make haste to brush up his "recollections," he should resign his place to some younger man with a more retentive memory. We are now ready to drop the curtain on "Old Stager." Let him either revise his biographical statistics, or *exeunt!*

SORRY FACTS AND FALSE CONCLUSIONS.

SOME time ago, *Appleton's Journal* recorded the fact that one Charles Elam, M.D., of London, published a paper bearing the title, "Medicine, Disease and Death," wherein he assumes that:—

"Medical control over disease in general, has retrograded, instead of advanced, with the wonderful development, within the past thirty years, of the sciences tributary to medicine. In support of this theory, he shows, by the returns of the Registrar-general, that the death-rate in London has been steadily increasing, and the average of ages steadily decreasing, since 1847."

Without stopping to question the alleged fact, said to be shown by the report of the Registrar-general, we may observe that Dr. Elam's theory of the *cause* of this increasing mortality in London, so far from being demonstrated, has not even the merit of probability. If it had, the Faculty, including Dr. Elam, ought to experience a deep sense of mortification. If his hypothesis were the true one, we should certainly deem it best to convert our medical colleges into common schoolhouses, and to dispense with chemistry in all its relations to medicine. Dr. Elam appears to have just the measure of knowledge required to misinterpret his facts; and it is no less apparent that several public journalists in this country are none too wise to import and publish such doubtful speculations in a work ostensibly devoted, at least in part, to the scientific instruction of the American people.

So many plausible reasons may be assigned for the increasing mortality of a large and over-populated city like London, that it seems a little singular that not one of these should have been suggested to the mind of Dr. Elam. Among the causes referred to we may name several without stopping to discuss their bearings, respectively, on the general result.

1. The city is constantly extending its boundaries and becoming more densely populated. A wider area is thus covered with human beings who necessarily consume a larger measure of oxygen in the chemistry of vital combustion; while the manufacturing processes which corrupt the air are every year increased in number and magnitude. These, altogether, contribute to augment the quantity of organic matter in a state of chemical decomposition; and, for this

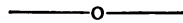
reason, the atmospheric conditions of health and life are rendered less favorable now than formerly.

2. The number of persons born of morally depraved and physically diseased parents is rapidly increasing ; and the multitudes who are miserably fed, clothed and housed, are annually reinforced by vast additions to their ranks. Thus the sanitary condition of a great city is impaired by the gradual physical degeneracy of the race under the influences of a corrupt civilization.

3. The extremes of passional indulgence and general dissipation, stimulated by the prevailing indolent and luxurious mode of living among the wealthier classes, and the want of free, invigorating exercise of body and mind, all serve to weaken the springs of vital power, so that health and life are becoming a more uncertain possession.

4. There are numberless arts in this age of growing intelligence and declining virtue, practiced to an alarming extent in fashionable society, especially in great cities, all of which seriously impair the health of those who are chiefly to determine the average constitution of each succeeding generation.

Other important reasons might be assigned for this growing insecurity of life—admitting the evidence to establish the fact ; but if Dr. Elam will sufficiently consider those already offered he will have no occasion hereafter to jump at conclusions so grossly unjust to the claims of science and to the medical profession, and which virtually involve the absurd assumption, that all the developments in human physiology, chemistry and pharmacy, for the last thirty years, have been worse than useless to mankind.



SPIRITUAL MELODIES.

“ OVER THE RIVER.”

AMONG the reputed authors of the simplest and the grandest metrical and musical compositions, several would seem to have been merely interpreters for the inhabitants of Spiritual and Terrestrial Spheres. Some Spirit, descending from Melodious Heaven, conveys the living conception into the human soul on earth, or through the instrumentality of Genius—the superior hand

upper world. Such a medium was Mozart, who affirmed that his best compositions were rehearsed in his presence by invisible choirs; that the soul-inspiring strains were distinctly audible; and that, when he was undisturbed, the several parts could be clearly distinguished. If we may credit his own account of his experience, he was merely the amanuensis of some Spirit-composer whose notes were thus echoed through the earth.

We still have occasional examples of a similar form of inspiration. If these rarely equal in grandeur of conception and execution the sublime experience of Mozart, they may still emanate from a kindred source. "Over the River" is the appropriate title of one of the sweet songs of the Spiritual Era. The verses were written by MISS NANCIE A. W. PRIEST, and the music was composed by MR. CHALMERS P. LONGLEY, of Northampton, Mass. The sentiment of the words and the spirit of the melody are in sweet accord, and in both the living faith is happily expressed.

Mr. Longley is not, strictly speaking, a musical composer by profession; and to what extent spiritual agency is employed in the production of his songs we may not exactly determine. Suffice it to say, he is an earnest believer in a present, living inspiration, and that his themes are all spiritual. Fortunately he is not afflicted with any ambition to be merely *technical*; nor does he come before the public as a musical gymnast, to astonish us with the vast possibilities of harmonic combination and expression. On the contrary, his music—at once simple, natural, and beautiful—appeals to the better affections and the deeper sympathies of human nature; it is susceptible of universal comprehension, and equally well adapted to the home circle and social assemblies.

Mr. Longley has other original Spiritual Melodies—musical as soft winds and gentle waves—which he should give to the waiting disciples of the new faith. His songs embody the pure feeling and sentiment of thousands who only find free and adequate expression in that universal language of the heart. Brother, take down thy harp! Wake its slumbering strings by the River in the valley, and sing for us the inspired songs of the New Zion.

**THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY**
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS



James Richardson Jr.



Handwritten text, possibly a signature or name, located below the circular object.

BRITTAN'S JOURNAL.

SPIRITUAL SCIENCE,

LITERATURE, ART AND INSPIRATION.

Vol. I.

APRIL, 1873.

No. 2.

REV. JAMES RICHARDSON.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

AMONG the noble souls whose mortal career terminated during the period of the late Rebellion was the subject of this memoir. His father, Hon. James Richardson, acquired distinction as a counselor-at-law, and for many years practiced his profession in the beautiful town of Dedham, Norfolk County, Massachusetts. He studied law with Fisher Ames, and was his partner in business up to the time of the death of that distinguished Federalist orator, when he formed a co-partnership with Hon. Theron Metcalf, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the State. In addition to a very extensive practice for more than half a century, he held various prominent positions as a member of the convention for forming the Constitution, as Senator, Councilor, etc., in all of which he was conspicuous. He married late in life a lady many years his junior, who was a daughter of the earliest wholesale hardware merchant in Boston, and who, in addition to a superior education in an English academy, gave his daughters, as well as his sons, the opportunity of travel. She died in early youth, leaving two children, a son and

Vol. I.—10

daughter, mere infants, to the care of a heart-broken and inconsolable husband, and her pure spirit, rising to meet her lost babe in a brighter sphere, shed an odor of purity, gentleness, and love that still remains to rejoice the memories of her many friends.

With the same epidemic that deprived the mother of life, the son—whose character and career are described in the succeeding pages—lay for many hours insensible, until all hope of his surviving her was given up. But at length he revived, to live through a puny and delicate childhood and youth, many years of which were passed on a bed of pain and sickness. From his mother came his deep religious fervor, as well as his love of art and strong musical taste. On her knee, as she sat at the piano, he learned the simple songs and Scotch ballads which she loved so well, before he could articulate the words; and he has often declared that the joyful anticipation of meeting this beloved parent, in higher spheres of light and life, was one of the principal causes of the delight that he always felt at the thought of death. Through his mother he inherited the blood of those old reformers of the church, the Plymouth pilgrims, as she was a lineal descendant of Mrs. Governor Winslow, the first person married in New England. Deprived at a very tender age of his mother, the irreparable loss was in a measure supplied by his maternal grandmother, and by the widow and daughter of Fisher Ames and Madame Wainwright—all ladies of the highest culture and of remarkable talent—the latter, mother of Rev. Dr. Wainwright, of this city, being so much distinguished by strength and brilliancy of mind, by great liberality of thought and uncommon conversational powers, as to well deserve the title often applied to her of the Madame de Staël of New England.

The boy's native taste for drawing, music, and other forms of art, received every encouragement, especially from Miss Ames, a lady of rare accomplishments, and took the place with the delicate and sickly child of the outdoor sports of

a more robust boyhood. And yet from his infancy he loved the green fields, the deep forests and running brooks with an exceeding love. The woods and the wild and lonely scenes of natural beauty were his greatest delight. Not a flower that bloomed, not an expanding leaf, not an animal that stirred the silence, or insect that hummed in the air, or bird that made it vibrate with melody, but was to him a familiar friend. To this, we often heard him say, he attributed his boundless love for freedom, naturalness and simplicity, his utter dread and detestation of all tyranny and oppression, and especially his strong dislike and opposition to all doctrines that discredit the claims of Nature, or that are not in full harmony with her divine revelations.

The intellectual and cultivated society which he found at an early age among the literary people that frequented his father's and grandfather's dwellings, was increased by the addition of the students in his father's law-office, among whom the boy always remembered with peculiar gratitude Horace Mann, who evinced then that affectionate interest in childhood which afterward led him—when other ties were broken—to make the children of the whole State his family, and to become the great apostle of education and common schools. At this time the boy's fondness for books grew to be a passion; and such was his entire concentration and absorption of mind in the volume before him, that to arouse him from his abstracted state it was often necessary to shake him to get him to his meals; and he read with avidity books generally regarded as suited only to those of riper years. And so still and quiet was the little invalid, that he seldom spoke above a whisper, or uttered more than monosyllables except on great occasions. When teased to leave his book by his sister, older than himself, for play, he was obliged to appeal against her to the housekeeper or servants, that he might be left to read in peace. This stillness was owing, probably, partly to his living and associating with those much older than himself, at a time when it was the stern precept "that children

should be seen and not heard," and partly to the effect of pain and weakness. At a later period in life his friends were disposed to complain of an excessive fluency and rapidity of utterance—of an over-talkativeness, rather than of any silence on the part of our friend, whose ready reply to all attacks on the subject of his garrulity was, "Remember that the first fourteen years of my life I hardly spoke at all, and I have all that time to make up."

When yet but a child of a few years, it was a source of great satisfaction to him to gather other children in a very large drawing-room in a distant part of the mansion, that was seldom used, and there, dressed out in ministerial robes imitated for the occasion, to conduct a solemn service. From that time he looked forward always to preaching as his profession, was often dubbed "the little minister," and pious old friends of the family looked forward with hope to the time when they should see him in the pulpit. Though his father was a worshiper at a Unitarian church, the son early in life became interested in a "revival," so-called, in which his religious feelings were more excited than ever before, yet even at that time the reason was so much developed that he could not receive the popular doctrine of the atonement.

This was at the close of his sixth year, and though he had not learned to write as yet, on retiring at an early hour each night, he accustomed himself to compose little hymns and sacred poems, which he sang by himself in the morning before rising. One day he repeated one of those poems to some playmates of his sister, and they begged it for a "composition" to take to school. The teacher immediately took a peculiar interest in the productions of the young rhymester, whose father had given a poem on graduating from Cambridge, and also a poem as well as an oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of that institution. Thinking, perhaps, that the child might yet make something, though so feeble and sickly, the fond father favored the child's muse. Thus much pleasure was derived by the family and friends

from the boy's early drawings, verses and music. Placed under the tuition of a neighboring minister to fit for college, the same propensities, with an increased love of rambling in the fields and woods, accompanied him; and next to writing rhymes to the fair daughters of his teacher, he rejoiced in singing and leading the choir at the village church. At the age of twelve his class was fitted to enter Cambridge, but an attack of bleeding from the lungs compelled him to give up the hope of going with his companions, and he was forced to leave his studies for a while, and spend several months in recreation. At school, though an easy linguist, we learned from his venerable teacher that he was most distinguished for the zest with which he pursued his algebra and other mathematics, and for the extraordinary quickness and pleasure he manifested in solving difficult problems.

On entering college he was the youngest and smallest in the class—though exceedingly fond of natural science, he was most remarkable for his deep and earnest investigations in mental philosophy. While pursuing with his class the college studies and the various modern languages, with their literature—and gaining quite a distinction among his fellows as a writer—he was most interested in reading such writers as Goethe, and the metaphysical works of Cousin in French, and of Kant, Fichte, Hegel, etc., in German. He had little sympathy with the philosophy of Locke and Paley, whose works were then the college text-books, as his consciousness of innate ideas made him opposed to the materialism of the former, and his devotion to the eternal and unchangeable Right led him to condemn the system of policy and expediency advocated by the latter, and he never ceased to battle those systems and their supporters in whatever form or disguise they appeared. The opinions and theories that have been more recently known under the name of "Transcendentalism," Spiritualism, the new philosophy, Emersonism, Parkerism, and so forth, thus early in his career, Mr. Richardson commenced to advocate; were then strange and startling to the mind

Emerson had not begun to write or lecture, nor Parker to preach; Goethe was an unknown mystery in this country, and the works of Cousin, Kant, Hegel, etc., were to the American public sealed books. His devotion to what was then an entirely new and unpopular philosophy with scholars generally, made him the subject of severe animadversion, and got him the name of "infidel" and "heretic," and afterward, by way of opprobrium, the new title of "Transcendentalist;" but still the boy kept on his course, faithful to his own convictions, though growing daily more sad and lonely, till the appearance of Mr. Carlyle's most original and earliest work, "Sartor Resartus"—of which he wrote the first review published in this country—and of Emerson's "Nature," gave the sad and quiet youth to feel that he was not wholly alone, and to weep tears of grateful joy at finding that there were at least some around him who could sympathize with him, and who dared to utter sentiments which, however unpopular they might be, his earnest convictions compelled him to hold dear.

Somewhere about this time he aided in collecting from various reviews and magazines "Carlyle's Miscellanies," which were published under Mr. Emerson's editorial supervision, first in this country; and he wrote articles for the Democratic Review, and other journals, giving his views on modern philosophy and kindred topics. He still continued to be a great reader, an almost omnivorous devourer of books, whether of science, history, romance, ethics, or philosophy. We have learned from his college companions that there was hardly a book or an edition that could be named with which he was not familiar. This led to his being chosen librarian of the oldest of the club libraries—that of the Institute of 1770—Secretary of the Davy Club—a society of natural science—and of the Harvard Union; and this, and his connection with musical and other associations, as President of the College choir, called around him a circle of peculiarly gifted and brilliant young men. Such was the magnetic influence of his mind, that we have heard it asserted that, among all his in-

timate companions and friends, there never was a single individual who did not come, sooner or later, to sympathize earnestly with him in his views and philosophy. In the middle of his collegiate course he was again brought to the very door of death by the bursting of a blood-vessel; this compelled him for a time entirely to abandon his studies, and such was the prostration produced by great depletion, loss of blood and low regimen, that for years he walked on the brink, as it were, of the grave, suffering continual anguish from violent spasms, pain, and weakness; and though in later years he was full of buoyant life, health, and activity, he confined himself to the simplest and most meager diet, never drinking anything for years but cold water.

The great central principles of Mr. Richardson's philosophy—the universal inspiration, divine origin and glorious destiny of man—led him, while yet a boy, to take an earnest interest in those great movements of philanthropic reform, at that time just commencing, which assert the dignity and worth of man, and whose object is to free, elevate, and advance mankind toward the final condition of harmony and brotherhood. In every position, and under all circumstances, he proved himself a devoted advocate of the great principles of temperance, freedom, peace, and universal democracy. At an early stage of the anti-slavery and temperance enterprises, he endured his full share of the persecution that in various forms was inflicted upon their disciples.

Although his college life was so much broken in upon by illness and consequent weakness, yet it was not without its fruits. The interest with which his lectures before college societies, and his other dissertations, were listened to, and with which his youthful efforts in verse and prose in the College Magazine, which he helped to edit, were read, indicated already a power to impress the minds of others, which promised a future influence and distinction. On graduation he gave the parting ode or poem—a printed copy of which gives evidence of the imagination and poetical genius

youthful author. It commences with the following lines, expressive of the sadness of the separation which the occasion involved :—

“ A shadow steals across the sun,
And dims our morning sky ;
A tear bedims the light of joy
That gladdened every eye.
The echoing tones of mirth no more
Our hearts with rapture fill ;
The laugh of brighter hours is hush'd—
The festal song is still.”

In the year immediately preceding his graduation—a time of uncommon commercial distress and ruin—his father, then the largest real estate owner in his county perhaps, by the dishonesty of a land agent, the loss of factories by fire, and the universal financial pressure, found himself so much involved as to be compelled to exercise the greatest economy, and he doubtless would have failed, had it not been for the credit of his great integrity, as he was generally known by the *sobriquet* of “ the honest lawyer.” These circumstances prevented our friend from pursuing his travels abroad, as had been the practice in the family and with his young associates, and compelled him to give up his poetic pursuit of belles-lettres, music, art, and æsthetics, and forego literary dilettanteism in general, and devote himself to the hard, stern labors of life. And from that time forth the puny and delicate boy, nursed in indolent luxury, who had never lifted a finger to work, gave up his ideal life, and entered without sigh or murmur on his course of severe practical duty, which he never suspended, even for leisure to take breath and begin anew, regarding this necessity as the greatest blessing that ever befell him. At first he was employed as clerk of the county courts, whose archives and folios, recorded in his plain, neat hand, may still be seen. He was soon engaged, however, as principal of an academy in New Hampshire, and afterward near Providence, Rhode Island, with three assistant female teachers, in the same capacity.

But we should do him great wrong to say that he sacrificed for a moment his ideal, or forgot those great principles of a liberal, humane, and divine philosophy—the great eternal truths of man's divinity, which were always dearer to him than life. Amid all his other duties he considered the dissemination of these truths to be the one great purpose of his life. So, in spite of obloquy, reproach, and persecution, the stigma of zealots and the hatred of bigots, he never ceased nor slackened to promulgate while living—through books and readings, by conversations, lectures, and letters—these views so precious to his own soul, so essential to the progress of the world. It is remarkable not only that every intimate companion and friend of his, at whatever period of his life, by some mental magnetism became a partaker of his cherished views, but that in every place where he resided for any length of time, his views were respected. The writer is not aware that Mr. Richardson found time to prepare any comprehensive statement of his "Philosophy of Humanity." This much, however, we may gather from his published writings :

His God is the universal spirit or life of the world ; in essence, truth ; in thought, wisdom ; in feeling or relation, love ; in character, holiness and goodness ; in action, justice and mercy ; in manifestation, the perfection of beauty.

That every human soul is divine—an embryo angel ; an image of all loveliness ; an epitome of God with the germs of his divine attributes. In other words, that every soul has an innate love and perception of truth, holiness, justice, goodness and beauty.

That all men, in every age of the world, are inspired of God, whatever be their race, nationality, color or condition.

That God holds the same relation in every respect to man, and man to God, at the present time, as in the beginning, and through every previous period in human history.

That no nation, whether Hebrew, Roman, Chinese, or American, can claim any peculiar relation to the impartial Divinity—the universal Father—who is no respecter of persons,

and whose inspiration, according to an ancient writing, gives all men understanding.

That ancient prophets and apostles, modern priests and preachers, are not necessarily more truly or divinely inspired than other men, though some may have *trusted* and used this inspiration more than others.

And that writings of men of the present day are as much dictated by the divine Spirit as any older Scriptures, and are as holy, good, and useful in their teachings; that the writings of the followers of Jesus, during the eighteen centuries of the "Christian dispensation," are *as much* inspired of God as those of the followers of Moses during the first fifteen centuries of "the Mosaic dispensation."

That the divinest revelation in any age, is that which is most adapted to the wants, and most fitted to reformation and improvement of that age.

That the divinely beautiful Jesus was but a fuller manifestation of the Spirit, trusting more entirely to its teachings; a more obedient son; "an elder brother;" but that all are with him Sons of God and divinely taught.

That hence, whatever be the excellency and the divinity of other teachings, each human soul finds in itself—in the voice of God, and the utterances of reason and conscience—the truest guide, the highest and most authoritative teaching.

That all men being thus equally God's children, and inspired of him, should be recognized politically, ecclesiastically, and socially, as equals and as brothers.

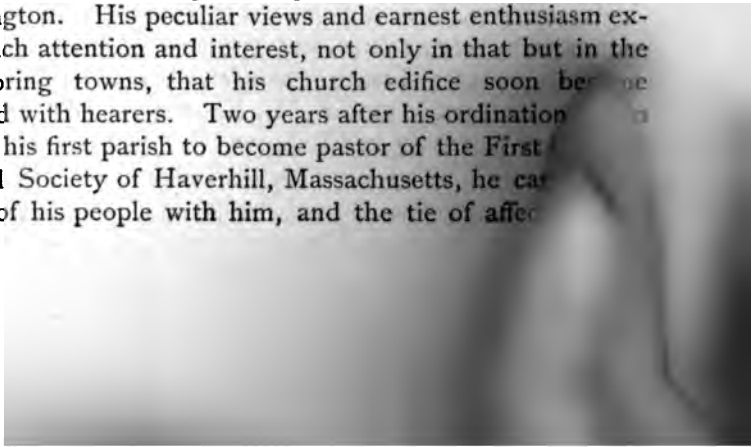
That the true state is a Democracy. That the true government is individual—of the divine Soul; that the true church is that of Humanity, and includes all men, poor and rich, low and high, wise and foolish, saint and sinner, in its fold.

That the mission of Jesus and the true Church is one of present human salvation; enfranchisement from the woes and sufferings of poverty, ignorance, disease, vice, and crime; the building up of a divine kingdom on earth. That the only true education is the development of the highest faculties of the

God-inspired soul ; that education and learning are useful as means of development, and as a confirmation of the higher wisdom of the spirit's teaching ; that the truest religion is the unselfish aspiration of the soul after divine things, the effort of the life after the essential harmony and the noblest practical uses ; and that the soul progresses eternally in the higher spheres of the Spirit-world.

These views, together with the tenderness and humanity of his nature, that led him, at an early period of life, not only to interest himself in the development of thought in those about him, but to give his time and means to the education of the young. In this way, too, he was materially assisted in disseminating the great principles of "the spiritual philosophy." In the bosom of the lovely and accomplished family of which his three assistant teachers were members, and where also some fifteen of his pupils, both male and female, resided, with the patronage of many of the finest families in Rhode Island as well as neighboring and distant States, he spent some of the happiest years of his life.

Subsequently Mr. Richardson returned to the University of Cambridge, where he spent three years more in theological and philosophical investigations ; often, when engaged in examination of some important subject, studying eighteen hours a day. On leaving his studies, though receiving several highly flattering invitations to settle in the vicinity, his desire of promulgating his views in a new field led him to Connecticut, where he was ordained by Drs. Dewey, Lamson, Parkman, and other eminent divines of the Unitarian Congregational Order, in the picturesque manufacturing village of Southington. His peculiar views and earnest enthusiasm excited such attention and interest, not only in that but in the neighboring towns, that his church edifice soon became crowded with hearers. Two years after his ordination leaving his first parish to become pastor of the First Congregational Society of Haverhill, Massachusetts, he carried the hearts of his people with him, and the tie of affec



bound them together remained unbroken to the latest period of his life. He remained at Haverhill several years, preaching and lecturing before churches, lyceums, temperance and anti-slavery societies, attracting crowded assemblies by the utterance of his earnest convictions, and building up a large and substantial congregation.

At length a violent attack of influenza brought on his old affection of bleeding, and a severe inflammation in the chest, that prevented him from using his pen without extreme suffering. He thereupon resigned his pastoral relation, and retired to his paternal acres in Dedham, where he engaged himself in labors in the open air, particularly in laying out lawns and grounds, and in extensive planting of fruit-trees, shrubberies, hedges, and groves of forest trees. But he still continued to preach, to advocate temperance and human freedom, and to repeat his lyceum lectures in winter, beside contributing extensively to the periodical press of the country. Frequent calls from Albany, N. Y., Chelsea, near Boston—where Mr. Richardson was the instrument of building up a flourishing society—with invitations from Bridgeport and New Haven, Conn., Greenfield, Kingston, and elsewhere in his native State, gave evidence of the interest awakened by his views of the great gospel of Humanity.

The chief elements of his success as a preacher were, first and foremost, a strong unquestioning faith in the truth of his views, that caused him to utter his convictions with the most intense earnestness. Add to this a graphic, picturesque style and a musical voice, and our description is sufficiently complete. Though bold, original, and spiritual in his ideas, he had nothing of that subtlety and mysticism in his thought so attractive to many minds, but was extremely clear and plain in his enunciation of truth. Besides numerous essays, poems, and a few magazine stories, Mr. Richardson published "Discourses on Theology and Religion;" "The Nature of Divine Revelation;" "The Relation of Religion and the Pulpit;" "A Plan for the Freedom of the Pulpit;" and "The Nature

of Sin and Evil." As an illustration of the capacity of his muse we submit the following stanzas on

GOD'S TRUE TEMPLE.

Not by vast piles of sculptured stone, uprearing
Their massive towers and fretted spires on high,
With splendid pomp and costly pride, appearing
To scorn the poor and humble passer-by :

Not by the rich and swelling congregations
That daily crowd the broad, luxurious aisles :
Not by the pulpit's eloquent orations,
And melody that sense and soul beguiles :

Not by most solemn rites, nor by receiving
The holy bread and consecrated cup :
Not by vain doctrines and long creeds believing,
Do we the temple of our God build up.

For God's true temple is Humanity,
That now unfinished and in ruin lies ;
And would we its divine restorers be,
And raise it up in glory to the skies ?

Wherever weep the enslaved, the poor, the lowly,
Or fall the tempted, frail and sinful ones,
There with a purpose high and spirit holy,
We'll haste to succor these our Father's sons.

And inward purity and love combining,
That Spirit fair which moved our blessed Lord,
Shall build them up as stones, all fair and shining,
Into a LIVING TEMPLE of our God.

Our friend often startled the drowsy religionists of his time by the annunciation of his radical views. Occasionally, even among the Unitarians—the most intelligent and cultivated of all the sects of Protestant Christendom—some conservative saint, whose cold and terrible sense of propriety still dominated over his love of truth, was shocked at the audacity of the preacher. As an illustration of his free handling of religious ideas, I extract the subjoined passage from a sermon delivered some twenty years ago, in Bridgeport, Conn. The writer was present, and the speaker's theme was

THE INSTINCT OF PROGRESS.

The soul outgrows all sects, all creeds, all philosophies ; it makes and unmakes them at its pleasure. They are but the cast-off skins of the caterpillar and the soul grows at every moulting. Thus it is not only natural, but noble and praiseworthy, to feel the vanity of our past opinions and past experiences ; to be discontented with what we have been, and what we are, and to reach forward to something higher and fairer in the future. And, however the stationary, unprogressive and bigoted may condemn and anathematize,—the world, in its inmost heart, cherishes those who enlarge the sphere of human knowledge,—its great thinkers and reformers,—its distinguished inventors, and its world-renowned discoverers, as the noblest of the race. Admiring posterity reverences their memory, and history, in its immortal records, deifies them as the heroes of the world. Copernicus, Galileo, and Newton, with their new system of the Universe, and their new revelations of its laws, are held up to our admiration ; while the memory of their opponents or persecutors has fallen into quick decay. The fame of our American Channing grows with the growing years, and his glowing words of new and higher truth are extending throughout the civilized world ; while the old drivellers of ancient and moldy creeds, who were so bitterly hostile to his teachings, are dying out of our memory with their decaying faith. And Columbus, who left an old world to seek a new, is held in deathless remembrance ; while the nameless navigators, who remained behind, are buried in oblivion. The history of Socrates is immortal ; yet will you tell me who were his poisoners, and what their occupations ? And can you repeat to me the names of those old Pharisees who crucified Jesus ?

Praise me not then for my adherence to a time-worn faith, or an ancient and fashionable theology ; for the fixedness of my views and the unchangeableness of my opinions. Blame me rather for my want of mental activity and spiritual advancement. Commend in me no false consistency ;—the consistency of remaining always the same in my opinions, theories, and belief. *The only true and worthy consistency is that of constant improvement, perpetual never-ending progress.* If I am to be respected and applauded for anything, I would be for that. In all things but theology man dares always to desire the new. The pious old lady loves the new cap-crowned bonnet, but, strange to

say, she hates and curses the new and higher and purer Religion. Away with your old theories, your antiquated notions that the world is rapidly outgrowing; that the true soul has already outgrown. Away with your moldy philosophy, your tattered creed, your musty system of ethics and philosophy. I will be fettered no longer by your parties, your sects, your leaders and chief-priests, or by *your tyrannic* "POPULAR OPINION." I will be no longer tied down by your formulas and dogmas, by your antiquated customs and conventional usages—

"Old opinions, rags and tatters,
Get you gone—Get you gone!"

I will be henceforth free to think, to speak, to act,—free to follow the truth, untrammelled by human fashion, unfettered by ancient systems. I have always found, that when I trembled for the results of mental freedom, and feared that new views and new theories would bring destruction in their train, that my still beclouded mind was troubled by some scarecrow of old superstition, or frightened by some bugbear phantom of ancient error, or time-honored absurdity. Then let old opinions be exploded, let ancient systems perish, but let the new spring up more vigorously from their decaying beds, till man be enfranchised forever.

We have only space for a single additional illustration of Mr. Richardson's style as a writer of verse. The poem from which the following stanzas are selected originally appeared in the old Knickerbocker, and were entitled

YOUTH AND NATURE.

There's a light gone out of the sunshine,
A glory from the day;
The stars are dimmer to my sight,
The moon, that hushed the holy Night,
And filled my soul with calm delight,
Hath lost its ancient ray.

The brook, with its veined pebbles
And its painted muscle-shell;
The delicate mosses on the brink,
The crystals within the rocky chink,

The feathery ferns that stooped to drink—
 All sights that I loved so well.

With the breath of the apple-blossoms,
 And the scent of the new-mown hay
 Which the starry buttercups illumine ;
 The violet's far-diffused perfume,
 And the glory of the roses' bloom,
 Have passed from my life away.

And the voices of the Spring-time
 Carol no more to me ;
 Nor, singing on its stony bed,
 The brook, by hidden fountains fed,
 Answers the robin overhead
 With the old melody.

Mr. Richardson was for many years a firm defender of Spiritualism, believing in the near relation of the soul to the great Spirit, and its intimate connection with higher spheres of being ; advocating the principles of this philosophy, and topics akin to it, with earnest thought, and with fearless utterance of pen and tongue. When other clergymen, who secretly entertained the same views, stifled their convictions, defamed the truth, and made the ministerial profession a solemn masquerade, our friend—too frank and conscientious to conceal the truth—was always outspoken and manly in its defense. His mind was too free and his moral nature too exalted to bow at the dicta of ecclesiastical authority. Others were left to trim their sails to the popular breeze. They might follow the Christ of Spiritualism afar off, and even run away from the honest disciples, to avoid the suspicion of being one of the number ; but Mr. Richardson made the weak cause his own. While nervous and dyspeptic saints still lived on the thin gruel of popular pulpit instruction, the boldest truth was never too strong for his own manly nature.

Ever ready to espouse the cause of the weak against the strong, our truly sympathetic and self-sacrificing friend never hesitated to shield the feeble and the fallen, and to aim well-

directed and heavy blows against their oppressors. In our experience of over half a century we have met with few men at once so spontaneous, so unselfish, and so true to the claims of Humanity. The ignorant, the destitute, and all who were in circumstances of trial and suffering, found immediate access to an open hand and a generous heart. There are ministers—and we have observed them—men prone to pious shifts and economical subterfuges, who instinctively close the palm on a slippery shilling while pronouncing a benediction, and with whom godliness and gain are strangely identified. On the contrary, in the mind of James Richardson, they sustained no possible relation. He was never known to offer a tract where a coat was needed, nor to propose Scripture lessons and prayer to a hungry man.

The dissemination of the great principles of a rational, humane, and spiritual philosophy was to Mr. Richardson infinitely before all gain, emolument, and worldly honor. Most men are chiefly anxious to help themselves in this world, whatever may be the consequences to others. It was not so with the subject of this sketch. If any one needed assistance he could never approach our friend in vain. While others put fashionable clothes and labels on their small thoughts, and sold them as hucksters peddle their trifles, his bold ideas were free as air, and the services of a true friend and brother were never wanting in his presence. He was well-nigh unjust to himself in his generosity to others. His door opened at the coming of the humblest human being; and a kind word always greeted the stranger. His voice, his manner, and his smile were invitations to the poorest wretch on earth; and light and warmth, like aromatic airs and summer sunshine, radiated in all directions from the presence of this true man and loving brother.

We made the acquaintance of Mr. Richardson in 18 while engaged in publishing the SHEKINAH, and we found him a most efficient assistant in the preparation of the tents of that Magazine. His free thought and ripe s

ship are happily illustrated in several of the more important papers contributed to that work. Indeed, in all our intercourse with mankind we have found no one more ready to aid his fellows, even when his generous coöperation involved the neglect of his own affairs. His earnest labors in behalf of others were always accompanied by a warm and manly sympathy, at once spontaneous and magnetic. Wherever he went, the darkness—of ignorance and poverty, transgression and sorrow—was illuminated by a spirit genial as summer sunshine ; and even the fallen and abandoned were upheld by his moral courage, and the compassionate and forgiving spirit that robs hell of its victims and bears them up to heaven.

The benevolent instincts of his willing mind and loving heart led Mr. Richardson—after the commencement of the Rebellion—to Washington and to the national hospitals. There among the wounded, worn, and wasted soldiers, he spent the closing period of his life, in such humane labors and gentle ministries as have most signalized the world's greatest philanthropists. His constant care and labor ; the want of necessary repose ; and, above all, his intense and irrepressible sympathy for the sufferers around him, proved too much for his physical constitution. At length his diminished strength gave way, and his career on earth soon terminated. He was as truly a hero and a martyr, in the great cause of the Union, as those who were translated from the tented field, or resigned their spirits in the delirium of battle.

Our friend has left us the treasure of his good name, and pleasant memories of the noble and beautiful uses to which his life was devoted. If the conqueror has a right to preserve his trophies ; if the patriot cannot but love his native soil ; if the classic traveler reverently uncovers his head when he stands by the cold altars of the buried nations ; and even thoughtless men speak solemnly—with hushed voices, in the deserted halls of their fathers—surely it cannot be unbecoming to foster the memory of good men, and to tread lightly above the ashes their deathless spirits have consecrated.

ERRORS IN BIOLOGICAL SCIENCE.

BY PROF. J. R. BUCHANAN, M.D.

THE reasoning faculties are most especially neglected in all the prevalent systems of education; and yet the results of their direct cultivation are far nobler than anything that results from merely literary culture, or from filling the storehouse of memory with the intellectual matter called learning. In the most persistent effort to give the reasoning faculties their due prominence in education by a Socratic method of teaching, an original and philanthropic teacher in London has succeeded in rendering some of the ragged boys of the streets more proficient in political economy than the average mass of English legislators.

There must in time be a system of rational education, which, among its other merits, will develop those reasoning and creative powers of the mind, by which all our progress has heretofore been effected. At present no such culture is embraced in *even the ideals* of education. The power of truthful reasoning requires an elimination of all disturbing influences—a moral as well as intellectual discipline, which destroys all prepossession or bias, and leaves the reasoning power as nicely poised to weigh the balance of evidence as the scales of the analytic chemist.

Such reasoning is seldom found. In politics, in theology, in history, in literature generally, it is almost unknown. Even in those strongly argumentative essays which rivet our attention by their force of statement and ingenuity of deduction, we recognize rather the strength and plausibility of the bewildering advocate arguing to a foregone conclusion than the clearness, the candor and simplicity of the truth.

pher, who has looked to every source of information and given to every fact its proper relative importance.

To the popular mind the lucid truth, briefly and simply expressed by the highest order of intellect, is far less impressive and imposing than the very learned, elaborate and ingenious arguments by which minds of a lower order, but of greater ambition and animal force, overwhelm and impress the astonished reader, only to leave him confirmed in falsehood or lost in doubt.

There is, however, one department of human activity in which the majestic sway of Reason is acknowledged, and from which every rebel and rioter is expelled—from which passion and selfish partisanship are driven out when recognized, and the disorderly power of imagination is generally though not always kept under rigid discipline. That department is PHYSICAL SCIENCE ; and from her stronghold in this department the sway of Reason must ere long extend into the more lawless regions of moral and social science.

I do not mean to say that all scientists are true philosophers—far from it. But in the domain of science the authority of Reason has by the slow progress of many centuries become firmly established, and scientists in general, by their devotion to science, become *pro tanto* philosophic or at least logical. And although this discipline does not entirely remove the vicious effects of an irrational education, or of congenital imperfection, it so far overcomes these evils, that scientists as a class are conceded to be the only class of the community from whom we can expect a rational and thorough investigation of any of the great problems of sociology and government.

Such being the case, it is obvious that the influence of the scientific mind and of scientific research upon the controlling powers of society must be greater and greater as the world progresses, and the time must come when Reason shall dominate over all realms of human thought, and influence if not control all human action.

But while scientists are eminently the rational class of

society—they are not necessarily philosophers, for philosophy embraces all sciences and their relations, and is not to be found in the circumscribed domains of purely physical science.

Such is the imperfection of human nature, that when we become thoroughly familiar with any department of knowledge, we cannot readily enter into sympathy with another department in which new facts, new relations and new principles are found. As the mature Englishman in studying French, or the mature Frenchman in acquiring English, necessarily begins by making many ludicrous blunders, and perhaps never fully acquires all the idioms and peculiarities of pronunciation, so we observe that the devotees of any science seldom succeed at first in transferring their inquiries to departments very remote from their own. They are not aware of the new principles and new data which are familiar to experts in that department, nor can they conceive the necessity of the new methods of reasoning to which they have not been accustomed. Hence, with all honesty and earnestness of purpose, their best efforts are ludicrous failures. The Englishman who persists in speaking French with the tones and idioms of his own language is an amusing spectacle to Frenchmen, though the ridiculousness of the proceeding may be entirely imperceptible to his countrymen, who know no language but their own. In like manner the experts in psychological science cannot but be greatly amused at the clumsy efforts of certain scientists (Faraday and Tyndall) to discuss or dogmatize upon psychological subjects with far less knowledge of the matter than the Englishman possesses of French who has just learned to pronounce the French alphabet. To the multitude, however, who have some smattering of physical science, but no knowledge of psychology, the professor is by no means a ludicrous figure even in the coarsest exhibition of his ignorance of matters which he has not investigated.

The moral difficulty in such cases is the lack of modesty on the part of the scientist—an overweening the all-embracing character of his own department :

own ability as the expounder of one science to dogmatize upon another without regard to the accumulated knowledge of experts who are already familiar with that department.

In this, however, the scientist is no greater offender than others against the dictates of modesty and true philosophy. He but imitates on a smaller scale the arrogance of theologians who have dogmatized in science without comprehension or faithful study of its principles. The error of the theologian or metaphysician consists in applying to physical sciences the irrelevant conceptions derived from another, and perhaps higher, department of knowledge or speculation. But the error of the scientist consists in applying to Biology and Psychology *utterly irrelevant* notions, derived from Dynamics and Chemistry, to the disregard of the relevant Biological and Psychological facts.

The limits assigned to this essay forbid a reference to the numerous instances of this violation of the spirit of Philosophy—which constitute a large part of the history of Physiology and Psychology. In the former the struggles of rational physiology against absurd mechanical and chemical hypotheses are recorded in several thousand volumes which are gradually sinking into oblivion. But the struggle is still going on. Vitalism is still assailed by the devotees of chemistry and mechanics, in a resolute effort to reduce the phenomena of life to purely mechanical and chemical laws, and thereby destroy the substantive existence of mind—in other words to *ignore* the facts of vital science and transfer the formulæ and principles of physical science to facts in a higher realm, to which they have no application.

To assert that matter and motion constitute mind is too flagrant an absurdity to be openly advocated at present. But all systems that ignore mind as a positive entity are compelled by a thorough analysis to disclose as their basic principle the proposition that *motion is mind*.

At present the form in which this proposition is disguised is that of a correlation between caloric and mind. It is no

better evasion of the *reductio ad absurdum* than any other mechanical hypothesis, but it suits the present mood of some few physiological inquirers, and the present fashions of science and sciolism, which tolerate any crude mechanical theory of life, but forbid all examination of those facts of cerebral and psychological science which are grandly wonderful because they embrace the mysteries of life.

To prove that man is a mere machine, the power of which may be calculated like that of a steam-engine by the amount of fuel burnt, and that heat is mysteriously transformed into force in the muscles, and into thought in the brain, seems to be the highest aim of some speculative physiologists. Rigidly logical as they are in the statement of facts and repetition of experiments, they become wildly speculative when their mechanical theory of life is concerned.

A late writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (F. Papillon) states very clearly the mechanical theory—as follows :

“From the point of view of the relation between heat and motion, the living being may thus be compared to an inanimate motor, as a steam-engine. In both cases heat is engendered by combustion and transformed into mechanical work by a system of organs more or less complex. In both cases it is at first in a state of tension, and yields motion in proportion as it is demanded for the performance of certain work. Only the living being is the far more perfect machine. While the best made steam-engines utilize only $\frac{1}{100}$ of the disposable force, the muscular system of man according to Hirn accounts for $\frac{1}{100}$. On the other hand the animated motor has this peculiarity—that its sources of heat and its mechanical arrangements are intimately commingled ; that its heat is produced by organs in motion, with a sort of general diffusion ; and that the machine itself becomes in turn transformed within itself into heat ; an incredible complication, of which science has succeeded in unraveling the simple laws only by the united efforts and resources of physics, chemistry and bio-

“As some physiologists hold, heat must not only be the motion in the system, but must also undergo transformation into nervous activity. The functional action of the brain

exactly like that of the *biceps*. *Mind itself should be regarded as engendered by heat.* Late experiments by Valentin, Lombard, Byasson, and especially Schiff, would seem to prove, it is thought, that there is a proportional and constant relation between the energy of nervous functions and the heat of the parts in which they are effected. Gavarret boldly concludes from his researches that heat has the same relations to the nervous system that it has to the muscular system; only in the case of the muscles, the force produced exhibits itself externally by visible phenomena, while in that of the nerves it is exhausted internally in profound molecular action, which eludes any exact measurement. A given sum of heat developed in the system would thus be on one side a mechanical equivalent and on the other a psychological equivalent. Gavarret, who is a cautious *savant*, and true to experimental methods, doubtless does not go so far as to maintain that *thought and feeling can be estimated in heat units.* He even asserts that there is no common measure between intelligence and heat; but less timid physiologists are not wanting who *reduce every kind of vital manifestation to the strict laws of thermodynamics.*"

M. Papillon himself rejects these errors without any very definite reason, but as they embody as flagrant blunders in biology as the Englishman ever made in his first efforts at French, it is worth while to demolish such speculations and to teach such speculators that they cannot reduce the science of life to the science of dynamics. Indeed this kind of sciolism is so wide-spread and fashionable at present, it will require no small amount of labor in the diffusion of biological information to arrest its pernicious influence.

The analogy stated between man and the steam-engine is utterly delusive. In the engine, heat directly produces motion and is consumed in producing it. The amount of power is just in proportion to the amount of heat. In man, heat never directly produces movement at all. On the contrary, heat relaxes the muscles and directly tends to the destruction of muscular power, while cold gives tone to the muscular system. Hot climates give the ascendancy to the nervous system, at the expense of the muscular (the two being antag-

onistic in their vital relations), while cold climates benumb the nervous system and give predominance to muscular power.

If heat were consumed in producing muscular motion, exercise would have a *cooling* influence, whereas it invariably and immediately increases the amount of heat. If the dynamic theory were true a patient in fever would speedily be cooled by setting him to work to consume a portion of his heat in muscular exertion ; but no mechanical theorist is insane enough to propose such a remedy for fever or for excessive heat.

There is *not a particle of evidence* that heat is consumed in producing muscular force. The consumption of caloric, or rather the demand for it, is proportioned to its expenditure by radiation and conduction. In a cold climate, or with scanty clothing, more rich food is required to produce caloric by its combustion in the body. In a climate at the temperature of 96° to 99° no caloric is expended by conduction or radiation, and little food is needed to generate heat—hence the appetite declines, and if the caloric were not carried off rapidly by perspiration and the exhalations from the lungs, the appetite would utterly fail. Hence in a hot climate perspiration is necessary to health and life. If it be suppressed when we are exposed to the sun a sunstroke is almost certain to ensue.

Caloric in the animal body is like water,—it furnishes the necessary conditions of softness and fluidity for chemical and vital action, and they are continually regenerated or taken in to supply the losses by exhalation and conduction. They furnish mechanical and chemical conditions, but nothing more, and might be properly compared to the lubricants of the steam-engine.

Vital force is generated in the nervous system, and this simple elementary truth in physiology is grossly disregarded by the mechanical speculators. The source of that vital force is the reaction continually in progress in a liquid medium between the red globules of the blood (the carriers of oxy

and the ganglion globules of the cerebro-spinal and sympathetic systems. This is the ultimate fact of human life at present.

The nerve-cell has its own attributes, according to its location, form, and invisible peculiarities of structure: in its vital action, which is both psychological and physiological, the invisible spirit power, which we know in ourselves by consciousness, participates, according to laws which have heretofore eluded human research. That the activity of the vital processes in thought should sometimes be associated with an exaltation of temperature does not indicate the temperature as their cause, any more than an occasional tear would prove that the brain is a machine propelled by water. It is not true that there is any proportion between mental action and calorification; many of our faculties, especially those of a generous and energetic character, produce an increase of heat, but others, especially such as fear and anxiety, have a decidedly chilling effect—the effects in each case being produced by their controlling power over the nerves and circulation.

The analogy to the steam-engine utterly fails when examined. The amount of fuel determines the power of the steam-engine, but the amount of food does not determine either the mental or physical power of the man. *Food does not directly make power*—it simply repairs waste of tissue, and the most perfect and powerful specimens of humanity are those men of heroic mould in whom the tissues are most highly vitalized, tough, healthy and hardy, in whom the waste or disintegration is at its minimum, and the demand for food is moderate. Such men as KOSSUTH, who, under the terrible excitement of the Hungarian revolution, ate but one meal a day, are infinitely more efficient than the gluttons who gorge themselves four times in the twenty-four hours. I have never seen any human being in whom the brain had such an intensity of action as in Kossuth.

The truth is, *food is not a criterion of power*, but rather of weakness. It is the patchwork of life, and he who is weakest

needs the most frequent patching and repairing. The infant must be fed often—but the power of abstinence increases as the constitution matures, and reaches its maximum in the hero.

The steam-engine furnishes no proper analogy to life. The only physical illustration applicable will be found in fire and flame, which, like the animal, are supported by the atmosphere, and which destroy the material used, giving off heat and light from the fire and flame, as the living body displays life and mind.

The analogy in this case is close—all life is maintained, like fire and flame, by the oxygen of the atmosphere, in which is a boundless magazine of imponderables, that are liberated in combustion or oxidation, and become the motive powers of life. The subtler forms of these imponderables have not yet been grasped or analyzed by science.

The heat-machine theory of life, which hardly deserves a scientific refutation, as it comes chiefly from mere chemists who are not physiologists, or from sciolists who delight in easy hypotheses, is entirely incompatible with the fact that vital processes evolve instead of consuming heat. The muscle is heated by contraction and the head is slightly warmed by study or by active emotion.

There is no evidence of any consumption of heat by vital processes. The total production of caloric by combustion in the body is needed to keep it warm and supply the loss of heat by exhalation, conduction and radiation.

The usual allowance of farinaceous and nitrogenous food for men in public institutions (prisons, asylums, and barracks, in England and the United States) gives us a fair basis for calculating the amount of heat that can possibly be produced in the human body. The combustion of the carbon and hydrogen in this food, after making proper deductions for the loss of heat by the excretion of fecal matter, would furnish from ten to twelve thousand megacalories a fair estimate for persons active and well in life. Of this it requires about five thousand loss of heat by transpiration of watery vi

lungs, leaving only seven thousand units to maintain the heat of the body in a colder medium, and to heat the 360 cubic feet of cold air which are passed through the lungs in 24 hours.

This estimate is sustained by experimental researches. According to Andral and Gavarret, the average pulmonary exhalation of carbon by an adult is 8 ounces troy, which corresponds to the production of 9,333 units of caloric,—about 2½ per cent. additional, according to Prof. Scharling, represents the carbon burnt and exhaled through the skin,—making a total of 9,566 units, to which we may add the calorific power of the hydrogen burnt and discharged as water (in addition to that which combines with the nitrogen and oxygen of the food), which increases by fifteen per cent. the total calorification, making 10,966 units, one-half of which is carried off in watery vapor from the skin and lungs.

Moreover, as it is estimated that nitrogen equal in amount to $\frac{1}{75}$ of the oxygen consumed is regularly exhaled, the conversion of the solid nitrogen of the food into the gaseous form is another process for the consumption of heat.

That the sole purpose of the evolution of caloric in the body is to maintain its temperature is shown by the fact that the combustion of carbon and evolution of heat are strictly proportioned to the coldness of the medium in which we live, and our consequent loss of heat. A very small amount of unstimulating food sustains life in tropical climates—but large amounts of the richest food are required to sustain the vital combustion in arctic climates. At the wintry temperature of 32°, animals evolve from two to three times as much caloric (as shown by the exhalation of carbonic acid) as at a high summer temperature. This shows how large an amount of heat passes off from the surface of the body into the atmosphere, for in winter the transpiration of moisture from the skin is at its minimum.

The human constitution might as well be compared to a machine propelled by water as to a heat engine. Water and caloric are equally necessary and answer similar purposes in maintaining the tissues in the state which admits of chemical

and vital action. Water and caloric are largely generated in the body, in the oxidation of hydrogen, and serve alike to maintain the tissues in an active state while retained, until they are discharged into the air, going mainly together in their discharge as watery vapor.

The currency of these fanciful hypotheses of life shows how little is known by the educated classes generally of Biology and Psychology. The midnight darkness which invests the science of the brain in our colleges, and the prevalent ignorance of such subjects in society, account for the popularity of such specimens of brilliant superficiality and chimerical speculation as Figuiet's "To-morrow of Death," and Hinton's brilliantly superficial treatise on "Life in Nature," which has even won the commendation of Professor Youmans' "Popular Science Monthly" by its pleasing style, and has been greatly bepraised by the unscientific literary periodicals.

Mr. Hinton, who writes more like a liberal speculative clergyman than a physiologist or scientist, devotes himself to showing, not by any decisive facts or experiments, but by plausible analogies and vigorous declamation, that the actions of life are merely a process of decomposition; that the decomposition of a muscle causes its contraction; and the decomposition of the brain evolves thought. Such hypotheses, ingeniously presented, might greatly interest the mass of unscientific readers, but among well-educated medical men would hardly be honored with a serious refutation.

The science of life is a very tempting subject to speculators who, without making a single experiment or contributing a single new fact, are willing to furnish the world with hypotheses to solve every mystery.

Let it be understood, however, that Biological and Psychological sciences are cultivated fields, and not a vacant land through which every Quixotic adventurer of adjacent realms of chemistry and metaphysics can pleasure upon no better steed than a lean and hypothesis.

AN ARGUMENT FOR IMMORTALITY.

BY WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

THE veil that partially intercepts complete communication between the present sphere of human existence and the future, and that somewhat favors the doubt entertained by many thinking people concerning the reality of a future state of existence, is thought by some, and not a few, to be not altogether impenetrable to human perception. From the earliest ages, and among all nations, significant surmises have been afloat respecting a successor-life to this we now enjoy. Many have even contended that they have had not only dim glimpses through the texture ; but that clear, distinct, unmistakable views have abundantly demonstrated the actual existence of disembodied spirits or beings ; that they have positively seen these entities execute the performances which were recognizable only by the hearing faculty of others less gifted or favored, or merely by their sense of feeling.

Seers are admitted even by the Jewish record to have been of great antiquity. Oracles also, and exorcism were coeval with them. Accounts of noises and articulate sounds, as well as of physical manifestations, are no strangers to the historic page. Heathen before Christians, Catholics in common with Protestants, Chinese and Hebrews, depose uniform testimony to the fact. Homer and other Greek poets exhibit spiritual tableaux, vouch for oracular responses, utter prophetic intelligence, and describe life-like visions ; all emanations from the psychological department of Nature. Socrates seriously insists upon his intelligent demon, whom he deemed thoroughly capable to advise, to direct, and to control him in his daily and hourly conduct ; and we all justly admit him to have been a very sagacious and perceptive man, a firm believer in

immortality. Solomon and Jesus, and other Jews before and after them, exorcised demons ; some using the name of Abraham for the purpose. Ignatius Loyola * and Martin Luther, † the Jesuit and the Protestant, and contemporaries, reposed full faith in spiritual existences, and their perceptible influence upon mortals and mundane affairs. In their time were ponderous and lighter articles of furniture roughly handled by invisible agencies, and strange articulations sounded within and without doors, besides veritable phantoms. ‡ Columbus declares for a voice of instruction encouraging him to his mighty enterprise. Matthew Hale § and Cotton Mather, ¶ and John Wesley, ||—the eminent jurist, the sincere theologian, and the honest Methodist, did not disagree in their affirmative views of the subject. They declare personal experience in the matter. They were repeatedly present as spectators ; so were their predecessors just cited. These men, endowed with a competent share of prejudice, skepticism, intelligence, caution, and self-respect, were not convinced by one single narrated, or rumored, or even actual occurrence. They witnessed enough to constitute adequate evidence to gain their assent, and powerful enough to give them sufficient assurance to proclaim their belief in the demonstrated facts, so palpable to their vigilant and cultivated senses. More modern transactions have confirmed and riveted the actuality of what sacred and profane history had so emphatically alleged before. All these pretty strongly indicate that the veil is not impenetrable to the mental eye, if it is to the material organ ; and that it is more or less opaque

* Born 1491. Died 1566.

† Born 1483. Died 1546.

‡ Like the spectre which the abstemious and vigilant Brutus saw and talked with, was that of Loyola to Marguerite after his decease ; and of similar character have been others in more recent times.

§ Born A. D. 1600. Died 1676.

¶ Born 1653. Died 1728.

|| Born 1703. Died 1791.

or transparent to different individuals, precisely as are many other facts of science, art, or philosophy.

For centuries beyond the range of history or legend has reason been industriously throwing over into the illimitable and profound deep of the unexplored its many-barbed hook, baited with the numerous varieties of theory, hoping to angle up on the shore of humanity some positive facts establishing spiritual immortality. Some of those varieties have been more or less plausible; some pronounced and held as orthodox, substantiated by the voice of assumed authority. Even a species of induction has been dangled upon the hook,—induction from alleged resurrection or reanimation after absolute death. All these have served their day, and faded out like twilight from the sky.

Reason has selected the inanimate, though inspired chronometer, beating, moving, and proclaiming second, minute, and hour with exquisite nicety. She has inquisitively watched its life-like motion and its undeviating fidelity. She has curiously extracted pin after pin from its complex machinery, broken off cogs, dislodged wheels, snapped springs, and parted chains till the mechanism became irregular, crippled, at a silent pause; till the motive principle or engineer tottered, reeled, lost its foothold, and stepped off from its little platform, and merged itself among the vast infinity of principles saturating the universe. She has as curiously replaced the various parts in complete order, and witnessed the renewal of the active operations, with the reinstatement of the engineer upon his restored stage. Nor was it necessary to do this in the same shop, or in the same country, we might say, nor even on the same planet. It was as practicable in London or Peking as in Paris or New York; on Neptune or on the remotest sidereal orbs of nature's empire as on the earth. But this was only inanimate mechanism, infiltrated with motion by the hand of man, which was itself guided by intelligence to place its parts in a proper position for motive principles or powers to operate upon; as he sets the arms and sails of the

windmill for the wind to whirl around, or the engine-piston for the steam to play against and move. It was organized inspiration.

This investigating faculty has also turned her attention to a higher order of organism,—from the domain of art to that of nature,—from the second-handed or mediate mechanism to the original or immediate, as it grew,—from the metallic structure to the animal, even to the constructive animal and insect. She has examined the ant, the spider, the wasp, the bee, the bird, the beaver, the marmot. She has observed each at its own peculiar employment; seen it live, breathe, and eat; noticed each in a languishing, confined, crippled, disabled condition from the dislocation of some one or more of its limbs; and witnessed the cessation of its active operations, as well as the pause or extinction of its vitality, its last spark of life eloquently proclaiming to the spectator, “It is finished.” So long as the organism was complete, the little subtle engineer or motive power was perched upon its tiny platform, and the usual routine continued in full play. When decomposition dismantled the fabric, that intelligent entity lost its foothold, as with the chronometer, or as does the musical air when the Æolian harp-string is broken.

She has followed the clew of nature's unity of plan, and applied her researches to the orbs above and around us. Her mathematical calculations have assured her that more planets, suns, and comets, larger or smaller revolving bodies, of greater or less density, with different shapes, arranged at other distances from each other, and in more contracted or more expanded, more circular or more eccentric orbits, would derange the whole system, dash its magic connection, and confound the entire machinery in inextricable chaos; and that an adequate power and skill, by restoring them to their original number, sizes, and positions, would enable the motive governor to resume his station. Her investigations into the complicated operations with their former h

She has even approached a more

spection,—the structure of man, thus far, so far as we can judge, the highest specimen of nature's handiwork. She has seen him in his maturity, with all his faculties engaged, with all his physical energies in action. These have attained their zenith, become diseased, or injured, or debilitated, or worn-out and stagnated in their busy career. The tongue has become silent, the eye has become glazed, the pulse has halted; and not even the signal of a sign to report the indwelling of any tenant, or any information left behind whither it has gone, any more than with the chronometer, the animal, or the un-hinged universe. All that we gather is the significant intimation, "Deserted." Thus far only does Reason go in her legitimate sphere of observation.

She can push her inquiries into the domain of inference. She can analyze the *modus operandi* of Levever's grand discovery; shut herself up in a darkened room on a cloudy day, and with slate and pencil compute the perturbations of the ocularly invisible Uranus, thereby carefully tracing, step by step, the phantom orbital line of the yet undiscovered Neptune,—then far below the horizon, beneath the calculator's feet, and intercepted from his eyesight, first, by the interposed earth; secondly, by the actual invisibility of the orb on account of its remoteness; thirdly, by the glare of daylight, even were it otherwise visible; fourthly, by the dense clouds and mist overhead; fifthly, by the shutters or curtains of the closed apartment; and sixthly, by the near-sightedness of the investigating student,—till the very locality of that remote orb is designated to a brother astronomer for him to point his telescope thither and discern the object within the telescopic field;—and from the process of that masterly achievement she can infer that the human faculty—which is competent to such a discovery under such remarkable circumstances, which is capable of tracing the orbit of an unknown and invisible body by its observed influences—is very probably similar in its nature or properties to the superior or supreme Faculty which originally designed and sketched the path-line upon

the profundity of space ; and that if that Faculty has lived so many centuries heretofore to construct, move, and direct that planet, also the Universe, it is immortal ; and the emanation therefrom being homogeneous, is quite likely to be also perpetual in its existence.

She can advance farther, and survey the apparatus of the animal kingdom amply adequate to its existence, comfort, and continuance upon the earth ; and she will find all accurately accommodated to its sphere, whether insect, fish, bird, or quadruped. An additional faculty, instinct, or organ, or limb to a perfect animal would be superfluous. She would infer that man, as a mere animal exclusively designed for this earth, would be as perfect for that purpose, with simple animal instincts, as are the animals themselves. She sees the eye in the shell-enclosed chick, the lungs in the embryo lamb, and she knows they are useless there ; but they prophesy their future use in another sphere. She observes that man has a faculty higher than instinct ; and remembering that Nature creates nothing in vain, and issues forth no superfluities, she concludes that this superior faculty, being really not indispensable to him as an animal, must belong to him for his use when in another capacity, and that must be in future, which rather implies the reality of such future for him to flourish in.

She perceives in all animated nature, whenever its denizens are out of their bias or locality, away from their elements, a certain degree of uneasiness manifested by the wanderer. The stranded fish gasps for the water, the vacuum-resident mouse or rabbit pants for air, the submerged lamb desires the surface and the dry land. So with other phases of animal life. The duck seeks the pond, the dove the air, the mole the ground. When in their elements undisturbed by extraneous intruders, they are tranquil, joyous, happy. Man is easy,—never realizing, but always anticipating, “always TO BE blest.” Why is he the exception of Nature ? Because he is partially out

of his ultimate sphere. Nature's unity of plan proclaims this. "Hope reigns eternal in the human breast." His uneasiness is a continual struggle to attain that ultimate sphere, as the unborn animal or child struggles to leave its enclosure and enjoy the theatre whereto its faculties and organs are mutually adapted. The animal's movements demonstrate this principle to be correct; and the demonstration corroborates the inference previously drawn by Reason as to the apparent superfluities alluded to.

Her next step has been to observe the course pursued by the mind to acquire knowledge. It employs the senses therefor as does the boy use a stick to beat down the otherwise inaccessible fruit from the tree. Soon as the fruit is obtained, the stick is useless to him for that especial purpose. He appropriates the apple or eats it, without the intervention of the stick. Soon as the ear, the eye, the nose, the touch, or the taste has conveyed its intelligence to the mind, the sensual purveyor is thereafter useless for that particular purpose. The mind can virtually close that avenue, and digest, compare, or examine the intelligence thus procured, and do it independently of the senses, without their intervention. Thus she partially infers the mind can act by itself.

She then proceeds to ascertain, that with eyes wide open in the day-time, a man, sitting in a very busy and noisy public market-place, can entertain conceptions of a certain degree of distinctness; if more quiet, he can perceive more distinctly; with eyes closed more vivid conceptions appear; in sleep more vivid still; and in trance or magnetic sleep, yet more so,—the intensity increasing with the relative remoteness or separation of the mind from the external world. She infers from thence a probable increase of intensity when death supervenes, and occasions mental independence.

What, then, does all this cumulative testimony establish? What, the additional evidence presented by abundant instances of active longevity noted by Cicero* and others, who

* Cicero, *De Senectute*.

remark that the intellect decays with the body of those only who either overwork their mind, or suffer it to rust out with inactivity? A very long list of illustrious names might be mentioned, with those of the venerable Hesiod and Homer, Solon and Pythagoras, Sophocles and Socrates, Confucius and Zeno, Democritus and Isocrates, Plato and Cato, Cincinnatus and Strabo, Galileo and Newton, Voltaire and Franklin, Jefferson and Humboldt; but our limits pre-emptorily forbid. We know that some have launched themselves into eternity by entertaining vivid convictions of a future life. In Christendom it has been claimed that all heathen antiquity was in profound darkness, and that even among the Jews the Pharisees had no reliable illumination on the subject till the exit of Jesus from the sepulchral vault transpired, and incontrovertibly demonstrated the doctrine as a substantial fact. The indispensable requirement seems to be a positive event as the solid basis of true induction.

Now, such event, it is strenuously contended by many, has been witnessed. It has been repeated, reiterated in various forms before thousands of spectators. That such phenomena have occurred is unqualifiedly admitted even by its most inveterate opponents, who interpose no subversive suggestion as to the reality of the well-attested occurrences, but ascribe them to diabolical agency, and pronounce the unseen operators as evil spirits. They acknowledge the spirit, but qualify its character. This admits all that is essential to produce a belief in a future life. Its friends contend for no more in substance than the reality of a communication between the mortal and the immortal spheres. Profane history attests to so much; sacred history reposes upon it as a substratum, and names the supreme spirit God, saying, "God is a spirit."

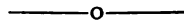
The forte of Elisha depended on this keen faculty of seeing. Jesus confided to it his personal integrity, influence, and sagacity, and doubtless derived therefrom ^{vering} reputation and sanitary success; Paul became ^{en-}tranced by its magic sway. Peter derived ^{the}

same source. Stephen indicated clairvoyance. John glowed with its imparted splendor and imagery, as well as Isaiah long before him. Pentecost itself was indebted to it for its brilliant tableaux and glorious displays,—both the Pentecost of the New Testament and that of Josephus. We need not cite Joan of Arc, Jacob Behmen, Swedenborg, nor Ann Lee. Christianity itself is indebted to its vital and motive energies for its rapid dissemination among the people; and if we can judge aught from analogy, and rely upon nature's unity of plan, by considering human nature as uniform everywhere in time and country, the same elastic principle also occasioned the speedy spread of the similar modern doctrine among mankind. These characteristics identify similarity to the ancient phenomena, as the neck of an antediluvian swan proclaims its ornithological identity of genus with that of a modern one.

Certain observation transcends uncertain theory. It often demolishes the most ingenious and plausible speculations. And herein consists the superiority of genuine induction over the deductions of the sophists. Assumed premises may be unsound; and their inferences will partake of their defect. Positive philosophy, however, with its absolute data, must be reliable. Aristotle *may be* correct in his premises and in his conclusions; observed facts and their consequences *must be*. The alleged resurrection, as commonly understood, may never have transpired; but the failure would not destroy the possibility of the soul's immortality, any more than did its non-occurrence in previous ages; nor would its occurrence indubitably establish that doctrine. It would not even demonstrate the existence of a soul; only the continued vitality and intelligence of an organized person. A spiritual exhibition seems therefore necessary to prove the existence of such entity and its capability of immortal existence. Indeed, even the experience of such existence prolonged during many ages, is actually essential to place its exemption from death beyond dispute. If Jesus, then, at the Transfiguration, actually saw

and conversed with Moses and Elijah, who had been absent from the earth for centuries, that transaction was an important step in the process establishing human immortality. It did, at least, establish the human soul's great longevity, as the historical duration of the earth settles the point of our planet's longevity; but, not exactly its eternity.

But, if any position was ever verified by human testimony, which invariably depends on the senses, whatever be its subject, the authenticity of these peculiar manifestations has been, and that too not only by the admissions of convinced and stubborn skeptics, quondam unbelievers, cautious, intelligent, and shrewd investigators, but likewise corroborated by admissions of those who still maintain the bitterest hostility towards the system; and more than all this, by a frequent and multiplied repetition of the phenomenal facts themselves. If, at the Advent, telegraphic nature republished or re-enacted to the world her daguerreotyped assurances of immortality, of conscious identity hereafter to mortals, modern experience can testify to its renewed reiteration. Where reason merely grazes and trusts, revelation has plunged and demonstrated; so that, our race is occasionally assured, in its long tract of earthly duration, that the lamp-light of intelligent and conscious life is still glowing, and guaranteed to us and to posterity for indefinite ages to come.



THE WORLD.

THE particular forms of things perish and become decomposed. In external outline and superficial aspects the world is destroyed every day. Yet the world remains; and, in a most important sense, its forms are indestructible. The living germs of a creation that is ever new, take root in the ashes of this vast decay; and the earth, even now, is far more radiant and beautiful than when it arose from the slumber of unconscious and shapeless being,

“In the young morning of Creation.”

NATURE'S DUALISM.

A SOLVENT OF THE WOMAN'S RIGHTS QUESTION.

BY WILLIAM FISHBOUGH.

THE gradations of material, social and intellectual development which we have already passed through, have brought us within the sphere of several new and important questions, the solution of which seems absolutely necessary to our next steps of progress. Conspicuous among these are the questions of the true relations between capital and labor; between wealthy corporations and the industrial or commercial interests of private individuals; the true limitations of the laws of marriage, and the conditions which involve the right of divorce; the position and rights of woman in the body politic, &c. Stave off these questions as we may for the hour, they are ever recurring, and are continually growing more persistent in their demands upon our attention. They are the riddles propounded by the sphinx ever standing by the way-side of the great public life of this age, and unless some Œdipus is found to answer them, the interrogating monster will swallow us all.

But it is utterly vain to attempt a thorough and practical solution of these questions upon the basis of old precedents, or of any experiences in our past political and social history. If the somewhat voluminous discussions that have already occurred upon these questions have utterly failed to evolve any practical result, it is because no other light has been evoked than that which is afforded by the creeds, philosophies and experiences of past ages, when these now pending questions were scarcely thought of. As they are *new* questions, developed by a new and unprecedented step of human progress, they require *new* light, and in some respects, an entirely *new phi-*

osophy, for any effective treatment ; and the intelligent mind, liberating itself from old prejudices, and looking outside of, and a little beyond, the theological and philosophical opinions that are most current in the world, may find in the phenomenal and scientific developments of the very age which has launched these questions upon us, the elements of their complete solution.

Only one of the questions of this general class is for the present proposed to be submitted to the test of this "new light," viz. : the question of the *Position and Rights of Woman* in the political and social compact. It is a question which has come into prominence during the last decade. It has obtained a firm hold upon the minds of a large number of intelligent persons of both sexes. It has refused to be staved off by conservative bigotry, or laughed out of countenance by the trivial, the superficial and the impertinent. It may be obscured and overshadowed at times by more exciting subjects of public thought, but up it comes again, and up it will continue to come until it receives the right treatment. It must simply be *met* and *solved* on correct principles, or it will not fail to throw us into a greater or less degree of social disorder. It has been agitated through the press and from the rostrum, and discussed from various standpoints. Truth and absurdity have been commingled together in almost inextricable confusion, and some of the most vital points in the question, as it seems to me, have not been reached at all. It is really one of the most important social problems of the age, and ought not to be pressed to a decision on any uncertain grounds. Its final solution can be reached only by the aid of universal and eternal principles, and by consulting the prototypes, synotypes and analogies not only of present human existences and relations, but those found in the universe without. This mode of investigation, far more simple than people might imagine, shall here be attempted.

Conspicuous in this enlarged field, where we now guides and analogies, is exhibited the principle of

and the laws which govern the relations of its major and minor terms. This Dualism consists of positivities and negativities, activities and passivities, or what is essentially the same thing, *masculinities* and *femininities*, conjoined in such relations that the one *complements* the other. By the action and reaction, or the dynamics and statics, of these two terms conjoined or *married* together in a dual system, all the generative and productive functions of the system are carried on, whereby *thirds*, or relative neuters, are brought into being, differing from the first and second, but partaking of the nature of both. And there can be no new and essentially distinct production—in other words, there can be no production which is not a mere *extension* and *fission* of the original stem, root or protosperm out of which it grew—except what is the result of a fecundative conjunction of the positive and negative, active and passive, or masculine and feminine sides of a dual parentage. This law is positively and necessarily universal.

For a better comprehension of the scope of the proposition, however, this discriminative statement may be useful: In the sphere of Primal Causation, the Masculinity is absolute and unmixed, and the Femininity is equally so; but in the sphere of generated or created forms which arise from the conjunction and co-efficiency of these two, each form or individual necessarily partakes of the nature of both sides, is a cross between the two, and is therefore necessarily different from either when considered by itself. Some forms of each and every generated species partake more of the nature of the positive side of the parentage, and are therefore called masculine, and some more of the nature of the negative side and are hence called feminine. Having within them, however, the duplex nature of the dual parentage, neither of them is masculine or feminine in the *absolute* or *unmixed* sense, but only *relatively* so, while each carries within itself the subdued elements of the opposite gender. And so this relative masculinity and femininity are necessarily carried

through all the generated and generating forms, series and degrees of cosmical, vegetable, animal and human nature, from lowest to highest, and everywhere the general relations and the laws of the reciprocal activities of the two, are, in principle, *the same*.

The reflecting mind will perceive that there are several corollaries connected with these propositions which have a strong bearing upon branches of philosophy outside of the special theme of inquiry, but these aspects of the propositions must not be allowed to divert us from our present course, and their intended use in the furtherance of the same, which relates only to the solution of the question of woman's rights.

We proceed, then, to remark that this same universal dualism of generated forms and potencies, consisting of activities and passivities, positivities and negativities, or masculinities and femininities, is reproduced upon the human plane as *Manhood* and *Womanhood*. It is, in principle, absolutely the same in these two halves or hemispheres of the human world, as in all other departments of existence; and if we wish to know the natural law governing the reciprocal relations, functions and "*rights*" of manhood and womanhood, we have only to inquire, "*What is the law in other grades of being in which the same dualism appears?*"

In the cosmical system we have force and matter, dynamics and statics, motion and rest; the north and south poles and hemispheres of planets, as equal counterparts necessary to the very existence of the system;—the interplay of winter and summer, night and day, conjointly engaged and equally necessary in working out a system of common evolutions. Each and all of these would, by their analogies, lend us important aid in the solution of the question before us; but let us come nearer home:

We have said that in all departments of existence outside of the sphere of Primal Causation, the generative dualism is *relative*, each side partaking, in different degrees, of the nature of both sides of the dual parentage, and each bei

distinctly masculine or feminine only as one or the other of these elements preponderate. We may, therefore, find our sufficient source of illustration in the individual human organism, which is in itself dual, and even in some of its organs (the heart for instance) doubly dual. But not to go into complexities, we have the organs of the right, and those of the left side, of which we will select as most conspicuous, the right and the left hands. They are both necessary in the performance of the physically executive functions of the common system to which they both belong. They are *equal* in their *importance* to the common system, and *equal* sharers in the common blessings and *rights* of the system. And yet each is superior and at the same time inferior, to the other. But the right hand is superior only *as* a right hand, and the left *as* a left; and the moment either attempts to perform the functions of the other, its inferiority becomes manifest.

Now the *right* hand is positive, active, *masculine*; the left is negative, passive, *feminine*. The right hand, therefore, represents Manhood; the left, Womanhood. Let us see, then, how these two live and act together in the anatomical system, and from that we may learn how mankind and womankind should live and act together in the civil and political Body, and what are the natural rights of each.

Let one, then, suppose himself wandering upon the bank of a stream. He sees an object floating on the water a few feet from the shore, and desires to appropriate it. With the *left* hand he grasps a bush or overhanging branch of a tree, to support and balance himself, and to keep him from falling into the water, while with the *right* he reaches out and seizes the object. Having thus seized it, he turns it over to the custody of the *left* hand, to *hold*, to *keep* and to carry, while with the *right* he then proceeds to remove any obstructions that may lie in his path, and makes his way through the bushes. Or suppose he is gathering the harvest: with the *left* hand he seizes, holds and steadies the tufts of wheat, while with the *right* he wields the sickle and cuts the stalks.

Or suppose he is writing : with the *left* hand he holds the paper in position, while with the *right* he moves the pen and records his thoughts.

The office of the *man*, therefore, as represented by the right hand, is to *wield*, to *get*, to execute ; while the office of the *woman* as represented by the *left*, is to *hold*, to *steady*, to *balance*, to *keep*, *conserve*, *cherish*, arrange, beautify and gestate or develop into new and higher forms of use and beauty that which the man achieves, procures and confides to her care for the equal use of both. In all these offices and relations, the one, though *differing from*, is *equal to*, the other ; and without the cooperation and mutual assistance of both, either actually existing or in some way represented, the office could not be well performed if performed at all.

Now as all the *generative*, or in any sense distinctly *productive* forces of the universe and of human life are necessarily dual, it seems to follow that every office in human society that is intended to be *prolific* of results, should, to conform to this order of nature, be also in some sense dual, with a co-equal positive and negative, or masculine and feminine side. That is to say, for every President of the United States, there should be a feminine co-operative, co-authoritative, complementary and conjugal counter-official ; and the same, in some conceivable sense, may be said of every office or position in life, down even to the most humble. And the relative duties of the man and the woman in each of these several and diversified positions, may be learned by studying the analogies of the offices of the right and left hands, or of those of almost any other dualism in nature ; for I repeat that the general law is the same in all.

If I am asked, then, whether in view of the *equality* of the rights of woman with those of man which these principles certainly establish, a woman may not be equally eligible with man to the office of President, Governor, legislator, Congressman, I answer, yes, on certain conditions. Under similar conditions is she eligible to the position of

sawyer, ditch-digger, or driver of a locomotive. The conditions are that she should be mentally, morally and muscularly of the *same gender* with the office or position she proposes to fill, and be willing to define herself before society as of that gender. Now it is but just to acknowledge that I know of several women who are far greater men than their husbands ; and if I were obliged to choose between the two which should receive my vote for any political office or other station in life now generally filled by men, I would certainly vote for the woman in preference to her husband. But such women, as rare exceptions to the general rule, must be regarded as right-handed and masculine femininities, though in saying this we are sensible that we are bestowing upon them only a "left-handed compliment." So, on the other hand, the man has an equal "right" to work thread lace, sew kid gloves, darn the stockings or wash the dishes, provided he is mentally, morally and physically of the same gender with these several employments, and is willing thus to define himself before society : though in assigning to any man such a position, I think we would be indulging in another "left-handed compliment," and a rather cruel one at that.

My main object in this article has been simply to establish the *fundamental principles* on which the question of the position, rights and duties of woman in the body politic may be decided, if it ever is decided. It was my original intention to avoid all discussion of further details of the application of these principles, as a work which other thinkers, admitting this basis of reasoning, ought to be able to do as well as myself. I have, however, been urged to a somewhat fuller development of the thought here engendered, and submit the following corollaries and reflections :—

1. The doctrine of the natural and divinely ordered *dualism* of adult or physically completed humanity being admitted, it follows that after the attainment of majority, and the entire emergence thereby from the sphere of the practically

neuter gender, neither the male nor the female, considered alone, is more than *one-half* of a complete *homo*. It is only when they are conjugally united, as the right and the left hearts are conjoined in one, that the humanity is complete in them. Sexual unions and disunions, then, or marriage and divorce, should divorce (as corresponding to surgical excision) unfortunately ever become necessary, should not, in organized society, be left to the caprice of fitful passion or lust, but should be regulated by wise laws. Until, therefore, all men and women become so purified and refined as to be supremely governed by impulses that are spiritual and heavenly, the doctrine now advocated by many persons under the specious title of "Free Love," must stand condemned alike by sound philosophy, sound morals, and a due regard for the best interests if not the very existence of human society.

2. In the constitution and functional operations of that *higher* republican society the inauguration of which now is, or soon will be, in order, both halves of humanity should be equally but at the same time diversely, represented. The truth of this affirmation will appear sufficiently clear from what has already been said, and need not be further illustrated.

3. The Republic which denies one-half of its equally qualified citizens an equal representation in some form or other, is only *one-half* republican, and the other half despotic. Yet such a Republic, of which our own is an example, is one of the natural and necessary steps in the social progress of the race. It had to come as the next round in the ladder above unmixed despotism, and as an introduction to a still higher grade of social development. In my unpublished social and correspondential philosophizings, I have shown that it is the *fourth* of the normal and predetermined stages of social progress, in the natural series of *seven*—corresponding to the fourth period in Geology, and its contemporary developments in the vegetable and animal kingdoms—corresponding also to fourths in all other sevenfold series or systems ;

nature. During the fourth geological period, for example (viz., the carboniferous period), the correlated degree of the vegetable kingdom consisted of plants neither wholly marine nor wholly terrestrial, growing, as they did, in low, wet, and partially inundated places—*amphibious* plants, as they might, for the most part, be called; while the coincident developments of the animal kingdom consisted mostly of frogs, salamanders and other batrachians—also *amphibious*. So our government, being also a fourth in the grand scale of natural and predestined social developments, may in like manner be characterized as amphibious, occupying as it does a position exactly in the *middle* of the archetypal scale of normal developments, a *semitone* above the third note of the social gamut, midway between despotism on the one hand and the Ascending and true Republic on the other, and partaking of the nature of both, but being neither absolutely.

4. The inauguration of woman's equal rights upon perfectly scientific principles can only be included in the general inauguration of a Republic differing from our present one by being one discrete degree above it in the archetypal scale of political forms. This will be the *fifth* of the seven possible stages of social progress in *this* world—with Savagism as the first, Barbarism the second, Despotism the third, the crude Republic as the fourth; and this fifth, which may be characterized as the *ascending* or *progressive* Republic, ought to be followed, in due time, by the *Harmonic Republic* as the sixth, in which the nation will be organized as One Grand Man. Then, as an ascending sublimation from this, without much regard to the succession of time, follows the *spiritual commune* as a seventh. This seventh note in the social gamut, will be, like sevenths in music, only a *semitone* below the eighth, which is the first of a new octave; and if supposed to be extended to its natural interval, it will overlap the lower heavens, and unite the two worlds in more intimate relations than ever before.

Of course a statement in so small a space, which it would

require many pages, if not a whole volume, to fully illustrate and establish, can at best only be expected to excite reflection and prompt further inquiry. The derision with which certain minds resting wholly on the sensuous plane will receive it, should not be regarded. I will here say, however, that a course of investigation continued during the last twenty-four years, has gradually added strength to the conviction until all doubt has vanished from my mind, that each and every *complete* system in nature, and the grand system of all systems, consists of seven consecutive stages, parts or degrees, of which we have a familiar example in the seven notes of the musical scale; and these stages or degrees are arranged in such manner that any one series or octave in nature will illustrate all others. If, therefore, it is desirable to catch a foregleam of the nature, spirit and constitution of the *next stage* of social development (to which, I submit either we must soon ascend or sink back to despotism by the weight of our political and social corruptions, as *all* the republics of antiquity did), then it is only necessary to study *fifths* as we may find them in *any* natural sevenfold series or classification, and apply their analogies.

I have now to add that it seems to me impossible to graft upon our *present* form of government, which as before said is a *fourth* development, an organic law which will secure to woman the rights which many intelligent women now claim through the exercise of the ballot.

First, because such an organic law does not naturally belong to a *fourth* degree; and Secondly, because, under our existing institutions, laws and theories of government, the ballot itself has become hopelessly prostituted, enslaved and demoralized, and utterly fails to express the better and only legitimate will of the people. The principle of *universal and unqualified* suffrage may have been well enough, as a first crude effort at republican government, but it has served to familiarize our minds with the *hat* "all men are *born* equal;" but, *consid* *it*,

it is false. All men are born equal, it is true, and all have an equal right to *justice*; but it does not by any means hence follow that vice, immorality, crime and profound ignorance have any right to representation in the law-making power of any government, even though it be a republican government. And a government which freely admits and sanctions these contaminating ingredients and perverting forces of operation, must inevitably fail to accomplish the highest results in behalf of public order, liberty and justice, and must sooner or later work out its own dissolution.

But in our government, habitual law-breakers are, by the ballot, admitted to the privilege of law-makers, on a footing perfectly equal with the most orderly and upright citizens. The notoriously vicious and depraved, and often the most abandoned criminals, free for the moment from the clutches of the magistrate, have votes which, even in a *fair* counting, are worth as much as the votes of the same number of honest men; while on each returning election day, thousands of people come up to the polls utterly ignorant of the machinery and workings of the government, and sometimes unable to read the very names that are printed upon the tickets furnished them by persons of whom they are the unconscious tools; and knowing not the difference between a State assemblyman and a representative in Congress, or between one coordinate branch of government and another. What is the ballot worth to such men, unless it be as an article of merchandise to be sold to the highest bidder? It is, indeed, as an edged tool in the hands of a child, with which they are more liable to injure than to benefit themselves. And yet a ballot cast by such a man cancels and utterly nullifies the vote of the most intelligent and patriotic.

The consequence of all this is, that it is utterly impossible to get our best men into office, for the simple reason that our best men will not resort to the dishonest and contemptible tricks of the now ruling politicians, to procure a nomination and election, or to a bribery of inspectors and canvassers to

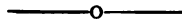
return majorities in their favor. The machinery of government has thus fallen into the hands of thieves, bribe-mongers, and wealthy capitalists, corporations and combinations who are able to buy up majorities, and who do not hesitate to make the most wicked and unscrupulous use of their power. And thus it is that there is not a Legislature in the land, from the most insignificant municipal council to the great Congress of the United States (as recent events have shown), which cannot be bought. And as for the Judiciary, let the depth to which it has fallen be illustrated by the simple fact that the arch-plunderer of the city treasury of our great metropolis, whose guilt no one doubts in the face of the overwhelming evidence brought against him, was recently acquitted almost unanimously, by a jury packed by political influence!

The foundations of public order are undermined; Liberty is wounded to its vitals and has well-nigh perished; Justice, discomfited and utterly homeless among the guardians of law, is wandering and weeping in our streets, or fleeing to that dread Throne whence she may hurl her thunderbolts in a more direful judgment-day, and the republican government instituted by our fathers is in the throes of dissolution!

Women of America, do you demand the ballot with any expectation that you will then have the slightest influence in correcting these evils or benefiting yourselves? I tell you you are deceived. The ballot for *present* use at least, is not worth to you the breath you spend in talking about it. It has even become with me a serious question whether *honest men* have now any business at the polls, where they are almost always either compelled to vote for a candidate already provided for them by a corrupt "ring," or else to suffer defeat by bribed votes, false returns, or some other subtle and dishonorable system of trickery. If all honest men would from this day resolve to stay away from the polls until the frauds by which they are now practically controlled shall be abated, the political corruptionists who now rule by

shorn of the semblance of respectability which the presence of honest men now lends to them, would soon break up into innumerable hostile factions, and fall to pieces in their own rottenness. And then would come the new beginning, on new and higher foundations—the inauguration of the NEW REPUBLIC in which universal justice will be secured both to man and woman.

Ladies, wait patiently for this “good time,” which will not be long in coming; and then you will have your “rights,” either by means of the ballot or something else which will be equally effective and satisfactory.



RELATIONS OF RELIGION AND POLITICS.

BY ALFRED CRIDGE.

POLITICS, or the science of government, considers man in his external relation to the State; Religion either springs from or strives to reach his inmost being. What then are their reciprocal relations, bearings, or correspondences? Have certain forms of the religious conception been preceded, accompanied or followed by corresponding forms of political organization? If so, can we deduce from the advanced religious thought of to-day the nascent political methods of to-morrow? These questions it is proposed to consider in this essay.

Much attention has been given by thinkers to the idea of a *science of analogy*. Swedenborg thought it had been revealed to him; Agassiz suspects its existence; Shakespeare saw “sermons in stones;” Buckle and others affirm that science is overburdened with facts, and that what we need is the discovery of laws. Great thinkers in all ages have speculated in that direction. There are chemical experiments by which inorganic matter can be made to assume vegetable forms, as

does the frost-work on the window-pane. Some physicists claim that the inter-atomic are proportional to the inter-planetary and inter-stellar spaces. Worlds are hung in ether agreeably to mathematical principles. Samuel Elliott Coues, in a work published in 1860, maintains that "the structure of the earth is a consequence of the laws which also determine the magnitudes, velocities, and relative positions of the spheres of the solar system;" and that "the astronomical elements of the earth are, in their existences and values, the parts of a system which is so faultless in its symmetry that any one of their elements can be calculated from the others." S. P. Andrews claims to have outlined a science of analogy, by which a discovery in any one science can be made a discovery in all. If this be so in any degree, we may certainly presume that discoveries and experiences in the political and religious life of man will be reciprocally available, so that from past experience of the one we may infer future developments of the other.

If mental peculiarities are indicated by the form and quality of the brain, by the expression of the countenance, by the attitude and gait, may there not be a similar correspondence between the body politic and its soul, or religion?

Races extrinsically manifest intrinsic peculiarities in their clothing, food, architecture, poetry and language. From only the remains of the latter, the every-day life has been deduced, in some detail, of a pre-historic race—the Aryan—which must have attained a marked degree of civilization prior to the *Anno mundi* of the Mosaic chronology. But in no two modes of expression of the life of a people does there appear to be a closer correspondence than between their religion and their government.

As mankind emerged from savageism, and social order succeeded chaos; as tribes were consolidated into nations formed, power tended, particularly in the hands of one man—perhaps in human progress. In the infancy of the

was requisite that a few should command the labor of many, in order that a taste for arts and luxuries—often the only means of inspiring a love of the beautiful and the perfect—might be generated among some, and in time, by the influence of example and increasing coöperation, become the heritage of all.* If Absolutism thus had its uses in government, it may have likewise had them in religion.

The Hebrew monarchs and the rulers of the neighboring nations were—as are some in Asia to-day—independent of law and beyond criticism, regarding their subjects as having no rights which they were bound, if inconvenient, to respect. The Hebrew God that “doeth according to his will,” whose hand none can stay, “or say unto him, What doest thou?” was simply an Eastern potentate magnified—an outward political actuality, reproduced in the inward religious conception. Power was deified then as success is, virtually, now. As an astute prime minister might cool down the insensate wrath of an Eastern potentate, so Moses dissuaded Jehovah from destroying his people in the desert. As “kings by the grace of God” desolate provinces to punish individual misconduct, so because king David took a census, his God killed seventy thousand innocent subjects! † Thus the politics of that Jewish theology, which has survived for eighteen centu-

* “Is it not necessary that God should raise a few to that welfare which he refuses to the many, showing us the glimmerings of that happiness from which we are debarred? Without this precaution civilizers would not feel their misfortunes. The sight of the opulence of others is the only stimulant which could urge savans, generally poor, to seek the new social order.”—*Fourier*. (The same essential idea independently originated.)

† Orthodox theologians maintain that a sin against an infinite being deserves infinite punishment.—Evidently a relic of laws which graduated the punishment according to the respective ranks of the culprit and of the person against whom the offense was committed. The murder of a slave or of a serf by a noble was a peccadillo, while a light offense in the other direction was capital. Late in the 18th century a woman in England was burned to death for killing her husband—petty treason. If he had killed her it would have been simple murder. Thus the pivot of orthodoxy—endless punishment—is evidently based on a legal barbarism exploded by Democracy.

ries the complete dispersal of the nation, is seen to be an absolute despotism. It will be hereafter maintained that the theology of the American government, *in its ideal*, is free thought, by which alone that ideal can be actualized.

But absolute immobility, even in Asia, was impossible; time, commerce, conquests and captivities modified the former theology, so that in the later prophets an element of *paternity* is sometimes introduced which in Jesus, John, and modern liberal Christianity became a central idea.

Only the monotheistic phase of Judaism has hitherto been considered. The tendency of recent investigations has, however, been to strengthen the conclusion that the Jewish God was originally a local deity. But whereas other nations often worshiped and rarely denounced each other's gods, the almost unavoidable policy of the Jewish priesthood was to restrict the nation to the exclusive worship of its own God, that the national identity might not be lost through too intimate intercourse with more powerful and more civilized neighbors. From this exclusive worship, partially enforced only by the severest penalties, the idea of superiority arose. But the "gods of the heathen" were evidently no myths either to the Jews or the early Christians. It was reserved for later theologians to at once worship a book and deny its plainest statements.

The rival gods probably differed but little from the Jewish God, all being modeled in accordance with the ideals and governments of the respective nations, their gods being as cruel and capricious as their kings.

Apropos to this subject, Mr. Andrews observes that the radical distinction in theology should not be between monotheism and polytheism; but, rather, between one or more gods governing by caprice (arbitrismal) and one or more gods governing by fixed laws (logicismal); that Europe would have the same form of government whether its kings were

In ancient Greece and Rome, unlike W

was usually superior to caprice, and the very number of deities lessened by diffusion the influence of their devotees. At the advent of Christianity, government and philosophy had so far outstripped their religion that the two could not long co-exist, and the new religion merely hastened that extinction of the old which was already inevitable.

The word "mythology" has not been, in this article, used in reference to the religions of the ancient world, for the reason that there is at least as much *myth* in Judaism and Christianity as in what is called Paganism. That leading minds in a nation should, after their passage to the Spirit-land, continue specially identified with the welfare of that nation, and, through communication with persons specially qualified and set apart, exercise an influence on its destinies and come to be regarded as tutelary deities, seems, in view of recent developments, a more rational hypothesis than to assume that all or most religions were founded on fraud, imposture, or ignorance. That personages designated Astarte and Baäl should have, in this manner, assumed special charge of the Phœnicians, and one designated Jehovah, of the Jews, is no more improbable than that Frances Wright, Margaret Fuller, Abraham Lincoln or Horace Greeley should now take a special interest in the United States. In the rudimentary stages of human development any agency, not understood, is liable to be considered deific, and spirits are regarded as gods; in a period when men hunger for husky facts, their existence is doubted or denied; but in an age of reason they are recognized as our fellow-beings, having some additional experience.

And now comes Christianity—for a few centuries represented by an insignificant Jewish sect—historic doubts hanging over the very existence of its founder when it was adopted, for discreditable reasons, by the ruler of an empire which was still largely republican, both in name and nature. It has been doubted whether this "witches' broth," compounded of a

Jewish god with a Babylonian hell and devil, flavored with a faint sprinkling of humanitarian and spiritual teachings attributed to Jesus of Nazareth, is rightfully entitled to the name it bears, especially after further additions forced upon it by disorderly assemblies termed "Councils." This compound, however, admirably harmonized with the despotic element of the Roman government and soon harassed out of existence such republicanism as remained, suppressed the schools of philosophy, and discountenanced mental culture. Its asceticism, by preventing the best men and best women from propagating their species, caused an increasing degeneracy, which accelerated the disintegration of the empire by which it had been nurtured in its infancy, replacing emperor by pope—the vicar-on-earth of the magnified Eastern despot—"king of kings and lord of lords"—in heaven. Thus the correspondence between politics and theology was perfected; absolutism reigned supreme in church and state, and the "dark ages" followed.

Mohammedanism was one of the means which awoke Europe from this Lethæan slumber. War, like commerce, sometimes aids in the circulation of thought; and surviving crusaders brought back to Europe, in exchange for the sword, the elements of literature and science. Thus both sides fought more wisely than they knew; the church sent its disciples to Palestine to extend its influence; but they returned with the seeds of its destruction.

Feudal chieftains did according to their wills on a small scale, as their god was supposed to do on a larger one, devoting a portion of the results to the service of the Church, as do their millionaire prototypes of to-day. Artisans and traders organizing for protection against them, gradually compelled political recognition; ideas took root; ancient republican literature revived; the intellect, aroused po other- wise, finally grappled with theology; and intro- duced the end of that wedge which liber lists are now driving home. Ideas of law inst

class privileges, grew with religious emancipation until, within little more than two centuries after Luther's protest, a nation, based on the doctrine that human rights are inalienable and universal, was brought into existence, mainly by the influence of a few thinkers who had outgrown absolutist theories, both in religion and politics. The "divine right of kings"—phrase so expressive of the essential correspondence between religious and political despotisms—gave way on American soil, to a theoretical recognition of the truth that governments rightfully exist only by consent of the governed.

As contemporaneousness may be judged essential to the theory of religious and political correspondences, it is advisable here to offer some explanations. In many animals, man not excepted, there exist rudimentary or surviving organs, useless and even injurious to their possessors, though serviceable to other animals. There are, for instance, wild geese whose habitat is not aquatic, but who retain the webbed feet, which, according to the Darwinian theory, may have survived from their aquatic ancestors. In human beings there occasionally appear organs which the comparative anatomists recognize as normal in some animals, while in men they are not only useless, but are, perhaps, more liable to disease than those which are normal. Mental emotions and conditions correspond to facial expressions, but it may take years of mental depression and sorrow to produce the corresponding lines in the countenance. On the same principle the Christian Church required centuries to mold European states; and it may need other centuries to enable existing republics to dispose of this ecclesiastical "old man of the mountain," and thus unitize their religious with their political aspirations. As in the individual bodies of men those surviving and abnormal organs which have outlived their usefulness are peculiarly liable to disease, so surviving religions, which the peoples professing them have partially outgrown, occasion the most serious and constant dangers in the body politic. Religions survive

for centuries in a political and social *régime* to which they are utterly repugnant; while political forms may, *per contra*, outlast the religions with which they were originally correspondent and contemporary; but the principle of correspondence is unaffected. As the change of habitat, in the case of the wild geese, does not affect the fact that webbed feet were originally correspondent with aquatic habits, so the survival of a belief in a capricious and vindictive deity on the part of the people of modern democracies does not disprove its original correspondence with ancient despotisms.

Mexico and the South American republics offer the most marked examples of the results consequent upon such violations of the law of analogy. Mr. Coues maintains that the general trend of continents at an angle of about 30° with the meridians of longitude, has a precise correspondence to certain other terrestrial and celestial elements of number and form; but that where the line of coast, or of deep water, deviates considerably from this angle for long distances, nature, by earthquakes and volcanoes, endeavors to restore it, raising the bed of the sea until the coast line of the continent is sufficiently extended to make up the normal angle. In other words, wide deviations from the laws of analogy are accompanied by correspondingly violent efforts for rectification or equilibrium. Thus when the political forms in a country deviate markedly from the religious views of its people, human, like inanimate nature, endeavors by cataclysms to bring them into correspondence. Hence South America is peculiarly a region of revolution, and will so remain until the power of the church is much reduced; while Mexico, now that the cataclysm resulting from the secularization of church property has somewhat subsided, may secure comparative repose.

Conversely, in France the political despotism known as centralization is excessive, while a large minority of its have negatively outgrown all religious despotisms. orderly, economical, and industrious as—with ~~rem~~ exceptions—are the French people, no govern

can be secure for a day until the state is de-centralized and thus made, in some degree, correspondent with the mental growth of the people. This was the object of the much-denounced "Commune." With the principle of municipal self-government once established (as, but for Germans and priests, it might have been in 1871), France would be the most peaceful and prosperous country in Europe, because its average government would correspond with its average religion, notwithstanding English and American prejudices to the contrary.

The political theories of the American Revolution, the offspring of a few leading minds, at least three of whom were free-thinkers (though not materialists), were, when adopted, one or two thousand years in advance of then current religious dogmas, but which thenceforward gradually relaxed their hold on the minds of a people accustomed, in name, at least, to self-government. A truly American God, as well as an American President, must govern not by caprice, but by law. Therefore the various forms of liberal religious thought are rapidly bringing American religion into harmony with the American theory of government. Even our orthodoxy is emasculated, liberal influences reaching its very pulpits, while the broadening wave of modern Spiritualism threatens to carry away not only the essence, but also the forms of the church.

But while our political theories embody the broadest humanitarianism and parallel the most advanced religious conceptions, the methods of embodiment open opportunities by which, under these *forms of freedom*, we have the *facts of despotism*. Primary meetings, caucuses, State associations, the division of States into Congressional and legislative districts, and of cities into wards—all are admirably adapted to crush out individuality and free thought, by inaugurating a despotism of PARTY even more searching than that of *sect*. The church expels the man who dares to *think* otherwise than within its creed; the party expels the man who dares to *vote* otherwise

than as its managers decree. The suffrages of one class of immigrants are controlled, whenever needed, by political managers in the interests of Romanism, while those of the descendants of another class are equally and more directly managed in the interests of orthodox protestantism—an excommunication, at once political and religious—being a not unusual penalty for political free-thinkers of color. It may be remarked that ex-slaves naturally gravitate to a slavish religion, unaware that when abolitionists were outlaws the natural alliance between religious and political freedom was indicated by their religious heresies. So in Europe to-day, free thought is as closely allied to Republicanism as Romanism in the Church is with despotism in the State.

The attention concentrated on the question of slavery allowed various evils to ripen unnoticed, our imperfect representative system rarely permitting popular action on more than one issue at a time ; so that, though its evils have long been apparent, the remedies have not, even among thinkers, received due consideration. It corresponds to corduroy roads, horseback mails, and diversities of local interests. But to-day these are entirely overshadowed by the greater diversities of opinions and classes, which should therefore be represented in preference to localities. While modern practical science tends to annul natural barriers, to cross oceans, to span continents—to *unite what nature has divided*—the tendency of representation by districts and wards is to *divide what nature has united*. Science tends to union, party politics to sectarianism ; in the former partisanship is exceptional, in the latter a rule, though even in religion its grasp is weakened. But politics, in the higher sense, is a science ; and the elimination of the elements of partisanship cannot be intrinsically difficult. Political mechanisms of the nineteenth century are not in advance of the political mechanisms of the sixteenth century, when religion was not mainly but of two sects, Protestant and Catholic, and at

little scope for minor diversities. To-day we count religious sects by the hundred, while restricted to only two or three political parties, under the impression that the acme of political science has been reached in an organization which practically permits of no more. Yet the very persons who find themselves "cribbed, cabined and confined" when free to choose among these multifarious sects, contentedly repose in the two Procrustean beds prepared for them by political partisans!

To-day it is claimed that parties are necessary to a free government, as yesterday that kings and priests were indispensable to social order and religious culture. As sectarianism indicates a groveling, unorganized, chaotic condition of religious thought, so partisanship shows a corresponding state of political conceptions, though both may be necessary transitions from the crude unities of despotism to the cultivated unities of freedom. Nearly a century ago geologists were divided into two parties, the Vulcanists and Neptunists—partisans respectively of the agencies of fire and water—whose controversies were fully as bitter and personal as those of Democrats and Republicans, Catholics and Protestants, to-day; but geology has outgrown parties, as religion is outgrowing sects; and it is high time for politics to quicken its lagging footsteps and place itself abreast of the science of to-day and the religion of to-morrow.

The tendency of free thought and Spiritualism is to individualize, to disintegrate artificial conglomerates in order that natural attractions may reunite their components in more beautiful and serviceable forms. What has been achieved in our inner consciousness must be ultimated in outward existence, impressing our thought on all spheres of human activity, as the only alternative to sterility. Free thinkers in religion must demand and secure the right to choose representatives in legislatures, and not continue to be dragged at the heels of this or that party controlled by professional strategists. Few respectable men, of whatever creed, care to participate in

nominating assemblies where clamor, cunning, and violence are the winning cards; yet to such men our present system denies representation, while allowing the ignorant, the cunning, and the unprincipled to select not only their own representatives, but those for others also. If "taxation without representation is tyranny," what shall we term a government which, doing this, denies representation in proportion to their numbers to those who pay more than the average of taxes, and who are best qualified by character and culture to participate in public affairs? Is there not some better method of apportioning and selecting representatives than one which renders it possible (even if every voter took part in all the proceedings from the outset) for *less than one-tenth* of the voters in a Congressional District to elect a representative for the whole?

This possibility can be numerically demonstrated. Assume thirty-one townships constituting such district, each to contain one thousand voters, and to be divided into ten school districts of one hundred voters. Six of the ten school districts in one township contain each fifty-one Republicans and forty-nine Democrats; primary meetings are held in each school district to select delegates to the township meetings, which delegates will elect other delegates to the Convention of the Congressional District which nominates the candidate for Congress on behalf of the party. In each of the said six school districts twenty-six of the fifty-one Republicans vote for a delegate to the town meeting, who will vote for another delegate to the nominating Convention of the Congressional district, who will vote for "A" as the party candidate; twenty-five Republicans prefer "B" and vote accordingly. In each of the other four school districts are forty-nine Republicans and fifty-one Democrats, but all the Republicans in them are for "B." Nevertheless, though but 156 in the township are for "A," and 346 are for "B," an "A" delegate is sent by the township to the nominating convention, and we will suppose this operation to be repeated in six townships similarly apportioned. The remaining five

townships each contain 498 Republicans and 502 Democrats; the Republicans are all for "B," but can send only fifteen delegates to represent 7,968 voters, while the "A" men have sixteen to represent 2,496 voters and "A" is nominated and *elected*, though the Congressional District contains 2,496 "A" men, 13,006 "B" men, and 15,498 Democrats. Thus 2,496 men virtually elect a representative for 31,000, to say nothing of women!

Perhaps the principle will be more easily comprehended by the following illustration: Twenty-five persons, instead of electing directly a person to represent them, divide into five bodies of five persons each; in three of those bodies three members of each are for "A" and two for "B;" in the other two bodies, all are for "B;" but each body of five elects a delegate, and three of these delegates are for "A" and only two for "B," though in the whole twenty-five there are but nine for "A," while sixteen are for "B." The oftener this operation is repeated—the more indirect the vote—the smaller will be the minority required to elect, and the greater are the opportunities for manipulation. But even were the vote direct, it is obvious that where parties are nearly equal in numbers and each party nearly equally divided as to preferences, a slight excess over one-fourth of the whole vote virtually elects a representative.*

These, it may be alleged, are extreme cases; but their possibility indicates the radical unsoundness of the districting principle to which such conventions are an indispensable adjunct. To call a government based on such radical injustice a representative democracy, when it is neither representative nor democratic, is to justify the remarks of Cardinal Bona and others—the use of words is less to express than to conceal ideas.

Moreover, the preceding calculations ignore the fact that

* It is probable that the whole matter can be condensed into an algebraic formula. What says Professor Ewell?

nominating conventions are largely composed of plastic materials, easily molded by political managers in favor of personal ends, and that consequently the candidates thus nominated will be in general much inferior to such as would spontaneously be selected in the modes hereinafter specified.

The salt which saves our government from utter corruption consists of what the delegate to Congress from the District of Columbia terms "a large and respectable class of citizens," who "do not take as much interest in party success as we do, but rather look to the good which is to result from selecting this or that party nominee." To secure the votes of this class party managers sometimes bring out their best men, though in the habit of designating this element as "loose fish," "on the fence" and other "pet names." Fourier remarks that the little good which is found in the civilized order is exclusively due to dispositions contrary to civilization. This is certainly the case with our political system, which would fall to pieces of its own weight, but for the help of those whom it cannot corrupt. Or, as Louis Blanc remarks, on another subject, you go outside of your system in order to find means to maintain it.

The theory, alike of our government and of our advanced religious thought, tends directly toward the freest expression of individuality in their respective spheres; while political mechanisms tend to produce the most cringing cowardice on the part of those who are at once slaves and tyrants. The church excommunicates because a member has outgrown its creed; the party expels because a member has outgrown its platform or dares to disobey its caucuses by exercising his private judgment in voting for the best man instead of the party nominee. As a congregation will dismiss its pastor because he is true to his intellect and conscience at the expense of his creed, so party managers dismiss faithful public servants because they are true to their country at the sacrifice of their party description of party is worse than the

dismissed pastor may still preach, at a reduced salary, to such as prefer to hear him ; while a legislator is held in the most abject subservience to any one controlling a few votes who may prevent his nomination or election, he at the same time holding the whip over office-holders, expectants and their friends in his district.

The correspondence between sect and party being thus complete, how long will those who are emancipated from the former remain slaves to the latter ? It is asked in reply, Admitting the evils, what are the remedies ?

The theory of present representative methods seems to be that a certain number of voters are entitled to a representative. A Congressional District averages about 31,000 voters, a majority of whom elect a member, if they all vote. All the modification required is to provide that 31,000 voters *anywhere*—at least in any one State—may elect a member. If less than 16,000 voters in one district (leaving out of view, for the present, the objectionable methods of nomination) can return one member, why are not nearly twice that number in two, three, or twenty such districts, equitably entitled to the same privilege ? Let there be no dodging behind legal fictions of representation, but come squarely down to *the facts and equities*. How can this equity be secured ? There are four or more methods, but two of which will be here specified.

1. Abolish congressional and legislative districts, as well as municipal wards ; give every voter as many votes as there are members to be elected, to be distributed as he sees fit. In the State of New York, for instance, every voter for a member of the House of Representatives, would have *thirty-one* votes, so that a minority of not less than *one thirty-first* of all the voters in the State, no matter in what part of the State resident, could elect an actual representative ; that is, about 31,000 voters *anywhere* in the State, no matter how scattered, could elect a member. This is called the cumulative vote.

Better still, as proposed by Archibald Hobbs, A.M., of England : Let each voter have one vote only ; divide the

whole number of votes in State or municipality by the number of candidates to be elected; the quotient gives the quota; those candidates obtaining it are at once elected; each surplus is transferred, by the candidate having it, to such other candidate as he may choose who is short, transferred votes counting the same as original. The number of such would, however, diminish at each successive election, as the strength of candidates became better understood. Changes in representation would be just as gradual as changes in public opinion and sudden revolutions become impossible; original, decided, independent, sagacious persons would naturally come to the front in place of trimmers and tricksters, made such, in great part, by their position; ostracism would cease; all phases of thought would be represented in proportion to numbers of respective advocates; but in legislatures thus elected radical thinkers—now excluded, or if admitted tongue-tied—would exercise more than mere numerical influence; even the lowest class of voters, free to choose, unhampered by party machinery, would elect better men than themselves, instead of worse. Indeed, it would be no marvel if by direct selection the most criminal and least intelligent classes should obtain better representatives than do now the least criminal or most intelligent congressional districts.

But to-day advanced thinkers are completely disfranchised. Woman suffrage would not, under the present representative methods, weaken the power of mediocrity and intrigue. Spiritualists and Liberalists especially need representation *as such* in the absence of which they are taxed, directly and indirectly, to an extent which few of them realize, to support churches and their adjuncts, thus crippling for want of funds, instrumentalities for diffusing their own views and educating their children. Institutions representing not over the community are thus permitted to tax the wh
cumulate property which is untaxed; while let
the effect that bequests for unsectarian ed
promotion of free thought are invalid, as b

mores, virtually confiscate all property held for such purposes. Thus religious equality is as much of a sham as representative democracy.

Those freed from religious bondage would, under proportional representation, find their field of action much enlarged. Legislation, by means of an influential and outspoken minority in legislatures, would become broad, humanitarian, constructive, reformatory rather than punitive—penetrating to the brutalities of lunatic asylums, reform-schools, prisons, poor-houses, etc., now controlled, much to the detriment of the inmates, by sectarian and party influences. Our brothels and liquor saloons would be almost emptied by such superior attractions as city councils, influenced by “heretic” members, would provide.* But under the present system it is difficult to propose and impossible to carry any effective reformatory measures.

The Hobbs system is also applicable to the election of executive officers directly by the people, by enacting that candidates shall transfer to one of three or four having the highest votes until by such transfer one obtains a majority of the whole vote.

As Spiritualism simplifies religion by bringing proofs of a future life within the reach of the many, so proportional representation simplifies legislation by making legislators the immediate and spontaneous choice of the voters. As priests stand between man and God, so politicians stand between the people and their representatives. As, therefore, Spiritualism encounters the hostility of priests and Pharisees, so proportional representation must encounter that of politicians and scribes. As creeds and books fetter our aspirations for a higher religion, so do platforms and parties fetter those for

* Drinking places are said to have been unremunerative in the vicinity of the London Crystal Palace. A mining town in England has been radically reformed by provisions for Sunday recreation and instruction. Cheap fruit diminishes the sale of liquors, etc.

a higher political life; creeds are the platforms of religion, platforms the creeds of politics. Neither fix belief; both make hypocrisy respectable because compulsory. As the true patriot cannot be a sectarian, so the religious liberalist cannot be a political partisan but by being false to his intuitions—sinning against that Holy Spirit within. Those who repel the demands of hoary churches, actually or virtually claiming infallibility, will not continue to heed the requirements of transitory parties, making no such claim, though acting as if entitled to the most slavish obedience of their votaries.

While at first Spiritualism may be often aggressive and sometimes destructive, its tendency is to catholicise truth—to extract from all religions the fundamental truths which they embody. Unitizing in a comprehensive system their various facts and diverse doctrines, we can at the same time disregard the husk which—until this harvest-time of the ages—has enveloped them, and rise above the sectarianism of their advocates.

Now let us carry this spirit into politics—the science of regulating the collective action of communities for the good of all. Sectism in thought ultimates in partisanship in deed; hence government by parties; while a catholic spirit in religion becomes statesmanship in government, accepting and adopting all that is valuable from any source, regardless of parties, personalities or antecedents.

But this cosmopolitanism, catholicity or Spiritualism—for “these three are one”—finds as little scope in parties as in churches, and its increase demands modes of expression which the one can as little supply as the other. Spiritualism penetrates beyond its nuclei, initiating habits of independent thought on *all* subjects; thus rapidly decreasing the number and zeal of devotees before political as well as ecclesiastical shrines. While at present you are pinned down to a choice between two candidates, one of whom agrees with you on one issue and may differ on everything else, so that on

or two issues can be voted on at a time ; on the proportional plan it would not be difficult to vote *effectively* for a candidate who represents your views on all public questions ; so that legislatures would fully represent their constituents not on one point but on all.

It will be asked, Who advocates these new plans? Have they been tried? Were both questions susceptible only of a negative answer, the truth and equity would be the same ; a century ago *any* system of representative government without king, aristocracy or state church, was regarded as a Utopian dream. But well does Louis Blanc ask : " Who is the real dreamer—the real Utopian? Is it he who, at any given epoch, takes account only of existing conditions the duration of which is manifestly impossible, or he who principally considers facts not yet in existence, but whose appearance is inevitable and imminent ? "

In this case, however, the facts already exist. Among the advocates of proportional representation are Ex-Senator Buckalew, of Pennsylvania ; John C. Forney ; Edward Chamberlain, of the labor reform movement ; Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton ; Hon. D. H. Chamberlain, late Attorney-General of South Carolina ; the executive committee of a " tax-payers' convention " which met in that State last May ; Gen. John A. Dix and the " Committee of Seventy " in New York city ; Mayor Medill, of Chicago, and probably many others. English school boards and a portion of the Danish legislature are thus elected. Under the new constitution of Illinois the lower house of that legislature is elected by districts returning each three members, and each voter has three votes, so that a minority of one-third can secure a member. The first election under it was held this fall. Mayor Medill sees " no assaults on the new system in the Illinois papers," and is of opinion " that the press and people are well pleased with the operation of the experiment of cumulative voting and proportional representation ; and unless it develops some hidden weakness in the future, it will be permanently retained in our Constitution and

extended to other branches and departments of our State government. * * The aggregate representation is exactly in proportion to the numerical strength of each party."

The *Chicago Tribune* states that "the principle of minority representation has been fully vindicated by its results." It may be reasonably anticipated that when smaller minorities are represented, and a still larger latitude of choice thus secured, its benefits will be greatly increased. This mode of representation may be defined as the *application of the principle of natural selection to political science.*

As to the practicability of so far overcoming vested interests and antiquated conceptions as to compel legislators to adopt such methods, it may be observed that a little hesitation on the part of half a dozen leading men in 1776 would have left totally untried the degree of self-government in existence to-day, and that Spiritualists and Liberalists are sufficiently numerous to compel, by withholding or transferring their votes, one or both parties to adopt *and carry* the principle of minority or proportional representation into practice, whereby the circulation of their views would be increased in the ratio that the circulation of secular papers exceeds that of those especially devoted to Liberalism and free thought. Papers now refusing even an inch of space to anything on that side would be compelled to report whatever our representatives in legislatures might utter, and, moreover, could scarcely refuse the reasonable claims of those who would have and use political power. Religious liberals are no exception to the rule that a disfranchised class is invariably a wronged class; but when politically represented we shall have no more "*contra bonos mores*" decisions, no more legislative grants to sectarian institutions, and no more exemption of church property from taxation.

The spiritual, mental and religious elements, which they may seem to the casual observer, are the most influential because the most interior, and will finally shape the forms in their own image. As surely as Ch

called, working interiorly and invisibly, overthrew the seemingly invulnerable Roman empire, so surely will Spiritualism and free thought develop our political system in accordance with their requirements; thanks to the free-thinkers who brought it into the world, it can be developed and need not be destroyed.

Placed thus correspondently in the line of progress, government will outgrow its own etymology; ceasing to be punitive at first, it will cease to govern, but only *regulate* at last, and thus prepare the way for the supersession of the existing civilization by the reign of Universal Harmony. Under such education as it is the duty of the State to supply to all, and such life conditions as would consequently be placed within the reach of all, aggression would disappear and government become simply the machinery for associative work.

To recapitulate: The ideas of God and of a future life, commonly called "orthodox," properly appertain to despotic political conditions and are exotics even in a Democracy which is mainly theoretical. To merely permit the people to choose one of two candidates, previously selected by party machinery, cuts away the corners of orthodox doctrines, and may soon "improve them off the face of the airth." Again: those who have outgrown these dogmas, finding no expression of their mental conditions in present political forms, will compel their modification in accordance with the Declaration of Independence. Religious growth, by securing emancipation from the rule of party, will by introducing the most advanced and practical thinkers into our legislatures, complete mental emancipation by means of educational influences. Thus religion and politics will be brought into correspondence on the plane of the highest existing religious thought.

The tendency of Spiritualism is not only to freedom but to spontaneity, causing an instinctive gravitation to the true and right and as instinctive a recoil from their opposites; whereby

we should at once know our genuine representatives. We should make few or no mistakes in our choice of representatives were the selection *natural*—that is, untrammelled by arbitrary divisions and localities. Spiritualism, when it enters the domain of politics, will tend to replace party strategy by spontaneity; and while it neither can nor should become itself a political party, it can and will determine the *principles* on which all governments shall be based. Spiritualists, forming no parties, will finally extinguish all, by means of this principle of proportional representation which does exact justice to majorities as well as minorities. Therein lies the path on which the world must travel, lead it who may. Party organizations are used mainly to stifle freedom of thought, freedom of speech and freedom of action—procrustean beds whose tendency is ever to contract, never to expand, and making our so-called representatives cowards and slaves as well as tyrants. We must emancipate them as well as ourselves; we have no right to place men in positions which virtually compel them to forego their manhood. As preachers fear to speak their own thoughts, because people-ridden, and the people fear to hear the truth, because priest-ridden, so political leaders and their constituents mutually enslave each other. Priests and people, legislators and constituents, alike cower under their own institutions; tremble before their own shadows; ensconce themselves in strait jackets. The thing that is made for them, becomes their master; “things are in the saddle and ride mankind.” The tendency of Spiritualism interiorly, and the development of proportional representation exteriorly, will place *man* in the saddle. Their relation is that of church and State; what the church—the interior or religious element—is, the State will be; what to-day are ideas, to-morrow become institutions. The thoughts of Voltaire and Paine ultimated in the French and American revolutions; our more positive thoughts must finish the work which they began. The inward growth, to become permanent and extended, must find expression in the

Our convictions as to the nature and laws of the spirit, and of the consequent relations of the future life to the present, must find expression in education, in science, in society, in government. Failing in this, they wither uselessly in our souls. As the unused limb shrinks; as the inactive brain loses its power, and the dormant mind tends to imbecility; so those germs of a diviner life which we may have elaborated from our own souls, or received from those gone before, must lose their luster, if not imparted to the world. In view of that kinship based on universal law—reaching from the highest to the lowest, and compelling us to give in order that we may continue to receive—let us see that our inheritance from the immortal becomes not sterile by neglect.

“O star-eyed Science, hast thou wandered there
“To bring us back an image of despair?”

And can Spiritualists, claiming to receive light from the heavens, fold their arms before the corruptions of earth? Will they sink into the old church ruts, glorifying spirits out of the form and neglecting those in it? Have we not faith enough in the inherent love of justice, truth, and purity in the human heart to believe that “spiritual wickedness in high places” can be overcome, even if backed by the “principalities and powers” which control American as well as other governments? Do we not know that the bread cast upon the waters shall return to us? that every noble word and deed, unfruitful as it may externally appear, strikes some answering chord, has some effect, in one life or in another? that we shall see and know the results in future generations of our labors in the present?

Let education consist rather in the teaching of natural law than in merely cramming with facts; let the ruling powers in social intercourse be nature and reason, rather than custom and fashion; let the people be entirely unrestrained, by any organized interferences, from the largest liberty of choice of representatives; and we have the requisite substratum for

genuine mental and spiritual growth, whereby the law of correspondence is completed and the requirements of analogy satisfied. How soon this can be done is for a few to determine. A little hesitation on the part of half a dozen persons in 1776 might have left the experiment of self-government wholly untried to-day ; and, thanks to priests and politicians, it is not half tried yet. But enough has been done to render it easy to complete the work so well begun—to secure a genuine representative Democracy which shall be a fitting frame to a beautiful picture of mental and spiritual manhood.

It is said that the family motto of Pio Nono was “ *mastai Ferretto* ”—“ Ferretto never stands still.” On assuming his present position he tried to be progressive, failing in which he endeavored to stand still, but was speedily compelled to go backward, and has been “ apocatastasising ” ever since. This is just how we (Spiritualists) are situated. We must either go forward or backward ; we must either incarnate our doctrines in our lives and in the life of the State, or go to our graves leaving no traces of our work, willing to our descendants an inheritance of despotism and gloom, and lamenting for centuries, in the Spirit-world, our own neglect of duty here. It required some degree of mental growth to secure such political freedom as we possess ; but we must increase our political freedom if we would expand—or even preserve—our religious liberty. The marriage between Church and State—between the religious and the political—is no mere civil contract, but a religious rite which admits but of little separation and no divorce. To secure the best government, we must improve our religion ; to secure the best religion, we must improve our government.

THE FALLEN ANGEL.

BY THOMAS L. HARRIS.

I.

A CITY rocked in the earthquake's din,
Its roofs and its pinnacles toppling in :
A shattered Ship, with its ghastly freight,
Slow sinking down 'neath the tempest's weight :
A nation, mown by the scythe of war,
With its children bound to the victor's car :
A people, crowding the halls of death,
Heaped like pale leaves by the famine's breath :
Oh ! these are awful and dread to see,
But a darker vision I bring to thee.

II.

A living Babe, on the dead, cold breast
Of its Mother, frozen to marble rest :
A starving Child, while the sleet falls hoar,
Driven with blows from the rich man's door :
A Prisoner, bound in the dungeon halls,
Where no ray of hope or of sunshine falls :
A Martyr, chained to the crackling fire,
While the mob grow drunken with blood and ire :
Oh ! these are awful and dread to see,
But a darker vision I bring to thee.

III.

A gentle Girl, with her dove-like eyes,
Blossoms 'neath the glow of her home's glad skies,
Her heart o'erbrimming with love divine,
As a diamond chalice with precious wine,
But the Spoiler comes with his specious wiles,
Like a Demon *wills*—like an Angel smiles :

Then blossoms the soul of that beautiful one,
 As a rose unfolds 'neath the ardent sun,
 And her life grows joyous—but woe is me,
 Dark is the vision I shew to thee.

IV.

She has left her home, she has made her nest
 In the fancied truth of that chosen breast ;
 But his love was lust, and his troth a lie,—
 He sates his passion and flings her by ;
 He flings her by, and his leprous kiss
 Blisters at last, and with demon hiss
 He bids her live—ah, treacherous breath,
 On the price of virtue—the sale of death.
 Dark is the vision I shew to thee,
 But a darker sight there is yet to see.

V.

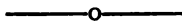
“I am spoiled by Falsehood—not leagued with sin,
 I will seek my home, it will fold me in :
 It will not be long, for this aching grief,”
 She murmurs, “will bring me the cypress wreath.”
 But, ah, she is spurned from her father's door—
 The bosom that fed her will own her no more—
 And her old companions breathe her name
 With a scornful sneer, and a word of shame.
 Dark is the vision I shew to thee,
 But a darker shadow is there to see.

VI.

Her soul grew wild with that last despair,
 Her lips moved then—but it was not prayer :
 “They drive me with curses from virtue's way,
 I was once betrayed—I will now betray.”
 She nerved with the wine-cup her thin, frail form ;
 She wreathed her lips with a dazzling scorn ;
 She sold her charms in the streets at night :
 Her lips were poison—her glances blight.
 Dark is the vision I shew to thee,
 And its closing shadow is yet to see.

VII.

The sleet swept bleak through the silent mart,
 O'er a dying form and a dying heart :
 She sank on the pavement cold and bare ;
 Her shroud was wove by the snowy air :
 The scornful lips, and the woe-worn face,
 Smoothed down into childhood's peaceful *grace*.
 The Guilty *here* spurned the child of sin,
 But the Angels *there* bade her welcome in.
 Dark is the vision I've pictured *thee*,
 What hast *thou* done that it may not be ?



MUSIC OF THE SHELLS.

THE Poet whose spirit was alive and awake to the great organ music of the spheres, heard the stars

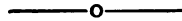
“ Nightly to the listening earth,
 Repeat the story of their birth ; ”

and every one whose soul is attuned to the sublime harmonies of Nature, may feel and inwardly comprehend the song. Authentic history does not record the origin of artificial music and musical instruments. We wander about in the wild regions of Mythological Romance for the shepherd's pipe, and the simplest form of the Lyre. It is said that Jubal invented the last mentioned instrument, and that he was worshiped.

“ When he struck the chorded shell,
 His listening brethren closed around—
 And wondering, on their faces fell
 To worship that celestial sound ;
 Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
 Within the hollow of that shell,
 Which spoke so sweetly and so well.”

The worshipers of Jubal who found God in a shell, were wiser than modern Atheists, who never found him at all. As he is *in all things*,

every object in Nature is a Divine teacher. There is primitive music in the emerald halls of Ocean, and a rude Sanscrit language is spoken from the abyss. The deep voices are never silent, and there is no pause in the mysterious music. Every empty shell that the wild waves bear to the shore, inherits that mystical tongue, and breathes in audible murmurs the chorus of the sea forever.



SOULS AND SCENES IN SPIRIT LIFE.

BY FANNY GREEN M'DOUGAL.

NUMBER TWO.—THE HEAVENS.

A GAIN I was awakened from a fit of profound abstraction by the well-known voice of the Sage, Swedenborg. "Come, my son," he said, "let us now go abroad in the Heavens, and behold the spirit that inspires and creates them."

As if the very will had been a word of enchantment, we were instantly translated into a scene of surpassing peace and beauty.

"I need not ask you to define this!" I exclaimed, as we entered. "It is the Heaven of the Poets."

"Truly, my son," he answered. "Breathe it; drink it; absorb its power; for this is thy native element—thy most interior essence and germ life."

The Feeble cannot compass the Strong. The Small cannot control the Great. The Finite cannot comprehend the Infinite. Neither can any description do more than dimly shadow forth the great glory, that everywhere breathed into bloom. Sublime vistas of indescribable mellowness and depth, rounded and wound away, into infinite series of beauty and grandeur; and all natural objects were, or seemed crystallized in their most enchanting forms. Yet their pureness was neither cold nor fixed; but, on the

everything was instinct with an overflowing fullness of life. Lovely children, clothed with immaculate whiteness, came and looked at us with their large and lustrous eyes, reminding me of that fine picture of the "Baby Angels" in Joan of Arc.

Bower within bower would open as we gazed, each unfolding starrier flowers, or blushing into softer heart-blooms. Wonderful combinations and shades of color bannered every hill, bloomed on every bank, and spangled every tree. Sky within sky, heaven beyond heaven, continually arched and opened; for the landscape was like drapery that swayed in the wind, now high, now low, now close and hovering, now wide and far away; and its constantly changing folds stirred with every breath.

And as the landscape, so was the intelligence, mingled and wrought together. Eye within eye, heart within heart, and soul within soul, these sublime spirits were interwrought and mingled. I shrunk back with awe, feeling my own unworthiness to enter the bright portals of Immortal Genius.

A spirit came forward and saluted me. The Scottish thistle and the tarlatan plaid seemed to shine out of him, as a reminiscence of Nationality, while his whole strongly-marked Individuality was illuminated with his own unrivaled song: "A Man's a Man, for a' that."

As he led me into the midst, I grasped the manly hand, and knew the noble spirit of the ploughman, Burns.

One after another they came forward and embraced and blessed me; and in this movement they always observed the order of my own preference. I knew them all. No one had need to say, "This is Moore," or, "This is Dante." The Individuality always announced itself.

Songs of welcome woke again, swelled and repeated by a thousand voices, caught and prolonged by a thousand harps. Of this music I have no power to speak. Description fails; for language fades away and dies in the bare conception of it. It was at once the compass of all grandeur, and the most intimate essence of all sweetness.

To have heard it unprepared, with a crude heart, and ear and soul untutored, would have been certain and instant death. Even as it was, I gasped, I panted in the almost ineffectual effort to match my weakness with its strength, my crudeness with its infinitely fine and piercing potencies. The very sense of pleasure drew on the heart-strings with a strain so tense, they seemed nigh to breaking. It was ecstasy acuter than pain.

But with this struggle came the reacting power. A sea of harmony was breathing, throbbing, heaving round me. Stretching away into unknown distance, it gathered itself up into mountain waves, and then came rolling, booming back, with its vocal volumes of sweetness and power. Would I be swallowed up? Would I be absorbed and annihilated in the swelling flood, that still swept onward? No. No. I caught the power and became one with it. I cast myself on the coming wave. It bore me up—up! *up!* into the inner Heaven of Harmonies. What is there cannot be told. Neither can a fitting image of it be brought away. Everything seemed annihilated but that most wonderful harmony, and the sense that could feel it and live.

How I was borne back I know not; for the spirit fainted with excess of rapture. This was my Initiation.

The power of my Guide reanimated and restored me. And then I could perceive more clearly the real character and true interest of the scene. I was surprised to observe the business-like order which everything suddenly assumed.

"You see," said Burns, who seemed drawn to me by an irresistible attraction, "that here there are no drones. We are not merely singers, but workers also. You would find, should you come near enough, that every one of these groups is actually a committee. All have their distinct plans, powers and purposes. And these, again, are resolved by their representatives into a Committee of the Whole."

"Of what nature is their action?" I asked.

"Here there is but one principle of interest

1

that is Humanity," answered the Sage ; for the Poet at that moment was summoned away, by a necessity for his presence in the group to which he belonged.

"To this," continued the Sage, "all efforts and all interests converge ; and by all our combined Wills, this immense power is concentrated and polarized. Could the people below feel now and then but a ray of this light, they would see there is yet hope for the groaning Earth, and a day of universal and permanent good for the heirs of Mankind."

"Why do you not, then, make people see this thing ?" I asked, almost reproachfully. "Why leave them to suffer thus, without reason and without need ?"

"Dost thou not see," he responded, "that their capacity of sight is not yet unfolded to the requisite degree ? Milk is for babes ; meat only for strong men. We cannot, if we would, force development upon any. You see all these spirits separated into innumerable groups of well-defined powers and characters. They are grouped, as all other things are that act and move freely, by their Attractions. They who can best work in company consort together. They are all, now, either discussing or seeking to carry out in practice the best means of reaching and influencing circles below them."

I assented, but with difficulty, to his proposition, it seemed so clear to me that these spirits might, with all their combined potencies, take some more direct methods for effecting their ends. That dark fact, the existence and predominance of Evil, was an old stumbling-block. I was not yet wise or strong enough to escape it.

"Remember the lesson of the Hells," said the Sage, answering to the Thought he read. It is the same here, the same everywhere. There is no true expansion without growth—no true ascent without progress. And growth, as you well know, is a vital process, that must be mainly moved and maintained by the inherent vital forces. Hence you cannot force a true natural growth upon any being or

any thing. You must lay the foundation broad and strong, before you build. An attempt to rear the superstructure before you deposit the base is not more vain and futile than any effort to make a man wise before his time, and beyond his power."

"I confess myself in the wrong," I answered; "but I was quite carried away by an ineffectual desire to reach and comfort the sufferers."

"It is even so," he responded, "but this fervor will be tempered by a truer observation and a larger experience. Look again, and tell me what thou seest."

As my sight followed the direction of his hand, I beheld one vast outflowing circumference of life and beauty. I gasped for breath as the radiance broke upon me. It was an immense river of light, flowing down an inclined plane and sweeping away into infinite distance.

"But what is the meaning of yonder cloud?" I asked, pointing to a broad plain of darkness, that lay beneath and nearly parallel to the down-flowing light.

"That," he answered, "is a representation of crude human life, in the undeveloped and depraved masses of mankind."

"O how deplorable!" I exclaimed, turning from the chilly darkness with an intense shudder.

"Not altogether so," he answered mildly. "Look yet more closely."

As I did so, I perceived that the crust of the cloud was very thin in many places, in others quite broken, lighting the shadows, opening loop-holes, and letting in flecks and streams of light, more or less broad and perfect. Looking through these I beheld earnest faces, uplifted hands, and kindling eyes, all turned strongly toward the light, as if invoking its presence and its power.

"It is nature," said the Sage. "Warp it as you may, and bind it as you may; yet with the first moment of freedom it will begin to fetch itself round, and being free it will certainly accomplish it. The law is un-

From the bulb that bends back to the beam of light from a crack in your cellar-door, up to the man—the angel, everything after its kind—spontaneously seek the light. And thus are the Heavens, in a tempered and partial glory, let down to the Earth. Observe, my son, that as the more highly-favored ones develop, they shed forth beams of secondary splendor on all around them. Know, then, that a single impulse of good is infinite. Wave wakes wave, with ever multiplying motion. Feeling touches feeling. Thought stirs thought. And thus the tide sweeps on, gathering force with each rebound, bearing onward forever the pride and power, the genius and strength of ages. Nothing is lost. The very first ripple that woke in the dark, alone, on the remotest shore of Time, shall never be divested of itself. Though changing oceans may, for the time, absorb and swallow it up; yet true to the instinct of all being, it pushes ever onward, toward the Free, the True, the Perfect. There is no retrograde.

“ This principle which thou now beholdest is the love of Beauty, and the capacity of feeling its power. By this universal sympathy of mankind, this innate sense and love of the Beautiful, the Earth is yet to be redeemed. Among the great powers of Progress, the first is Beauty. Heart-Queen of the World! None are so blind as to be insensible to her power. And thus will she finally mold mankind after the model of her own fineness.”

Thus saying he waved his hand; the rainbow drapery seemed to fall between us and the distance; and once more all stood encompassed by the Heaven of Art; for here not only poets, but all other artists are represented and allied.

There was little opportunity for special observation, where the whole scheme of things was on so grand and vast a scale. But I observed that we stood in the center of an immense amphitheater, that seemed to be both circular and spiral. Round and near us were the more familiar groups. And these were also generally nearest in point of time.

But what astonished me, and doubtless may surprise you,

was to see that type which we, in our savage egotism, have dared to brand as specifically servile, represented by some of the richest heirs of Immortal Genius. Thus, even while I speak, Ignatius Sancho, the accomplished African, walks by, chatting gayly with his old correspondent, Sterne. The young Cuban poets, Juan and Placido, mingle their brightness unclipped with the great lights of Burns and Byron, Hemans, Scott, and Sappho, while the gentle and gifted Phillis Wheatly is discoursing sweetest music with the divine Dante.

“Do you think,” said the Sage, “that these spirits are less esteemed because they were Negroes, or Slaves, or that they are Slaves and Negroes still? You little know how the temporary eclipse out of which they have come reacts in radiations of immortal beauty and power. Before the very least and lowest of these the boldest Negro-hater would stand re-proved and dumb.”

I was also joyful to see that here, too, our own Indian race have their representative poets; for they

“Have dwelt with Beauty, and know all her forms,
When she is loveliest, in sweet Nature's home.
Blest with a happier fortune they had wrought
A name to live, eternal as the stars;
And even yet, in this more genial sphere,
The fervid Soul of Genius shall come forth
From its long twilight of the lower life,
Into the perfect morning, and compete
With brother angels for the highest crown.”

Here I observed how truly all Art is one, clothed in many forms, but inspired by one soul, and that is Music, or Harmony. And I saw, too, how characteristic features of it drew together men of all professions. Thus Homer, Michael Angelo and Beethoven might represent Burns, Hogarth, Goldsmith, Addison, and another; Shelley, Mozart, Raphael, and another; but with his universality of genius, Shakespeare all—all-compassing—all-pervading—as his own

Beyond and above all these I saw, and knew, Orpheus, Menu Shiraz, Sturleson, and all the great lights of the Scandinavian, Indian, Egyptian, and Persian Mythologies, authors of the Voluspa, the Vedas, and the Zend Avesta. The last and highest that I could see was the divine Isaiah, enveloped in robes of pure white light, and he seemed to be drawn out into a clearer sight by sympathy. Comparing myself with these immaculate ones, I shrunk back awe-struck and silent.

“ Know, then,” said the Sage, “ that of all these immense groups, the highest is as the lowest, the lowest as the highest ; and let this comfort thee. There is none so high but he has, directly or indirectly, ascended from the lowest grade. There is none so low but he yet has the capability of infinite aspiration and unlimited progress.”

Again we were transported to a scene wholly and strikingly different. The air was so still and deep it seemed as if no breath had ever stirred it. The heavens, the earth, and the whole scene, had the same still profound. This was the region of philosophers, of those great and calm Souls, who are unfolding practical truths for the good of mankind. Among them Franklin, Fulton, Archimedes, and Arkwright, appeared highly distinguished. These were divided into groups, as the others had been. Sometimes also a single individual was closeted alone by himself—that is, by his own will. Whenever a Spirit wishes to be alone, I saw that Will was a barrier, impenetrable as the thickest walls. No one can enter there uninvited. But many of these bosom cells were hospitably opened to me ; and in them I saw wonderful things, of which the possible idea has never yet dawned on the horizon of Earth. There were many types and models of Inventions; that must, some day, make greater revolutions in the Lower Land than have ever as yet been known. All kinds of machinery, with many modifications of Motive Power, passed in review before me. I observed that, in the progress of mechanical science, complication of forms and forces was rapidly passing into simplicity.

Next we entered the circle of Teachers ; and there I saw directly that what is true of Mechanics is eminently so of all other science, both spiritual and material. Humboldt and Cuvier have not yet finished their work ; nor have even Thales and Plato, and Seneca and Socrates. The longer a Spirit lives, the finer and more excellent is the power he generates. Hence his capacity of good service in any work must advance with his years. Through some inspired disciples of truth we shall yet have a more concise Cosmos, and a simpler classification of natural forms.

Next we entered the plane of Heroes and Warriors. Vast armies were marching and countermarching ; military tactics were discussed ; and all the machineries of war were examined and pronounced upon. In the inner portion of this sphere there was powerful concentration and intense stillness. Turning my thought into the common channel, I saw that the most powerful of these spirits, represented by Leonidas, Hannibal, Washington, Cæsar, Bonaparte, and Alexander, were impressing and aiding officers and men, then in actual engagement.* And thus I comprehended more clearly than ever the reasons of success or failure in the different degrees of intensity which this power assumes, and the different grades of receptivity in its media or material recipients. This also was apparent, that no powerful spirit *can* take sides with an unjust, ill-grounded war. Hence, in the long run, whatever may be the present hindrances, success must ultimately come to the Right.

Among the distinguished representatives of this principle, I was pleased to see how often old feuds were fused in present friendship. Julius Cæsar walked arm in arm with Brutus ; while Napoleon stood, face to face, in loving conversation with his old enemy, the equally grand and imperial Toussaint. And here, also, I observed that although the Negro race have never been regarded as brave, it was represented by a very

* This paper was written in the very midst of the late war.

large proportion of the highest heroism. And the reason for this is obvious. In a genuine struggle for freedom is called forth, at once, the boldest muscle and the intensest essence of the heroic power. Here the wrongs of History, which, as yet, have given little or no honor to the dark-browed Brave, are partially retrieved. Who will tell you of the deeds of Major Jeffrey, of Jude Hall, or the glorious Cuban poet, Placide? Among this race are thousands of nameless heroes, many of whom would take the highest rank. To use the beautiful words of Whittier, "Their bones whitened every field of the Revolution. Their feet tracked with blood the snows of New Jersey. Their toil built up every fortification South of the Potomac. They shared the famine and nakedness of Valley Forge, and the pestilential horrors of the old Jersey Prison Ship."

And yet who remembers them? But here, embosomed with the bravest, their brows are bound with chaplets of imperishable renown. Worthy of all honor and here *is* remembered the grand reply of the boy, James Forten. When the English Captain offered him a happy home, wealth and honor in England, in exchange for the Jersey Prison Ship, how grandly loomed up the Soul of the Poor Mulatto Boy as he answered, "No—no: I am here held a prisoner for the liberties of my country, and never shall I prove a traitor to her interests." Truly has it been said that "the Colored Race have shed their blood for a country that made them aliens, and proved themselves men in a land that denied their manhood."

In recognition of my thought the Seer smiled. "You are right," he said. "Always, by all means, urge this point; for you can now more clearly see how a radical misapprehension of its importance has been the most fertile source of wrongdoing and wrong-suffering among your people. While they took the strongest stand in behalf of freedom, they yet circumscribed the common heirship of human liberty. What they claimed for themselves they denied to others; and for

this immeasurable wrong they are now paying the penalty, in outflowing rivers of blood—in broken hearts and desolated homes. Had you been just, you would have been at peace this very day.”

At this word I saw that many brows were saddened and many spirits bowed themselves, with a look of profound sorrow.

“And yet,” said the Sage, “if considered as part of the great machinery of Progress, this very war, hard and cruel as it is, is not wholly accidental, nor yet without important designs and uses. When in the course of a long and prosperous period the heart of a people has waxed gross, a great national calamity acts like medicine; and bitter and nauseous as it may be, in due course of time it shall restore healthier conditions.

“You have been filled with wonder to see that here the right or propriety of war is recognized. Perhaps you do not understand the full spirit of this scene. The object of these councils is not the destruction of human life; but the grand question is, how to carry forward the essential operations of war with the best possible maintenance of all involved rights, and the least possible expense of human blood.

“But, as you surmise, the spirit of human warfare is transient, and now is rapidly subsiding into the more excellent heroism of a finer civilization. Men cannot meet and hew each other down in battle as they once did; and they are inventing destructive machines to do this drudgery for them. By and by there will be a yet truer appreciation, and the machines themselves will not be made: and they who meet to slay each other will be magnetized by brother eyes. Then will the Stronger say to the Weaker, ‘Come with me, and let us live and work in peace together.’ Then will he lead him to his broad lands, his spacious houses, his laden barns; granaries of overflowing fullness, saying, ‘Take according to thy needs, my brother; for are not all these good things as well as mine? Share the labor and divide the fruits.’

is the essence of all social and political economy. Let every man have all he needs, and none have any more. Then all will be richer and none poorer.

"This," added the Sage, after a moment's pause, "is the Spirit of the Millennium. It will come on widely-wafting wings of distribution. Then will all human power, which is now held in the iron bondage of necessity, be set free, to work, to build up, to improve, refine, invent—to multiply, by incalculable numbers, the means of Use and Power and Progress.

"But here," he added, as we turned back toward the Inner Heaven of Truth, "is a beautiful illustration of a great and well-known law, which pervades all nature, from the lowest mineral forms to the highest spiritual essences."

This Heaven, like the others, seemed arranged in a series of receding galleries; and as we stood in a side vestibule, the sight was unobstructed either above or below.

He passed his hand gently over my eyes, and, as I perceived, magnetized them, saying at the same time, "Now, behold."

Following the direction of the hand, I saw what seemed to be a sea of spiritual radiance, the particles of which appeared wholly inorganic and void of form. But on a closer inspection, I saw that it was an immense flood of Human Thought, flowing from the upper fountains and descending to the planes below. Innumerable essences of power, effort, will, and suffering, were not only typified and imaged here, but actually organized.

The radiance and perfection of their forms and characters transcend all expression; and yet they were microscopic, beyond the reach of any lens, save that of actual clear-sight. These were Thought-germs, born of the higher spheres, and flowing forth, a sea of Soul-shine, in the direction of the lower degrees. Confluent as they appeared in the superficial view, they were highly individualized. They were also born and sent forth with special relations to particular minds.

At first I was nearly blinded; and then the potentialized sense pleased itself with tracing and defining the multitudes of forms, powers, and uses, that were so radiantly mingled together in these embryonic floods, that shone like molten stars.

But, recalled by the Sage, my vision took a broader view. I looked through the spheres below, as they declined into almost infinite series, and saw that, wherever it was wanted, this germ-light was flowing in as fast and as far as it could. In short, the whole tendency and determination was to one grand level.

"O, beautiful!" I exclaimed, with a rapturous recognition of the truth. "This is Equilibrium."

"Truly so," answered the Sage. "All fluids tend to a level. This law is potent in the spiritual as in the material world. Truth flows down, naturally and necessarily, as water; and, whether we will or will not, we *must* give to those below us. Their wants invite our over-fullness, and even unknown to us the virtue will escape, and the descending Angel will be sure to find her home, where she is most truly sought and called for. When this law is once recognized in the Earth, there will be no more poverty—no more ignorance—for the present unnatural absorption of Learning and Wealth will be wholly and forever abolished."

Again the scene changed; and we passed into the Legislative and Congress halls—into the presence of patriots, and those who had given their lives for the love of mankind. I watched these assemblies with a pleased and interested eye. They were conducted with true parliamentary decorum. But as there were no apples of discord, in the shape of Ambition, or Selfishness in any of its forms, so there was no bickering, or ill feeling, as you too often see.

I thought at first that, for this reason, their debates
 be tame, and devoid of any real dramatic or life i
 But a very little observation showed the **mistake.**
 lines of Individuality were strongly defined, so th
 were chiefly maintained by honest differences c

honestly and kindly, but yet vivaciously and boldly uttered. I observed especially how frequent and free was the flow of wit and humor. And in view of pressing emergencies, there was not wanting a fire and zeal, ay, and a genuine eloquence, amounting almost to passion, one could hardly conceive of, in disenthralled spirits. And by being brought into certain connections, I could perceive that, in proportion to the concentration of this power, would be the effects produced, on corresponding or sympathetic minds in the Earth. Thus all observation has confirmed me in the faith, that Progressive Action is the highest law of the Spirit World. But there is also rest for those who need that element of renovation; and to such it is profound, indeed.

"Thus, my son, hast thou seen," said the Sage, "the Heavens of Beauty, and the Heavens of Truth. When we next go abroad, we shall visit the Heaven of Love, the abode of those supra-angelic Minds, that have given their lives for the good of Mankind—the great Teachers and Saviours of Men. As these have ascended from the Heavens of all spheres, so we term their dwelling-place the Heaven of Heavens."

"If it be more glorious than these, how shall I behold it and live?" was my earnest, but weak and faltering thought.

"Sufficient unto the day shall be the strength thereof," answered the Sage. "But hast thou not observed that in the region of mind, the higher the flight, the truer will be the kindness, the diviner the love?"

"I have noticed that principle," I replied, "that the highest are always most gentle and lenient to the poor and lowly."

"Thus it ever is," responded the Sage. "And when we reach heights where all the wisdom we have hitherto seen would be crude and cold—all the love ungenial and repulsive—there will the Soul, however weak and lowly it may be, obtain fuller possession of itself than ever it could before.

"But here," resumed the Sage, as we passed out of the

vestibule bordering on the Land of Beauty, "opens for us an instructive lesson. Ponder it well, and mark its meaning."

We entered a palace of finest crystals, or rather gems. These were so arranged that the play of colors was wrought into pictures of exceeding delicacy and beauty. These were continually changing, and they came and went rapidly like Dissolving Views.

These pictures represented human life in every form and phase of condition and power; and the walls were hung with them, inside and out. There were also many spirits who caught these images and rapidly disappeared. Following the direction of the Sage's hand, I saw that they were descending to Earth. A touch from the magnetizer invested my eyes with a horoscopic power, and they followed the flight. I saw then that these spirits had visited the Earth on the darkened, or Night-side. Many a still chamber did they enter, and lay the pictures before the mind of the sleeper.

Thus the maiden beheld her coming lover, the mother her lost or absent child; and the dying soldier, or sailor, the home and friends he will revisit no more.

There were also dark images, forms of sorrow and death, and the angels that bore them were enveloped in shadows and mystery.

"And these are dreams—visions!" I exclaimed, hardly daring to speak, lest I should dissolve the mystic spell of enchantment.

"Yes," answered the Sage. "Know, then, that thou hast entered and unveiled the secrets of the Palace of Dreams. And thus thou seest that our visions of the night are not born of air only, but they are tangible and real things."

"Why, then, do they not always portray the truth?" I asked. "If angels project them, why should they ever be false?"

"Thou hast but an imperfect measure of wisdom, my son," he replied. "The literal fact is not, by any means,

always the highest truth. But if dreams could be understood as they really are, they would always be seen to have a special meaning and a genuine point. The condition of Sleep is a temporary death ; and dreams are the experiences of the Soul in this state.

And you can now see why

“ ‘ Dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures and the touch of joy.’ ”

As we passed on in this review, I fell into sympathy with a dreamer of my own household ; and thus I was, almost unconsciously, once more brought back into direct correspondence with the people of Earth.

THE SILENT WEAVERS.

BY BELLE BUSH.

I NEVER speak a hasty word
But that my heart goes grieving ;
I never breathe an unkind wish
But soon I feel the weaving—
Within my own life's " tangled web "
Of threads that wish revealing,
By unseen hands placed deftly there
Love's brighter threads concealing.

I never crush a timid flower
By quick, or careless wending,
But that I seem to feel the pang
The bruised flower-heart rending.
I never tax another's hand
To give me ease, or pleasure,
But soon I hear a voice that says,
" Give thou, in equal measure."

I never wound, by judgments harsh,
 A sister, or a brother,
 But back the sentence comes to me,
 "Just as you judge another
 Shall you be judged ; and as you mete,
 To you that shall be measured ;"
 For every thought of every deed
 Is by the spirit treasured.

If saintly airs I e'er assume,
 Another's faults disdaining,
 I'm sure some secret wrong to find
 The victory o'er me gaining.
 And when with pride I walk, I think
 Humility is better ;
 For angels see thro' all disguise,
 And know each stain, and fetter—

That mars, or binds the spirit here
 To states of infruition,
 And ah ! they counsel us, in *love*
 To follow Love's tuition—
 And hold as sacred *all* the forms
 Of human life here given,
 The least of which, but sunshine needs
 And room to grow towards heaven.

The best, imperfect, tempted oft,
 And oft to passion swaying,
 As often from the heavenly way
 Thro' weakness blindly straying.
 Ah ! hard the task that Love reveals,
 And oft my heart goes grieving,
 Because life's brighter threads lie hid
 ' Neath those my faults keep weaving.

Ah, me ! I often feel the thrill
 Made by their silent weaving ;
 And with it comes the sudden jar
 Of chords within me grieving.

Whenever from my lips there falls
 A word of hate or scorning,
 Then quick, I hear Love's signal bells
 Ring out a voiceful warning—

Of act unkind, unworthy one
 Who hears the angels singing,
 While all the answering aisles above
 Are with their anthems ringing.
 Whene'er I doubt the tender care
 My footsteps ever guiding ;
 Or fear some good will be denied,
 Ah ! *then* I hear Love's chiding.

Love's gentle chiding whispered low,
 All apprehension stilling,
 And helping me in trust to say
 I'll *work* as God is willing.
 And as He leads I'll follow on,
 As one who needs direction,
 A child that, erring oft, requires
 As oft, His kind correction.

Oh ! would that I might thrill to songs
 That only Love is weaving,
 Then would I hush the mournful sound
 Of chords that now keep grieving ;
 But many imperfections mar
 The plans my heart is weaving—
 Hence, oft I feel the sudden jar
 Of chords within me grieving.

The more I strive to find the good
 The greater seems my weakness ;
 I hold not yet one perfect gift—
 What can I claim but meekness.
 Oh ! why is this ; whose hands are they
 Life's web so deftly weaving,
 That every thought, and every deed,
 Must give us joy, or grieving ?

And woven into the curious web
Of life must live forever ?
For bright or dark, no thread can we
From woof or warp dissever.
Ah, me ! the weavers are, and time
The flying shuttle, cleaving
Its way thro' all our life, with threads
To give us joy or grieving.

Ah, me ! too oft we feel the thrill
Of unseen fingers weaving—
Now in, then out the web of life—
Some threads that cause us grieving.
Oh ! would that we, from day to day,
With shining ones might fashion
The wondrous pattern of our lives,
Now often marred by passion.

Would that the world, ensphered in joy,
Harmonious lives revealing,
Might rise to higher states and deeds,
The darker threads concealing ;
Then Love and Wisdom, joined at last,
The truth from each receiving,
Would wake their rhythmic songs on earth
And still the voice of grieving.

DANGERS OF THE REPUBLIC.

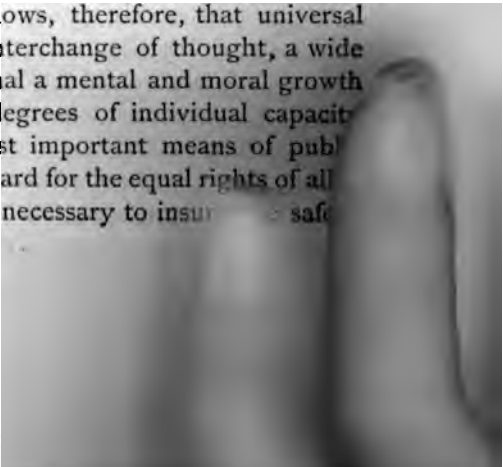
BY S. B. BRITTAN.

THE average intelligence and morality of any nation may be inferred from an examination of the personal characteristics of the men whom the people are most disposed to honor with their confidence. It may be safe, therefore, to form our judgment of the general character of a political party by the standard of the individual mind and morals of those who are selected as the exponents of its principles, and the representatives of its claims and interests. Not only do the intellectual capacity and moral standing of the representative serve as a general index to the common mind and character of his constituents, but we are thus enabled to wisely estimate the chances of future material progress, intellectual development and moral elevation of the community.

The sagacious statesman whose clear vision and profound judgment enable him to perceive and comprehend the chief dangers that menace the safety of the Republic, will not discover them in the hostile attitude of foreign nations. On the contrary, they exist *within our own borders*—in ignorance of the true principles of our Government; in a fatal apathy on questions of vital importance; and in the political infidelity of those who make and administer the laws. If the Republic ever falls from its proud eminence it will be from the operation of these causes. The nation is not necessarily powerful in proportion to its physical development. The mountain oak falls heavily in the path of the tempest, and a giant may be smitten with palsy. The continual expansion of our territory without a corresponding development of the power of national assimilation, only renders our situation one of increasing danger. This rapid aggregation of foreign elements, in the

absence of a central attraction to bind them together, may imperil the Union and render our destiny uncertain.

The old distinctions of caste are incompatible with the nature of our institutions. Under a representative government no class can be held in subordination without endangering the State. The ordinary inequalities that almost inevitably separate different classes in the community—if they lead to any form of political or social ostracism—may terminate in public hostilities and national disintegration. These evils are most likely to appear when and where the jurisdiction of a government extends over a vast territory, and embraces people of diverse tastes, habits, pursuits and interests. In such cases the difficulties in the way of national unity are likely to be many and complicated. Even a wide difference in the degrees of mental culture and moral development—of the people of different sections—may occasion mutual misapprehension, develop local prejudices, arouse the destructive passions, and thus lead to sectional hatred and strife of so serious a nature as to threaten the stability of the government. The shade that surrounds the light of the lamp is broken when the flame and the consequent expansion are unequal on its opposite sides. In like manner, if the people in one part of the country are free, enlightened, progressive, and hospitable to new ideas and improved methods of life, while in the opposite section they are unduly restrained, ignorant, conservative, and hostile to every liberal conception and enterprise, the union may almost as naturally be dissolved from the operation of this cause, as a glass globe may be broken by a rapid expansion of one side only. It follows, therefore, that universal education, a free and general interchange of thought, a wide diffusion of knowledge, and withal a mental and moral growth as nearly equal as the several degrees of individual capacity will allow, are among the most important means of public security. These, with a just regard for the equal rights of all—even the humblest citizen—are necessary to insure the safety of the Republic.



The idea that the national strength is to be determined by the length of geographical lines is a delusion. Nor is it to be found in the size of the Army and Navy. Superficial politicians look for it in an *inventory!* They call the roll; they count the carbines and the cannon; they weigh the round and chain-shot, and measure out the saltpeter and charcoal. The Secretary of War puts down the figures, and the newspapers report the measure of strength possessed by the nation. The relative proportions of its different elements are thus clearly determined by numbers, by avoirdupois, or by the bushel! Then the people read the report, and they sleep soundly because the nation is strong, and there is no danger.

But these superficial indications of national greatness and power may be all deceptive. A nation's strength does not depend so much on the number of its inhabitants, the durability of its fortifications and the abundance of its stores and means of defence, as it does on *the integrity and intelligence of the people*. This is more especially true under a representative government. Men may theorize as they will, but the nation is always weak when the sources of its power are corrupted, and there is a moral poison in the springs of its political existence. When the common life of a people becomes artificial and sensual; when their rulers are actuated by a misguided and selfish ambition, that only aims at personal aggrandizement, and at partisan interests and triumphs, we shall look in vain for real strength and permanent security.

We are not merely giving expression to a conviction of to-day, inspired by a knowledge of our late national experiences. This will appear from the following passage, extracted in substance from an oration delivered by the writer, at Bridgeport, Connecticut, in 1844:

There is an impressive lesson in the rise, progress and fall of the early Republics, and in the history of all nations, that should not be forgotten. Their experience admonishes us to

guard our institutions with a vigilance that never sleeps. And yet, we neither pause to count the cost of our freedom, nor heed the dangers to which it is exposed. Doubtless, a constant tide of good fortune hastened the "decline and fall of the Roman Empire." It will be well for the interests of civilization if, in our case, the same causes do not produce similar results. When Rome was young, and her mountain home consecrated by the virtues that exalt humanity, she was unconquerable. But at length she fell from the "bad eminence" of her vain ambition, in the period of great apparent strength,—only because the moral restraints and active virtues of the people were no longer commensurate with her physical development. To-day, there is not a nation on earth whose government is corrupt and whose citizens are selfish and depraved, that enjoys an exaltation worth possessing. The high places of an unscrupulous ambition are slippery places, from which the proudest natures surely fall. And this is the sad story, briefly told, of all the great empires and imperial dynasties of the world.

The order of Nature and the programme of the historic drama, are not likely to be reversed that the infidelities of men and nations may be immortalized. Like Rome we were strong when we were weak ; and shall it hereafter be said of us, that our great apparent strength was but the specious covering of intrinsic and fatal debility. We are misled by appearances, and the pet conceits of capricious masters. We search for the elements of power where they are not to be found, and overlook the great moral forces that render individuals illustrious and nations invincible. We go on increasing the family of States while the central bond is growing weaker. And yet we can not resist the conviction, that the internal power of cohesion must be equal to the aggregation of outward elements to insure the national safety. This state of things unhappily does not exist in our country. On the contrary, the political cohesive attraction is diminished ; only by existing sectional repulsions, but by every attempt

assimilate the incongruous elements of distant peoples, whose ideas, habits, customs and civilization are all unlike our own. The most ponderous bodies are first to yield to the natural law of gravitation, and from the causes already suggested we may yet fall from our high estate.

Not less fatal than this blind infatuation is the deep depravity of many of our political leaders. I refer to no particular party, but to all parties, since all have been guilty. Consider the means employed to defeat the popular will in the choice of our rulers. In the better days of the Republic men were esteemed for their devotion to the national constitution; they were honored because they respected the principles of reciprocal justice and the claims of public morality. But in these degenerate days—especially in our populous cities—the political value of a man is often estimated by a very different standard. Whoever will give the most money to insure the success of his candidate may assume the front rank among the votaries of his own political creed. The mere harlequin and the bravo who, by fraud and force, can obtain the largest number of votes, are presumed to possess an envied distinction. It is a preëminence that noble minds should scorn. This bold abandonment of principle; this unreasoning devotion to a selfish and soulless political policy; this corruption of the ballot-box, and virtual sacrifice of all that is sacred in the suffrage;—these felonious assaults upon the national honor and the principles of public justice, endanger the most sacred interests of our country. The reckless spirit that thus defames and defiles the national character must be restrained. The men who practice such things strike at the foundation of popular freedom and democratic institutions. Their professions of interest in the public welfare are false, and their consciences are blistered with lies. They are the assassins of Liberty! These Vandals would not hesitate to pull down the pillars of the constitution and ride to power over the scattered pages of their country's laws.

On the eve of the great Rebellion the writer had occasion

to record the following expression of his views on the impending national disaster :

With calm deliberation and a resolute purpose, tempered by a serene and solemn trust in God, we approach the national trial, and the practical demonstration of our unmeasured capabilities and unyielding spirit. The elements are at work beneath the surface, and the current of events is rapidly bearing us on to great and fearful issues. The ordeal will doubtless explode our false ideas, demolish many old political idols, revive our patriotism for a little season, and, possibly, do something to purify the government. It will expose the dark devices of traitors and other criminals to public observation. By its fearful attritions it will remove the gilding from the holiday heroes and sham-patriots of the time, and leave a multitude of political hobby-riders *hors de combat*.

But war, at best, is terrible and mournful in many of its aspects and consequences. But it may be useful as a scourge for national transgressions, and as a means of breaking up the chronic evils of centuries. It may accomplish this end in our experience. It is well if the perfection of our modern infernal engines shall serve to hasten the termination of the deadly strife, and to render the occasion for such struggles less frequent in future. The clouds that gather over governments and peoples ; the storms that break with desolating power above the political fabrics of the world leave the sky clear, the atmosphere calm, and the sun bright as ever before. And the earth itself may possibly be greener and more beautiful after a baptism of blood, since, in the order of Nature, new life springs up from the ashes of decay. Our faith is in the

“ ——— Divinity that shapes our ends.”

It is through the passage of this red sea, that we shall yet reach the Promised Land of a better civilization, and of a wider and truer freedom for our country and for mankind. Our motto shall be *nil desperandum de republica*. And we believe, that above every storm-cloud, and amidst each suc-

ceeding scene of ruin, the genius of the nation will rise with a prouder mien and a firmer self-reliance. May we not find consolation in this trying hour, and the elements of a sublime faith, in the fact, that Nature is too great and God too wise to either turn aside or be disturbed by our petty antagonisms, and the small substance of human deeds ?

And so Columbia, wearing a crown of thorns and bending beneath the weight of her heavy cross, was led to crucifixion. The sun of our national prosperity was obscured by a lurid and bloody eclipse ; the veil of the temple of Liberty was rent in twain ; and our hillsides and valleys became one vast Golgotha, that our nationality might be purified and redeemed. And shall this terrible lesson be lost in the experience of a long-suffering people ? Shall we relapse into the old apathy ; and suffer Liberty to be again betrayed by political Iscariots ? We are strong, and we are safe, only so long as we are vigilant and just. Darkness comes over the State when the popular thought, feeling, and sentiment are perverted. If governments fail from no other cause, they are sure to perish when pride and affluence have weakened the restraints of virtue and enfeebled the common mind. So long as nations are firm in the love of truth and the administration of justice, they are not likely to fall. But when they have been spoiled by an artificial life, corrupted and tormented by a vain ambition, and blackened by a long course of injustice and crime—suddenly the nation is arrested in its blind career, and the wheels of government

“ ——— stand still with a rending jar.”

We have been led into this train of thought by the conviction that our institutions are constantly exposed to danger from the influence of political corruption and the moral degeneracy of the times. The recent disclosures at Washington and elsewhere, must convince every thoughtful citizen that these evils are painfully conspicuous among our legislators and magistrates. We have too many bold, bad men in

office. Such men often possess brilliant talents it is true ; but the Lucifer of the poets had shining qualities, and even the popular religion credits him with fathomless ability. Satan, however, is a corrupt legislator and a devilish poor judge. He advocates an unlimited license law ; he favors rascality in all his decisions, imposes heavy taxes, and is sure to appropriate our means to ignoble purposes. The fact that a man is capable of great mischief may suggest a plausible reason for his rejection, but it surely gives him no claim whatever to our support. We may, possibly, suffer from the ignorance of those who represent us in the State and National Councils ; but *we have* suffered long and shamefully already from the recklessness, dissipation and depravity of men whom we have unwisely elevated to places of public responsibility.

Men who believe that Might and Right are *one*, are dangerous alike to the interests of the individual and the integrity of the State. Legislators who create chartered monopolies, which give to capital the power to oppress the poor man, and to shackle the industry of the country ; scurvy politicians, who employ public institutions for private ends ; political pariahs, who wander about the citadel of Liberty, insisting that the most sacred rights are all lodged in the hues of the epidermis ; illegitimate Americans, who have not yet outlived the base desire to set the iron heel of power on the necks of millions ; “ fellows of the baser sort,” who profanely scoff at the claims of Justice and Humanity—except when they speak in public on the eve of an election—all these classes should be restrained by the awakened moral sense of the community, expressed through the silent but impressive language of the ballot. We want men to make and administer our laws whose hands were never stained with bribes, and whose high moral sense stoops to no artifice and listens to no compromise with wrong.

THE VOICE OF THE PINE.

THE ashes of one of the fairest earthly beings—to whom reference is made in the following poem—repose in a rural cemetery, on a beautiful eminence, away from the strife and noise of the busy world. A tall pine casts its shadow over the consecrated spot, through whose boughs the evening winds breathe a low requiem, solemn and sweet as the sacred memories of youth and love.—ED.

O lonely pine ! O fadeless pine !
In dreams I hear the wave,
At evening shade and morning prime,
Beside the lost one's grave.
“ Not lost, not lost, but Spirit-found,”
Thou whisperest still to me ;
Thou watcher o'er the forest mound,
O lonely, sacred tree !

O mystic tree, thy branches thrill
To meet the morning glow,
But all thy earthly nerves lie still,
They clasp the form below.
The earthly fibrils of my breast
Cling to the dust with thee—
The dust beneath thee laid to rest,
O Spirit-whispering tree !

Yet from the brightness of the dawn
There comes a mystic breath,
The whisper of the Angel gone
From out this world of death.
My bosom, like a haunted lyre,
Breathes mystic strains with thee—
Strains wafted from the Spirit-choir,
O lone, memorial tree !

The Editor at Home.

THE IMPENDING QUESTION.

THE question that just now deeply concerns the interests of society is that which involves the political enfranchisement of woman, and her equality with man before the law. We need not waste time in proving what is implied and assumed in the premises, for all this is self-evident. A proposal to summon witnesses, or to frame an argument with a view of showing that her political rights and legal equality are not now recognized, would be a work of supererogation. The proofs of her inequality inhere in the letter of the constitution and in the essential spirit of the statutes. This evidence is not only conspicuous in the political structures and settled policies of foreign governments, but in the legal enactments of all American States. Our legislators exercise a discrimination, that is at once incompatible with the principles of our government and false to the true interests of woman. Her natural rights are not respected in our political institutions; and our politicians seem willing to have this iniquity continue.

We have no power to conceal the facts; nor have we a disposition to hide this wrong beneath the drapery of plausible excuses and gilded periods. It is more to our taste to strip off its conventional covering and scourge it naked to the judgment. We do not palliate the evil by assuming that the laws which thus discriminate against the righteous demands of woman were enacted a long time ago; and that we have now come to entertain more liberal and enlightened views of the just claims of human nature. If this be true, then is the measure of our responsibility increased. If we are wiser grown, why are the statutes that so offend the sense of common justice permitted to remain? They are *our* laws in every vital sense, if we adopt them without revision, and are content

to live under their administration. It is in our power to repeal them if we please ; but we do not. Not only were they framed in the narrow scheme of a selfish ambition, but they are still executed by men, and in the special interest of masculine human nature. It accords with the customs of petty despots and scurvy politicians to govern in this way, but a truly noble nature must scorn to accept this mean advantage.

Democracy is briefly defined to be "government by the people and for the people." It assumes that the essential elements of all human rights and political authority necessarily belong to human beings ; that our rights under the laws of Nature are forever inalienable ; that it is the just prerogative of every one to demand a faithful representation of his or her interests before the law-making power ; that the statutes shall be framed with a wise reference to the liberty and equality of all classes and conditions of people ; that the just powers of the government and the validity of the laws must depend at last on the consent of the governed ; that the same shall be duly and impartially administered ; that there shall be no discrimination against the weak and in favor of privileged classes ; and no taxation without representation. Such is the nature of a true democracy. Whatever our government may chance to be or choose to do, principles never change, and facts must determine our conclusions. In the light of these principles it will be obvious, that the great Republic still falls far short of the true standard. Our political superstructure, even now, is but a very limited democracy, since one-half of the people have no participation in the government of the nation.

The political subordination of woman may be consistent with a despotic form of government, wherein armed power rules over the weak and defenceless as it will ; it may coexist either under a monarchy or an aristocracy without any manifest violation of the fundamental principles of such governments. It is, however, at war with the laws of Nature and the requirements of a true democracy. God is no respecter of persons ; Nature recognizes no superficial distinctions, and

wherever justice reigns supreme there is a sublime equality among men. All the natural rights that belong to any one human being are the equal inheritance of all. They are not subject to any arbitrary limitations. We are happy to know that our concurrence contributes nothing to their force while our opposition can never diminish their authority.

In a state of nature every one has a right to the free exercise and absolute control of his or her own person ; self-protection is said to be the first law of Nature. Moreover, the female has the right to the undisputed possession of her own offspring. This law is even respected by the common instinct of the animal creation. If these rights exist in humanity ; if their exercise constitutes a normal function of our being, they should be faithfully represented in our social and political institutions. Neither the individual nor the nation have any power to either abrogate the laws and relations ordained of God for the government of the natural world, or to successfully resist their action. Those laws are as imperishable as the existence of spirit and matter. We shall be truly wise if we build our institutions on this indestructible foundation. Only in the precise degree that they are made to harmonize with the laws and requirements of Nature can we rationally expect them to endure. We are erecting a vast political superstructure whose dome may yet overshadow the whole continent ; but if we disregard the claims of justice ; if we build unwisely on the shifting sands of worldly circumstances and political expediency, we shall sooner or later find the ground yielding beneath us ; and at last the whole structure will go down amidst the surges of revolution.

As a nation we are grossly inconsistent. It is not long since we permitted the slave-pen and the auction-block to stand under the shadow of the national Capitol and beneath the folds of the star-spangled banner. The nation did not comprehend the danger of such injustice and inhumanity. When the arguments of Reformers and the denunciation of outraged humanity failed ; when the most cogent appeals to

the reason and consciences of men were all powerless, God and the stern logic of events prevailed, and the shackles of millions were broken. The nation had refused to be admonished. It even justified the gigantic wrong, and seemed to glory in its infamy. It was only through the instrumentality of a fearful judgment that the abomination could be removed. And so the nation was left to bear its heavy cross; and all nations witnessed the shame of its terrible crucifixion. And thus our country expiated its deadly sin in one mournful libation of tears, and sweat, and blood.

And still we have not half learned the lesson suggested by the recent conflict. The American people do not yet realize that democracy, even in this country, is a pitiful sham until its principles are universally applied. At best the democratic idea is only an abstraction so long as half the people have no voice in the Government. It is true we do not make a formal sale of women in the open market; but in a certain sense they are *sold*, nevertheless. Nor do we regard them as slaves, yet they are politically bound. Comparatively few women appear to be sensible of the restraints imposed upon them, simply because those limitations are a part of the common inheritance and experience of the sex. But the more enlightened women who *do* realize the truth, and hence earnestly demand the freedom of nature and the independence of citizenship, are entitled to be heard for themselves and for their cause. It is not enough that we gild their chains. We may burnish the walls of the prison-house, but this will not satisfy the captive who yearns and sighs for liberty. Woman modestly but firmly insists that her acknowledged natural rights shall now receive a political interpretation—in short, she asks for freedom. It is a reasonable request, and the day is at hand when her prayer must be answered.

A philosophical view of our government discloses the fact, that it is somewhat nondescript in its character. It assumes that *men* are entitled to rule this world by a species of divine right, and that the nature of the business does not admit of

any copartnership. In this respect it is more arrogant and domineering than European monarchies, wherein a single woman may be permitted to represent the power of the government. This country also possesses some of the characteristics of an *absolute despotism*, since it makes laws for the government of millions of human beings without so much as taking the trouble to ascertain their views; and the laws so made are enforced while the consent of the governed has never been obtained. Our government is, moreover, somewhat *aristocratic* in its nature. An aristocracy is a government in which a greater or less number of the people govern all the rest. There are different forms of aristocracy, more especially in the countries of the Old World. There is the aristocracy of Birth and Rank, which comes to us with the claims of a distinguished and titled ancestry, eminent names, ensigns armorial, historic records and associations. There is something respectable in all that and worthy of recognition. Then, there is the aristocracy of Mind, which claims the grand inheritance of Genius and the possession of superior wisdom; and that is still more respectable. We also have an aristocracy of Wealth, which may or may not be respectable. The decision of the question mainly depends on the manner of its acquisition and the uses to which it is applied. The aristocracy of wealth is frequently proud, insolent, and overbearing. The only possible foundation for any divine right in this case appears to exist in the fact that, in this commercial age, Mammon is chief among the gods. But the aristocracy which is most general and most presumptuous in its claims; which swallows up the others and embraces all the unwashed sinners who wear whiskers; the dominating power that bestrides the world in its haughty and unlimited assumption of authority, is the most potent aristocracy of *Pantaloons*. This is the chivalric aristocracy that burns powder and peddles politics; that robs Christian mothers of their little children; that modestly elects itself to Congress and the Legislature, and makes laws giving itself great monopolies and special legal protec-

tion. And yet the chief claims of this miserable aristocracy may all hang on a pair of suspenders, and we may look in Chatham street to find the insignia of its high prerogatives.

We cannot now speculate on the probable results of the political enfranchisement of woman; but we may consider that question at another time. It may not be out of place, however, to remark, that we do not sympathize with the childish fears of timid mortals who question the policy of doing right. We believe it is always expedient to be just. It is only from our inequality before the law that freedom in some cases degenerates into license, and in others is subject to arbitrary and unnatural restraints. The writer claims no political preëminence over any one, and last of all over WOMAN. We ask that the law may extend its Ægis over all alike. The rights men possess and fearlessly exercise, we boldly demand in the common interest of the Human Race. And here we cannot resist the conviction, that the strict equality of political as well as natural rights would be speedily recognized in this country—in the interest of Woman—if there existed any considerable degree of unanimity in demanding the enfranchisement of the sex; but it is obvious that most women are not only quite satisfied to remain as they are, but they still either regard the proposed change with indifference or with a feeling of hostility.

Now we do not propose to thrust the ballot into the unwilling hand of any woman. We only insist that her political restraints and legal disabilities shall be taken away. We never compel a man to vote; but we do leave him free to exercise all the privileges of citizenship if he be so disposed. But if, unfortunately, he undervalues his rights and is willing to submit to arbitrary masters; if he be low born and base enough to fondly hug the chains he wears; we must permit him to follow the inclinations of his stupid and sluggish soul, until his true nature is clearly defined, in a just conception and appreciation of the dignity of his Manhood.

“Who would be free, himself must strike the blow.”

LIVING AMERICAN REFORMERS.

I.

PROF. J. R. BUCHANAN, M.D.

DR. BUCHANAN was born at Frankfort, Ky., Dec. 11th, 1814. His father, Joseph Buchanan, was a profound, original thinker, learned in Medicine, Law, and Mechanical Science. He was appointed to a professorship in the first medical school founded in the West. He interested himself in the progress of education, and at one time taught a law school. He was also a practical journalist; author of a work on the "Philosophy of Human Nature;" and always a Reformer.

The subject of this sketch displayed, at a very early age, unusual mental capacity and a paramount taste for grave studies. The development of his mind was somewhat precocious, and before he was twelve years old he became deeply interested in Mathematics and Astronomy, was familiar with the accepted systems of Political Economy, Mental Philosophy and the principles of government. His father selected the legal profession for his son; but while at the age of thirteen the boy had mastered Blackstone, he developed no special taste for the profession.

At the age of fourteen years he lost his father, and was of necessity thrown on his own resources. Thus early in life he was left alone to travel the rugged path that leads to the development of manly strength and the achievement of an honorable fame. He commenced the discipline of actual labor as a practical printer; but after two years returned to his studies, and, at the same time, engaged in teaching as a means of defraying his expenses. Subsequently, he graduated in Medi-

cine from the Transylvania University. His attention was especially attracted to a study of the structure and functions of the brain. In his twenty-first year he gave lectures on Phrenology, detecting and exposing the errors of Gall, and the charlatany of such of our American phrenologists as have subordinated the claims of science to the interests of the pocket. Not for the paltry sum of three or five dollars did he ever consent to tell a flattering story, fill up a chart, and play on the organs of an empty head, as "on a harp of a thousand strings." There are men who thus defame science, and trail her garments in the dust—*ad captandum vulgus*—but Dr. Buchanan has no fellowship with such pretenders.

In 1841 he is said to have discovered the art of so exciting the several organs of the brain as to produce their appropriate functions at will. By his careful experiments and critical observations, he placed Phrenology on a more positive and scientific basis, and so enforced its claims as to command respect among philosophers and scholars. His experiments were repeated by Prof. Mitchell, of the Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia, and others, and so widely reported by the press as to awaken a deep interest both in this country and Europe.

In 1842 Dr. Buchanan introduced his discoveries to the New York public, and at once attracted some of the best minds in the city. The *Democratic Review* noticed the Professor and his lectures in a handsome manner. The *Evening Post* issued an Extra to give an account of his experiments, and a committee consisting of Messrs. Bryant, O'Sullivan and Fry published the opinion that he had opened a field "second to no other in its importance to science and humanity." Robert Dale Owen, who witnessed his experiments and listened to his expositions—in a letter to the *Evening Post*—expressed the conviction, that when the subject had undergone general investigation the name of Buchanan would stand "hardly second to that of any philosopher or philanthropist who ever devoted his life to the cause of science and

the benefit of the human race." About the same time the venerable Professor Caldwell, in presence of his colleagues—while conferring a medical degree—told them that the subject of this sketch would be remembered when they were all buried in oblivion.

In Boston Professor Buchanan invited an investigation of his claims by the Academy of Sciences ; but that institution confined its labors, in this direction, to a brief interview and the passage of a complimentary resolution. During the six months spent in Boston Dr. B. demonstrated the principles of his science to the satisfaction of intelligent audiences, and learned committees of medical gentlemen, embracing Drs. Flint, Ingalls, Bowditch, and others not less distinguished. The *Post* published an account of his experiments ; and Rev. John Pierpoint presided at a meeting which recognized his eminent claims in a series of eulogistic resolutions.

After five years spent in the propagandism of his views and discoveries, he accepted the professor's chair of Physiology and the Institutes of Medicine, in the Eclectic Medical Institute of Cincinnati, which he occupied for ten years, a part of which time he was Dean of the Faculty. In addition to the duties of his professorship he taught Anthropology, edited a Medical Magazine, and, for five years, conducted the *Journal of Man*, bringing out his system of Anthropological Science. While in Cincinnati he was engaged in a controversy with Rev. Dr. Rice, which was subsequently published.

In 1857 our friend withdrew from the College and removed to Louisville, Ky., where the writer first met him. With a view of promoting the health of his family he spent several years on a farm. While there he became temporarily interested in politics, advocating peace ; and from 1863 to 1866 he officiated as chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee. He took the lead in pacific measures, and labored conscientiously to subdue the asperities of the late conflict. His political friends brought him forward as a candidate for Governor of the State, but he declined the honor,

feeling that his scholastic tastes and love of retirement unfitted him for political life.

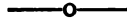
Several years since Dr. Buchanan removed to New York, and now resides in Syracuse. Of late he has devoted his attention to his own Mechanical Inventions, some of which give promise of great personal advantage and public utility. The Doctor is not alone in entertaining the idea, that the acceptance of his anthropological discoveries would realize whatever is best in the philosophical conceptions of Aristotle, Plato, Gall, Spurzheim, Fourier, Comte, Des Cartes, Kant, Spencer, Darwin, Huxley and others, each of whom—in his own time and manner—has brought into special prominence some phase or phases of the comprehensive philosophy outlined in the author's new system. So profoundly is our friend impressed with the paramount importance of the Science of Man, as comprehended in his system, that he discovers neither the occasion nor the inclination to give undue prominence to his own strong individuality. In a private communication—received not long since—his views and feelings find becoming expression in the following extract :

“ In the grandeur of these discoveries my personality is lost. I feel profoundly that I am a most feeble and unworthy messenger of the greatest truths ever offered to mankind ; and hence I have been slow and reluctant to engage in their propagation—since I was not in a position to command the reverence for the truth to which it was entitled. But I hope to live to make some amends for this long delay. I do believe that the world's progress has prepared millions to welcome truth who twenty years ago would have scorned it.

“ In this crisis I hold as brothers all who are laboring for the New Era, and long for the time when I can devote myself to the work without reserve.”

“ Not for the present hour I live,
Not for the pleasures that the senses give,
Not for the fame that followeth a good pen,
Not for the loud applause of men,

Not for the rank that wealth can give,
 Not for ambition's race I live—
 But while I live, my life may not be vain,
 If I but file one link from Error's chain—
 Earth hath no tie my soul to bind,
 But love and hope for human kind—
 For all!"

II.

REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

AFTER surveying the department of religious instruction, and comparing the respective claims of many faithful laborers in that broad field, we have selected Rev. O. B. Frothingham as a representative of the progress of the American Pulpit. Mr. Frothingham was born in Boston, Mass., Nov. 26, 1822, and hence is now in his fifty-first year. His father was a Unitarian clergyman of Boston, and he gave his son—in addition to the elementary training of the common schools—the advantage of the public Latin School in that city, and, subsequently, the Collegiate course at Harvard. After entering upon the work of the ministry the subject of this imperfect sketch devoted eight years to professional labors in Salem, Mass.; subsequently he continued his work—during a period of four years—in a similar relation at Jersey City N. J. In the spring of 1859 he removed to the Metropolis of New York City, where he has exerted a wide, strong and healthful influence, in molding and directing the religious thought of

and enlightened class of our citizens. During this period of some fourteen years, the press has contributed to extend his influence until it is now fairly recognized in every part of the country.

Mr. Frothingham's mental development has been at once steady, natural and vigorous. He has grown up out of Unitarianism into a broad and rational faith, based on the fundamental facts and essential principles of human nature as comprehended in the revelations of physical and metaphysical science. Such a man can stand alone and support many other and feebler natures. The small props intended for the use of debilitated souls—and those poor cripples who so much need the healing touch of a true apostle—are of no service in his hands. Such instrumentalities are reserved for the use of theological infirmaries, and employed in the practice of those modern schools that require a perpetually increasing army of doctors to save the life of their sickly divinity. Ecclesiastical councils and dogmatic creeds are made by and for inferior creatures. A strong, independent and manly nature, munificently endowed; bold, yet characterized by a rational reverence and a becoming modesty; whose supreme authority to teach is never derived from a convention, but comes direct from God; whose strong and vital fellowship is not expressed on a dry parchment, but in a living power that lays hold of men's souls—surely, such men neither require ecclesiastical establishments to hold them up, nor will they bow down to such arbitrary masters. Such a character represents our ideal of the man whose name we have written in this connection.

In a communication received from Mr. Frothingham, he thus expresses the dominant conception of his mind, and the chief purpose of his life and labors:

“My central idea is that the cardinal beliefs of mankind authenticate themselves by their prevalence and power. The religions of the world voice the world's experiences, and are valid with the people whom they satisfy. All have the same origin—the same inspiration—the same authority. All may

be outgrown by the growing race of men. They are but interpretations, more or less intelligent and intelligible, of deep interior beliefs, which, in one form or another, are fundamental. In the technical, dogmatic, historical sense, I do not call myself a 'Christian,' even according to the largest accepted definition. I am a believer in the spiritual, moral, social nature of man; and my aim is to show the laws which constitute that nature what it is, and to get them recognized by society."



—o—

III.

MARIA B. HAYDEN, M.D.

THE lady whose name we have inscribed on this page, was born in Falmouth, Nova Scotia, Nov. 16th, 1825. Her maiden name was TRENHOLM, and the family was of Saxon origin. Her father, Matthew Trenholm, was born and lived in Yorkshire, England. Her mother was a Potter, and a cousin of Hon. John Northrop. In her early life, the subject of this sketch discovered an extreme susceptibility of impressions from outward causes. It was with a feeling of extreme reluctance that she remained in some places, and in the immediate presence of certain persons. This acute perception of the subtle principles and invisible emanations from human beings made her skillful in diagnostics while yet a child; at the same time it rendered her presence in the sick-room a painful infliction which she was only inclined to bear from a paramount sense of duty.

At the age of twenty-five—in October, 1850—Miss Trenholm was married to Dr. W. R. Hayden, of Boston.—Four children were the fruits of this marriage, three of whom—two daughters and a son—are still living. In the spring of that year, her delicate mental impressibility assumed a new form in the development of her spiritual mediumship, which soon attracted the attention of many intelligent people. The interest awakened by numerous evidences of spiritual presence and identity, was such that the public soon demanded that she should devote her time to the exercise of her remarkable gifts; and for several years she was chiefly employed in this capacity.

It was in the autumn of 1851, that the Doctor and Mrs. Hayden made their first visit to Europe. They established themselves in England, where they remained some eighteen months. The presence of Mrs. Hayden in London awakened an unexpected interest. She moved the mental elements of the great city which claims the possession of a large proportion of the intelligence of Europe. Indeed, she was made eminent by the opposition she encountered. *Household Words* led off in the attack; but it was a mild discharge from the masked batteries of anonymous correspondents. The *Leader* followed, and then came the *Zoist*—chiefly devoted to the work of spreading the fame of F. Antoine Mesmer—through which Dr. John Elliotson ventilated his skepticism, and expressed his conviction that the rappings and moving of ponderable bodies were the result of imposture. The *London Quarterly*, too learned and too lubberly to indulge in any new discovery, attributed the manifestations to fraud; while Prof. Faraday gave the sanction of his great name to a very foolish hypothesis—he had no doubt that the true solution of the mystery of all table-moving would be found in muscular pressure. Behind these scientific men with dark lanterns, followed a small body of Church ministers echoing the contradictory hypotheses of everybody else. The Thunderer was terrible in its silence, and would not so much as publish Mrs.

Hayden's card for pay. On the contrary, the *Evening Globe* assumed an independent and honorable position, and performed good service in a despised cause.

Notwithstanding this general hostility to the claims of Spiritualism, Mrs. Hayden's rooms were frequented by the best people of England. She was sent for by the nobility and treated with marked respect. Among her more distinguished patrons we may mention the Earl of Zetland, the Marquis of Breadalbain, the Duke and Duchess of Wellington, Lord Brougham, the Earl of Stanhope, Sir Charles Isham, the Earl of Eglington, Lord and Lady Naas, Lady Hastings, George C. Bentinck, nephew of the Duke of Portland, and the Duke of Argyll. Of persons notable for their intellectual powers and for important services in the Republic of Letters—Bulwer, Dickens, Mrs. Catherine Crowe, Rev. James E. Smith, author of the "Divine Drama of History and Civilization," Robert Chambers, Prof. Cross, Dr. Rutter, Professor De Morgan, Douglas Jerrold, Robert Owen, who was converted to a belief in immortality by the phenomena he witnessed in presence of Mrs. Hayden, and Dr. Ashburner—were conspicuous. The last-named gentleman became sincerely and profoundly interested in the whole subject as illustrated in the presence of Mrs. Hayden. So deep was his conviction of the super-terrestrial origin of the phenomena, that he affirmed his willingness to risk reputation and even existence on the chances that the ultimate decision would confirm the claims of the Spirits.

In December, 1852, the Doctor and Mrs. Hayden left England, temporarily, to attend to their affairs in this country; but went back in the following April. After spending several additional months in London, they returned and resumed their residence in Boston. In 1859, they removed to this city. Here the subject of our sketch entered upon a regular course of medical studies, and, in 1866, passed an excellent examination and graduated with honor from the Eclectic Medical College in this city. In 1867, she was elected to a membership in both the City and State Eclectic Medical Societies,

and as a practicing physician has already made an enviable record.

DR. MARIA B. HAYDEN is a lady of commanding presence. Her face, form, voice and manner, all indicate unusual strength and harmony of development, and an intelligent self-reliance, combined with many womanly qualities. Nature, a long and varied experience, and her medical education, have qualified her for great usefulness in her profession. The idea and purpose of her life are thus expressed in her own well-chosen words :

“From my earliest recollection it has been my chief ambition to see Woman in the front rank of the Medical Profession. With this object in view I studied the science of medicine and commenced the practice of the healing art. The object of my life will be accomplished if I may not only minister to the suffering, but lend a helping hand to my toiling sisters in the pursuit of this noble calling.”

Maria B. Hayden

—o—

IV.

HON. GERRIT SMITH.

GERRIT SMITH—a philanthropist whose fame is not limited to the country of his birth—was born in Utica, N. Y., March 6th, 1797, and has therefore just completed his seventy-sixth year. His father, Peter Smith, was an extensive land-owner, and the son, born to liberal opportunities, graduated at Hamilton College in 1818. Unlike most young men who inherit wealth, he grew up with rational views of the proper objects of life. Instead of yielding to a vain ambi-

tion for personal aggrandizement, and to indulgence in sensuous pleasures, he felt, at an early period in life, the promptings of a generous nature, and nobly resolved to perform the duty of a faithful steward in the household of the common Father. He soon became conspicuous in various benevolent enterprises. For ten years he took an active part in furthering the objects of the Colonization Society ; and, at a later period (1835), he became a member of the American Anti-Slavery Society. Wherever the principles of justice and humanity were violated, he wrestled earnestly with the oppressors, and defended the cause of the weak against the strong with the impressive eloquence of a Christian apostle.

Although Mr. Smith had never pursued a regular course of legal studies, he was found to be so well versed in the principles of civil law and the decisions of the courts, that he was, some twenty years ago, admitted to practice in the State and Federal courts of New York. He was employed in several important cases, but, naturally enough, discovered no special taste for litigation. In 1852, the partiality of his fellow-citizens of Oswégo and Madison Counties elected him to Congress ; but at the close of the first session, he resigned his seat, his private affairs requiring his constant attention. It may also be observed that the general drift of public life in Washington was distasteful to him, as it inevitably must be to any sensitive man in whom the benevolent instincts so far predominate over the selfish passions. Though an ardent lover of peace, Mr. Smith favored the vigorous prosecution of the war for the Union, and in the great interests of American civilization.

Mr. Smith's published works consist of two volumes of Congressional and other speeches ; numerous public addresses on reform subjects ; essays, moral and religious disquisitions, and various contributions to the secular and religious journals—all breathing the spirit of freedom, and characterized by a lofty patriotism and a pure devotion that is ready to sacrifice self—and the ephemeral interests of religious sects and political

parties—for the sake of the truth and the welfare of the country.

The labors of many professed friends of humanity begin and end in words ; but the subject of this sketch presents an illustrious example of a true Reformer. He gave his money freely in the great cause of universal emancipation. Feeling that under the laws of Nature he had no right to his vast domains, he distributed, first and last, not less than 200,000 acres of land, for the purposes of education, for charitable institutions, and, especially, for building up homesteads for poor families, always regardless of their nationality and the superficial distinctions of race and color. We scarcely need except our illustrious countryman, the late George Peabody, whose more than princely liberality gladdened the hearts of two hemispheres, when we say, that we can recall the name of no American who has done more than Gerrit Smith, in proportion to his means and opportunities, to meliorate the condition of the poorer classes of his countrymen. The universal application of his benevolent principles to all human interests is clearly enough suggested in this brief motto—the authorized rendering of his idea of the relations and duties of mankind :

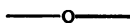
“ All for each, and each for all.”

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Gerrit Smith". The signature is written in dark ink and is centered on the page.

Our distinguished friend believes in the equal rights of men and women, before the law and everywhere; and he would limit the functions of government to the protection of life and property. His love of Home, its peaceful pursuits and sacred associations, not less than the native modesty of his disposition, strongly incline him to retire from public observation. Away from the selfish and cruel strifes of the world, he still lives in the free exercise of all his nobler faculties—lives to il-

lustrate the ripened glories of his manhood and the serenity of an honorable old age—lives with no bitter memories to disturb his peace, and where no shadows fall to

“Defile the crystal pureness of his fame.”



V.

MRS. LUCRETIA MOTT.

THE venerable woman, whose pure life and noble services form the subject of this brief sketch, has for half a century been an eminent member and minister of the Society of Friends. She was born in Nantucket, January 3, 1793, and consequently entered on her eighty-first year in January last. The family name was Coffin, and her parents were both natives of the island. When Lucretia was eleven years old, the family removed to Boston, where she attended school for two years. She was then sent to a Friends' boarding-school in the State of New York. There she remained three years, and was employed for some time as an assistant teacher. In the course of instruction received at that school she was taught to abstain from all the products of slave labor; and this sense of duty, early impressed on her susceptible mind, became a deep religious conviction.

In 1809 the family removed to Philadelphia, where, two years after, Lucretia Coffin married James Mott, and her husband became a partner in her father's business. The death of her father occurred soon after, and a period of unusual commercial depression succeeded the war of 1812. For some time she assisted her husband in his business. In 1817 she was employed as a teacher of a large school. At the age

of twenty-five she commenced her labors as a religious teacher among the peaceful followers of William Penn. But she continued to look after the affairs of her household, and to superintend the education of her six children. Subsequently, as a true apostle of Emancipation, she traveled through New England and several other States, preaching against the iniquity of slavery, and warning the people of the manifold evils she conceived to be inseparable from the institution. Her manner of treating the subject was direct and forcible, and the simple eloquence of the minister of Love and Peace touched the hearts of her hearers, and carried conviction to many minds.

In 1827 a division occurred in the Society of Friends, and Lucretia Mott, true to the instincts of her nature, went with the Hicksite or liberal party. She fellowshipped the new ideas and practical reforms, rather than any standard of conventional propriety and popular orthodoxy. She took an active part in the organization of the American Anti-Slavery Society in 1833. Animated by her devotion to a great principle, and strong in the love of duty and of peace, she did not quail before the mob that burned Pennsylvania Hall, where the Anti-Slavery Society held its sessions ; nor did she heed the abuse heaped upon the Abolitionists ; but continued to advocate the rights of the African race, to speak in their churches, to contribute her efforts to advance their public charities, and to stand everywhere between the outcast race and the gigantic wrong that remorselessly crushed a patient people to the dust.

In 1840 she was sent as a delegate to the Anti-Slavery Convention in London. But the assembled enemies of negro slavery had not then learned that the rights of women should be respected. And so this already venerable Evangelist was denied a seat as a delegate in the World's Convention. Some old custom or tradition—founded, it may be, on the opinion of a self-emasculated pupil of Gamaliel—governed the convention, and so woman could not be heard. In private Mrs.

Mott was treated with respectful consideration by distinguished people ; but she could not be permitted to take any part in the convocation. When men—and professed reformers, too—make such fools of themselves, we may well congratulate the purest and noblest of the Apostles of Liberty sent to that convention—that she was a woman.

It was in 1848 that the first Woman's Rights Convention assembled at Seneca Falls, N. Y. Lucretia Mott was an influential spirit in that assembly ; and she continued on every proper occasion to defend, in her own modest way, but with irresistible force, the natural equality of the sexes, and the just rights of women under the democratic institutions of the country. But her efforts in behalf of Woman, and her interest in every practical reform, never diverted her attention from the long-suffering people who had enlisted her earliest and deepest sympathies. She has lived to receive the answer to the fervent prayer of her whole life, in the destruction of slavery. A down-trodden race has been uplifted in her presence and crowned with freedom and the rights of citizenship. It is the great event of the century, and will be so regarded by the future historian. Its influence is not limited to this continent. Every important achievement in the interest of popular liberty and a better civilization, casts its shadow over the whole earth. Electric fires kindle in human hearts, and like lightning run through the nerves of nations. And thus the work of emancipation must go on, until

“ The banner of divine equality,
High in the heavens unfurled,
Shall wave above a liberated world ! ”

In answer to our request that she would give us some brief expression of the thought now uppermost in her mind, the venerable Friend, whose career we have thus briefly sketch was kind enough to send us the following, traced in her clear chirography :

"In seeking the right way, ever take Truth for authority—not authority for truth."

"When the legal, political, and social disabilities of Woman shall be removed, it will be found that in the true marriage relation, the independence of the husband and the wife will be equal, their dependence mutual, and their obligations reciprocal."

Lucretia Mott.

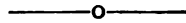
For Justice and Humanity—and for whatever promised to inspire the human heart and mind with purer impulses and nobler aims—Lucretia Mott has labored faithfully from her youth. No one ever listened to her vindication of any righteous cause, who did not learn at once to revere her character and to respect her convictions. And no evil-doer, with a spark of his original manhood remaining, ever felt the gentle severity of her chastisement, who was not ready to kiss the hand that smote him. Her day of earnest work draws to a peaceful close. A flood of mellow light bathes the distant horizon, and the sun goes down on a well-spent life. Society is better because she has lived; and of such an one the world can only cherish grateful memories.

Women of America! you whose brains are distracted by fiction and fashion; who recline on gilded divans through all the morning hours; in the afternoon go out to air your gay wardrobes in the Parks and on the Boulevards; and in the evening appear in crowded assembly rooms in "full dress" (which means a covering of half the person and the floor) to furnish suggestive texts for the vulgar commentaries of well-dressed knaves and fools—let me assure you, here is a true woman's example worthy of your profound respect and careful imitation. O, butterflies and humming-birds! gilded ephemera! that spread iridescent wings and flutter in the gas-light, and all night long sip the honey-dews of fashionable foolery; your chief graces consist in willowy figures, curved

lines, and the "poetry of motion"—all seen through the flimsy veil of the latest Paris styles. Festus suggests that such tantalizing scenes and shapes

"Bring up the devil and the ten commandments."

Is it for this purpose that the fair daughters of America make exhibition of themselves? Are your most essential qualities within or without? Of the mind, the heart, and the life, or must we be satisfied with the exhalation of rare perfumes and jeweled shrines of soulless alabaster? Where is the offering of the pure heart and the willing hand in the service of mankind? Give us the aroma of unselfish and loving deeds, that are as incense from altars where God is worshiped? O, ye who are in pursuit of "a conquest," and ready to die for want of a new sensation! why not achieve something for Humanity, and indulge, for once, in the luxury of a sensation that will give you fellowship with Heaven?



THE POETS AND THE SPIRITS.

THE spiritual idea is not only fundamental in the principal religious systems of the world, but it finds a place in all our best literature. The great poets of ancient and modern times recognized, not merely the essential principles of the spiritual philosophy, but also various phenomenal illustrations of the subject. If the critics had the power to take all the spiritual elements out of Homer, Hesiod, Virgil, Dante, Shakspeare, Milton and Coleridge, they would rob those authors of their earthly immortality. Indeed, there is scarcely a poet of any eminence who has not fairly sanctioned

the legitimate claims of Spiritualism ; and yet the world does not appear to recognize this most significant fact. In this connection we have only space for three or four illustrations from modern authors.

Campbell employs the spiritual element in his poems, of which we have an example in the interview between the Seer and the warlike chief of the Camerons. The latter is on his way to join the standard of Charles Stuart when he is met by the Seer who predicts his overthrow. Lochiel denounces him as a vile wizard, and the Seer, insisting that he can not hide the terrible vision, says :

“For dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man can not cover what God would reveal :
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore.
And coming events cast their shadows before.”

The Seer proceeds to give a graphic description of the catastrophe. The field and the conflict are before him ; and as the Pretender and his legions fly in vision from the bloody scenes of Culloden, the prophet invokes the “wild tempests”—as though the elements themselves were governed by spiritual powers—to rise and “cover his flight.”

Philip James Bailey includes numerous Spirits and Angels in the *dramatis personæ* of his remarkable poem. Festus thus describes the manner in which the celestial visitors appear :

“Light as a leaf they step, or arrowy
Floating of breeze upon a waveless pool ;
Sudden and soft, too, like a waft of light,
The beautiful immortals come to me.”

Festus is interrogated respecting the general subjects of which the Angels discourse, and he thus proceeds to answer the fair questioner.

"Some say most
 About the future, others of the gone,
 The dim traditions of Eternity,
 Or Time's first golden moments. One there was
 From whose sweet lips elapsed as from a well,
 Continuously, truths which made my soul
 As they sank into it, fertile with rich thoughts—
 Spake to me oft of Heaven, and our talk
 Was of Divine things alway—angels, Heaven,
 Salvation, immortality, and God ;
 The different states of Spirits and the kinds
 Of being in all orbs, or physical,
 Or intellectual. I never tired
 Preferring questions, but at each response
 My soul drew back, sea-like, into its depths
 To urge another charge on him. *This Spirit*
Came to me daily for a long, long time,
 Whene'er I prayed his presence. Many a world
 He knew right well which man's eye never yet
 Hath marked, nor ever may mark while on earth ;
 Yet grew his knowledge every time he came.
 His thoughts all great and solemn and serene,
 Like the immensest features of an orb,
 Whose eyes are blue seas, and whose clear broad brow,
 Some cultured continent, came ever round
 From truth to truth—day bringing as they came.
 He was to me an all-explaining Spirit,
 Teaching divine things by analogy
 With mortal and material."

Longfellow has breathed the spiritual conception into the
 rhythmical form of his verse in the following significant lines :

All houses wherein men have lived and died
 Are haunted houses. Through the open doors
 The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,
 With feet that make no sound upon the floors.

We meet them at the doorway, on the stair ;
 Along the passages they come and go,
 Impalpable impressions on the air,
 A sense of something moving to and fro.

There are more guests at table than the hosts
 Invited ; the illuminated hall
 Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,
 As silent as the pictures on the wall.

The stranger at my fireside cannot see
 The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear ;
 He but perceives what is ; while unto me
 All that has been is visible and clear.

The authors of commanding reputation—who have made contributions to our literature that give promise of an imperishable vitality—have never derided the just claims of Spiritualism. If they have not been prepared to accept it with unspeakable joy, they have, at least, been disposed to treat the whole subject with profound respect. Irving, in his *Midnight Musings*, is inclined to credit the idea that spiritual beings

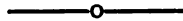
“ —————walk the earth
 Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.”

The following brief extract is a significant expression of his views of the general subject :

“Is then this space between us and Deity filled up with innumerable orders of spiritual beings, forming the same gradations between the human soul and divine perfection, that we see prevailing from humanity down to the meanest insect? It is a sublime and beautiful doctrine inculcated by the fathers, that there are guardian Angels appointed to watch over cities and nations, to take care of good men, and to guard and guide the steps of helpless infancy. Even the doctrine of departed Spirits returning to visit the scenes and beings which were dear to them during the body's existence, though

it has been debased by the absurd superstitions of the vulgar, in itself is awfully solemn and sublime."

This testimony from one of the most distinguished American authors should humble the pride and rebuke the ignorant self-conceit of that numerous class of inferior writers who arrogantly denounce the very idea as a wicked imposture, and its realization as utterly impossible. This difference in the judgment of men is heaven-wide, but it is scarcely wider than the abyss that separates the judges and the spheres of their intellectual and moral life.



SUBSTANTIAL STUFF IN DREAMS.

IN our sleeping existence the mind wanders where it will, and finds no obstacles in solid bodies and immeasurable spaces. No one may conjecture what the dream-life of the itinerating soul may discover, while it stands sentry along the dim confines of the invisible life. Like sunlight, flashing over the mountains and through the darkness of the waning night, come the revelations from Shadow Land. The *Fort Wayne Sentinel* tells the following story of a young man at the West who has been dreaming to some purpose :

"A clerk in Omaha wrote to his father that he had been robbed of \$5,000 belonging to his employer while returning from a collecting trip. Then the father fell asleep and dreamed that he was sitting at a table of a hotel in Omaha, and overheard two young men talking over the particulars of a robbery in which they had been concerned, at the same time counting the proceeds with much exultation. Learning (as he dreamed) the number of their room, he (still dreaming) consulted the register and fixed their names in his memory. He wrote to his son (having waked up) to consult the register of the

Omaha Hotel, and to see if he found there the names of John B. Nelson and James Frank inscribed on its pages under the date of November. Finding the said names registered there, the son caused the arrest of the said men, when they confessed the theft; \$4,812 of the money was recovered, and the offenders are now in the penitentiary."

Now, how do the positive philosophers dispose of such dreams? Do they believe that "The souls of men are wanderers while they sleep," and capable of making such discoveries? If there is nothing in mind but the corporeal instruments, the play of subtile elements over a delicate organic structure, and the dim phosphorescence of the brain, by what means did the dreamer hear those young men converse in their private room in a distant hotel? When the ear was closed in sleep, and the auditory nerve dull and insensible, how did the far-away sleeper hear the confession of their crime? And by what vision did he unerringly read the names of the criminals on the hotel register? Positive philosophers, answer! and stop throwing the dust of your empty speculations in the open eyes of the world. Let those scientific people respond—those who insist that man is neither more nor better than a polished galvanic machine, mounted on stilts and endowed with automatic powers of speech and locomotion. Make an effort, gentlemen, to overcome the reticence of your native modesty and tell us, what invisible presence was it that—in the silent watches of the night—thus acted as an invisible detective in the secret chamber of the robbers?

We have no disposition to occupy all the time, even in a free meeting. Whether it be the province of Science or Religion to answer our inquiries is not yet absolutely determined. This circumstance warrants the largest liberty. So in the absence of all the positive philosophers, the archbishop and our medium, we wait to hear from the Scientific Sphinx, the high priest of Fohi, or any other man.

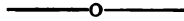
DIGGING FOR THE APOSTLES.

A RECENT telegram from Rome announces that the Pope is convinced that the mortal remains of Philip and James have been discovered in the Roman Church of the Apostles, where they are said to have been buried. It is a little singular that this discovery should have been made at this late date. During the period of a thousand years Rome has witnessed many changes. It has been the theater of repeated revolutions; armed hosts have marched over every foot of the ground; and armies of curiosity-seekers have penetrated to the inner shrines of its temples, and explored its caves and crypts. But the Pope is satisfied that the veritable Apostles have been resurrected—by the free use of picks and spades; the church is pleased with this addition to its sacred relics, and we are content that it should monopolize its treasures. We give place to the following brief account of the martyrdom and burial of the exhumed apostles, which is presumed—by those who are more credulous than logical—to confirm the Pope's view.

St. Philip suffered martyrdom at Hierapolis, in Phrygia, where he was crucified and stoned for the faith. His body was buried there, but afterwards translated to Rome. St. James suffered martyrdom at Jerusalem, where he was thrown down from the battlements of the Temple, stoned, and struck on the head with a fuller's club. He was buried near the Temple, but his body was afterwards translated to Constantinople, and thence to Rome.

His Holiness is for going to the bottom of this matter. Like other materialists he believes in *digging* to find every good thing—not even excepting the Apostles. It does not occur to him to look *up* to discover their presence. Indeed, if they should visibly enter the Vatican he would probably go

at them armed with a crucifix ; or, otherwise attempt to exorcise the spiritual interlopers by the free use of the holy aqua. Doubtless the Apostles know that, and hence prudently keep away ; or, possibly, they may not like the character of "the Apostolic Succession," and so do not choose to sanction its claims by their spiritual presence and the offices of a heavenly diplomacy.



EDITORIAL ETCHINGS.

I.

LEARNED IGNORANCE.

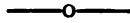
WE occasionally hear of some physician whose diagnosis of a case of spirit mediumship resolves it, either into subsultus tendinum, arising from physical causes; hysteria, from obstructed catamenia; delirium tremens, from too frequent intercourse with the spirits of gin and brandy; the falling sickness, from early indiscretion; catalepsis, from the dominance of the destructive passions; or what not, according to the superficial symptoms of the case and the caprice of the doctor. And is it not surprising that such men are still allowed to experiment on the delicate nervous systems of women and children at the risk of doing them a mortal injury?

Nothing can more clearly illustrate the materialism of the age than this disposition to ascribe all spiritual phenomena to a diseased action of the bodily organs. Every person who has been visited by the Angels, or otherwise rendered susceptible of spiritual influence, since the days of the Apostles, is confidently *presumed to have been sick at the time*. This is the favorite hypothesis of many doctors whose wisdom is chiefly conspicuous on their diplomas. To what unknown

depths of apostasy—Oh ! to what gross and infidel issues is the unbelieving world tending, when its learned men (?) include the shades of the departed and the physical maladies of the living in the same category ! When even doctors of divinity have no power to distinguish between the mystic spell of an angelic presence and a fit of the nightmare !

“Angels and ministers of grace defend us”

from the titled ignorance and licensed stupidity that can not discriminate between a vision of heaven and an attack of hysteria ! This idea that all psychical experiences are but the offspring of disease, presumes that the perfection of the individual, and his accord with Nature, are best realized when man is most insensible to all impressions from super-terrestrial sources. This monstrous assumption, born of ignorance and sensuality, is treated professionally by those medical gentlemen who labor to obscure and deaden the inward senses, and to banish the soul's immortal companions by a species of medical exorcism.



II.

THE INWARD VISION.

IT is well known that the ordinary somnambule, and, indeed, every person endowed with a faculty of prevision or a power of clairvoyance, is qualified to perceive and comprehend many things which wholly transcend the mind's capacity, while it is restricted to the sphere of its mundane relations. This truth is daily illustrated by many startling phenomena. I have known an uneducated youth who was totally ignorant of all arts and sciences ; yet in ten minutes, even by the aid of a human magnetizer, he became a sage—was familiar with different languages, and at home in every

department of scientific philosophy. Fools jeered at him, but wise men wondered at his wisdom. Not only did he exhibit a familiarity with the profoundest principles of Nature and the various acquisitions of the human mind, but there was no apparent limit to his vision. The most solid substances were transparent as ether; immeasurable distances opposed no barrier to his observations; the forgotten Past was unveiled before him, and he had power to unlock the mysterious Future, and to read from the book of destiny!



III.

HOW THE SOUL IS ECLIPSED.

THE great realm of the Spiritual opens around and within us in proportion as our natures are refined and exalted. The thoughts which startle the world with their vastness, power and beauty, are not born of corporeal elements. On this point we must respect the actual experience of inspired minds rather than the skepticism of those who are incapable of any similar experience. The latter class should be reminded that it is as truly the privilege of the eagle to *soar* as it is the province of meaner things to *crawl*. The dusty speculations of material philosophers on a question of this nature, are entitled to no credence, since they are obviously as destitute of truth as they are devoid of all incentives to heavenly aspiration and a true life. If such men have no intercourse with superior intelligences, the fact shows clearly enough that they themselves are earthly and sensual; but it does nothing to prove that others are like them, much less that the common faith of the world is to be regarded as an illusion.

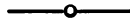
IV.

THE IMMORTAL MORNING.

THE ancient Day was glorious, but its light grew dim when the early apostles, seers and philosophers went to their rest. Since that day there has been a long, long night ; and many a doubting mortal watched his brief hour, and thought that night would never end. And when the hour—the sad, short hour—of earthly being had passed, with no light but the faint glimmering of the silent stars, the watcher went to his repose ; and another—lonely and desolate—sat in his place. Thus wore the great night away, until souls from the Invisible World came to herald the dawn of a new Day. We live in the beginning of a New Era. Intercourse with the Spirit World is becoming general, and those who have as yet no evidence of their own immortality shall soon have the witness in themselves. New lights now glimmer in the spiritual firmament, and the Morning Stars, whose effulgence

“ ——— made the old time glorious,”

reappear in the upper heavens, while the mists of ignorance and unbelief break and pass away, to obscure the world no more !



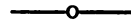
V.

SAVED BY WINE.

SOME time ago, while the writer was seated in a printing-office in New York, attention was called to the following passage in the journal of the late Rev. Adoniram Judson, formerly Baptist missionary in the Burman Empire :

Sunday, July 11th.—No wine to be procured in this place, on which account we are unable to unite with the other churches, this day, in partaking of the Lord's Supper.

We believe that many Christians insist that there is a saving efficacy in this ordinance. If it be so, and if wine be indispensable to its observance, as is distinctly implied by Mr. Judson, it must follow that the poor heathen who have no wine may starve to death for the Lord's Supper, and finally go to hell in spite of the benevolent efforts of the Missionary Society. However, this passage was written several years since, and we may therefore presume that this last requisite of salvation has been supplied before now. Surely, such heathen destitution can not long exist among any modern Christian people.



VI.

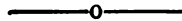
"THE DEVIL'S SONATA."

A SINGULAR story respecting one of Tartini's most celebrated compositions is told on the authority of M. de Lande, chapel-master to Louis the Fourteenth:—"One night, in the year 1713, he dreamed he had made a compact with the devil, and bound himself to his service. In order to ascertain the musical abilities of his new associate, he gave him his violin, and desired him, as the first proof of his obedience, to play him a solo; which, to his great surprise, Satan executed with such surpassing sweetness, and in so masterly a manner, that, awaking in the ecstasy which it produced, he sprang out of bed, and instantly seizing his instrument, endeavored to recall the delicious, fleeting sounds. Although not attended with the desired success, his efforts were yet so far effectual as to give rise to the composition so generally admired, entitled 'The Devil's Sonata.' Still the production was in his own estimation so inferior to that which he heard in his sleep, as to cause him to declare that, could he have procured subsistence in any other line, he should have broken his violin in despair, and renounced music forever!"

VII.

SPIRITUAL MINISTRY OF SLEEP.

MAN is susceptible of no condition that is more remarkable for its beauty and its mystery than sleep. The outward senses are sealed up, and our connection with the external world is severed. The eye and the ear are dull and insensible ; our earthly plans are all forgotten ; and the objects disclosed so vividly in our dreams, are discerned through an inward spiritual medium. Thus sleep is a temporary *death*. The frequent recurrence of this state prevents our becoming wholly absorbed with the affairs of earth. It disengages the mind, in a degree at least, from the scenes of its groveling and its imprisonment. We are led away to the very confines of mortal being, that we may stand for a brief season by the veiled portals of the invisible Temple, there to question the radiant beings who frequent its courts and worship at its shrine.



VIII.

SPRING IS HERE!

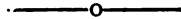
APRIL reminds us of some capricious maid who waits impatiently and sighs for the warm embrace of an absent but expected lover. Her heart is full of promises ; the violets blossom in her eyes ; and her bosom is a cage of singing birds. Like waves of light that come and go in rapid succession—when broken but fast moving clouds float between us and the blue heavens—her inconstant smiles appear, and are followed by alternate frowns. She tries the temper and the complexion of the fairer creation—plays rudely with their wealth of bright curls and light costumes. But we welcome and cherish the fair visitor from the South Land, fickle as *she* is. She is bewitching as she is capricious ; and we allow

to laugh and weep at pleasure and without a cause, like a foolish girl in whose heart the half-awakened loves murmur with changeful and uncertain voices. In her gentler moods she is irresistibly agreeable. The April winds are tempered by her warm, inspiring breath; and they blow softly, like aromatic airs, out of the beautiful lands of Summer and of Song.

After all that has been said of the inconstant one, she is the minister of Hope and the angel of Life. While she bends tearfully above the graves of the buried germs, her gentlest breath wakes the dead. Come near, to-day, O breath of the Spring! with the inspiration that warms the heart. Breathe on the cold forms of Nature, and fan to life the ashes of our buried hopes.

“ Blow, from a trumpet of balm in thy mouth,
Blow us more sunshine than shadows,
Blow butterflies out of the South,
Blow bobolinks into the meadows,
Blow off the rain
From faces beclouded with pain.

“ Soft wind, thou art laden with showers,
Go blow the fresh buds into bloom,
And fan into flame the bright flowers;
Blow the bee out of his golden comb,
And blow away
The cloud that darkens my heart to-day.”



THEODORE'S TILT ON THE JOURNAL.

MR. BRITTAN'S *Quarterly*, for the discussion of Spiritualism, discovers to our eyes, at first glance, a blunder which its editor has no excuse for having committed. He quotes a well-known poem beginning,

“ I am old and blind,”

and credits it to John Milton, whereas it was simply written of Milton and his blindness, and its author was Elizabeth Lloyd, a Quakeress. The same mistake has been made so many times, and corrected in such conspicuous ways, that we marvel how anybody should stumble into the same pit again. But Byron taught the world to entertain no great opin-

ion of quarterly reviewers. Our spiritualistic friends, in both worlds, seem to have an innate perverseness in literature.—*Golden Age*.

We are **not** indebted to our Reviewer for information of the fact, that we were inadvertently led astray by the representations of the press, in respect to the authorship of the poem in question. We had learned that long before the above paragraph was brought to our notice. The peculiar *spirit* of this criticism leads us to question the divinity of its origin, and seems to justify such means of exorcism as are at our command. Our critic is inexorable in his judgment—assuming that *we have committed a blunder that admits of no excuse*. It may be so in his estimation ; but his decision is, nevertheless, very damaging to our poetic conception of the beneficent spirit of the Golden Age. But we beg to remind our critic that our mistake is not of so vital a character as the incorrigible blunders of a certain erratic genius who has of late achieved more than ordinary distinction as a biographer, and, politically, as one of the exponents and defenders of the last, mournful shift of “the lost cause.”

A man of less genius than Mr. Tilton might easily write a small volume on his mistakes ; but it would be a thankless task, and very few would care to buy the book. Hitherto our charity has restrained any allusion to the eccentricities of our cotemporary ; but we may now gently admonish him to take in his glass windows, preparatory to the further use of his small sling and the little stones he is able to throw in this direction. The master spirit of the *Golden Age* is of course just the man to correct the “innate perverseness” of “our spiritualistic friends in both worlds.” His serene confidence in his own individual capacity is apparently commensurate with the great work he has undertaken. He is at liberty to count on our feeble support of his magnificent moral enterprise.

We have not been able to ascertain Byron's opinion of *weekly* reviewers ; but it is especially worthy of observation, that *the only thing*—worthy of notice—that “Brittan's Quarterly, for the discussion of Spiritualism, discovers to the eyes” of one of them is—*a si* Manifestly among the good things the *Golden Age* **natu** to us is the era of honest criticism ! Let us return **thank**

SCIENCE ON STILTS.

AT length we are in possession of the "Outlines" of the grand system of "Universology," by Stephen Pearl Andrews, in a royal octavo of nearly 800 pages. This is, however, but the introduction to the new science of Universal Being, which the author professes to have evolved. The light of this scientific discovery may be very clear to the author's mind, but it will scarcely be comprehended by any one else. Universology is mounted on such superlative stilts, that we apprehend the normal understanding may never reach it in this world. Never before did science appear in such a questionable shape ; never did it use such a preposterous dialect, nor drape itself in a foreign wardrobe of more than kaleidoscopic combinations. Philosophy is on the rampage, and the terminology of this book is sufficient to terrify all ordinary readers. The attempt to penetrate the mysteries of the Pantarch must be perilous ; and we do not propose to jeopardize our equilibrium by diving into the fathomless depths of the author's philosophical vagaries. Are not the accumulated woes of humanity sufficient already ? Must we yet have all the evils of Universology heaped upon us, that the horn of Stephen may be exalted ? In fine, are we to be inoculated with the virus of a scorbutic Socialism, and have our mother tongue thus grossly perverted, that Reason may be swamped and Science go on a bender ?

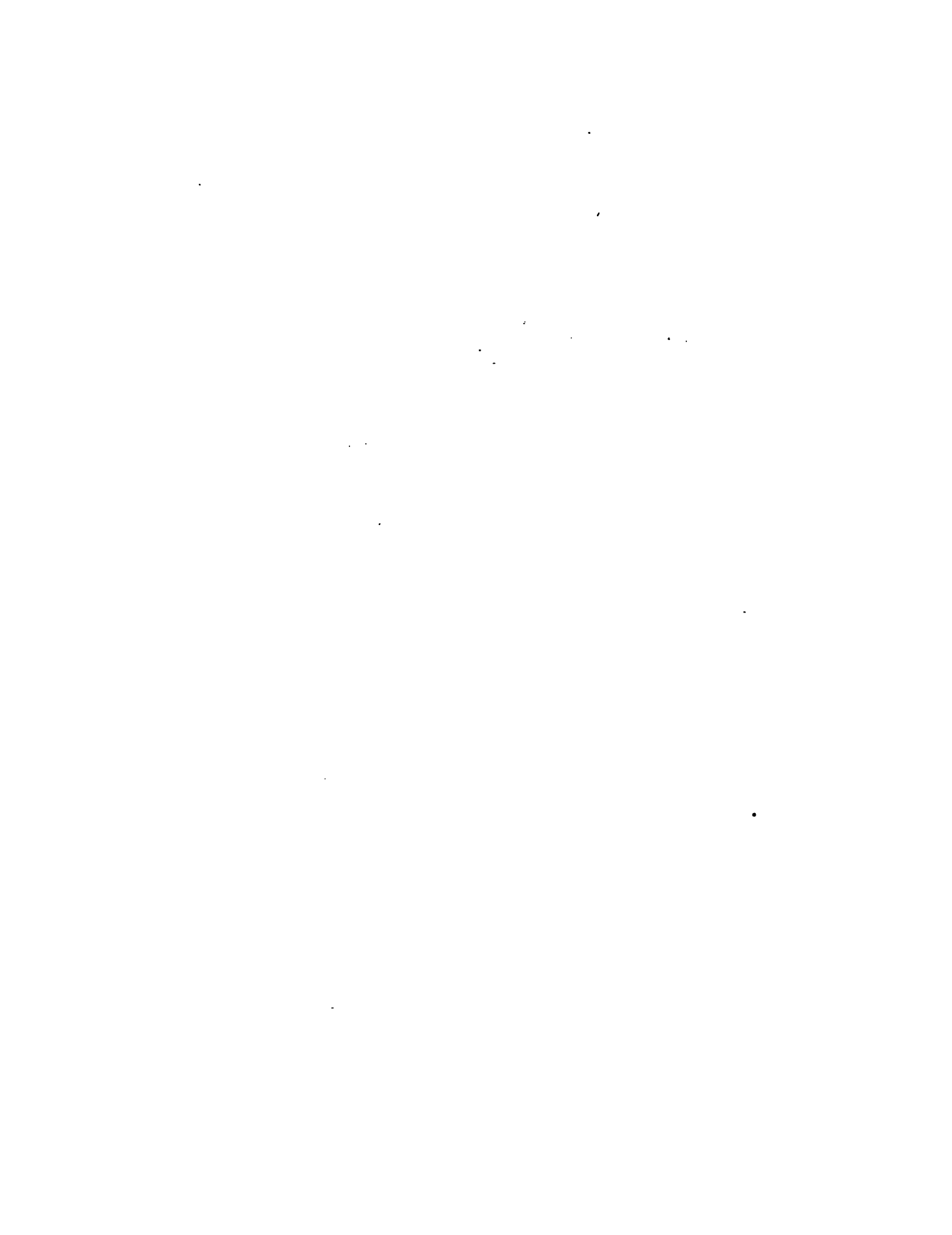
But seriously. If much learning and intense thought have made the author mad, his delirium has not interrupted a certain method of manifestation peculiar to himself. Notwithstanding the vast egotism that overshadows his best ideas ; that displays itself in a questionable liberty of speech, and manifests supreme contempt for ordinary habits of thought and accepted forms of expression—the careful reader will yet recognize the presence of a subtile mind, and faculties sharpened and rendered incisive by close analysis and earnest controversy. In his scientific explorations, however, the author goes to sea with more breadth of sail than weight of ballast. Those who are so buoyant as to float on the surface, and such as have line enough to touch bottom, may venture to go along, if they will. If the fog that envelops the subject ever clears away, they may possibly find an anchorage somewhere within the "Basic Outlines" of the author's conception.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.



The "Faded Copy" of the Old Man

J. Pierpont





John B. ...

BRITTAN'S JOURNAL.

SPIRITUAL SCIENCE,

LITERATURE, ART AND INSPIRATION.

Vol. I.

JULY, 1873.

No. 3.

REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

BY REV. SUMNER ELLIS.

HOW little we know or think of many who are among our benefactors! History does not always seem just, nor fame impartial; and certainly every worthy and generous heart delights, however late, to learn the story of its unknown or forgotten friend, and to pay its tribute of gratitude and meed of praise.

Gladly do I turn aside from my accustomed duties to sketch for the readers of this JOURNAL a brief record of the life and spirit of Rev. John Pierpont,—as of one with whom, I doubt not, they will be pleased to renew an old acquaintance, or to form a new. I am to speak of a man to whom every American, at least, owes a debt, and who should not be lost from our circle of remembered and cherished benefactors. He was a remarkable man in very many respects; was “his own parallel,” and has had no other; and his life-story is a sort of romance of history. Real life never runs in old ruts. He was many-sided, blending traits not often joined; in dead earnest about whatever he set his hand to;

VOL. I.—19.

every motion of his mind was terse, and every sinew of his body tort, and the complex machinery of his nature lost none of its firm adjustment to the last; he was sunny as a child, and warbled poetry like a bird; stern and unyielding as a Puritan, and, like a Puritan, never halting between two opinions; merry as a jester, grave and devout as an apostle; a great lover, and a good hater; exquisite in taste, careful as an artist of the minutest details, cutting seals to perfection with his penknife, almost finical in a multitude of matters, and yet forceful as a good general or great ruler, and capable of overlooking all the ground at once; he had the grace of the willow and the vigor of the oak; in short, he was the harmony of many extremes, and justified, more than would any other American who has lived, the alliterative tribute which has just been cut in marble for his monument at Mount Auburn:—"Poet, patriot, preacher, philosopher, philanthropist." Such a weight of various encomium would seem to be enough to disturb the repose of ordinary dust. But they who have dictated the inscription know whereof they affirm. They are of sound mind and sterling character, and not given to idle or extravagant utterances; whilst an acquaintance with Mr. Pierpont, extending over a full half-century, and to all possible relations,—private and public, sacred and secular, placid and stormy,—entitles their solemn verdict to high respect.

John Pierpont was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, on the sixth of April, 1785, having an honorable ancestry whose blood had not turned to water. His great-grandfather, Rev. James Pierpont, "was the second minister of New Haven, and one of the founders of Yale College." His mother was a vigorous, sweet-spirited and pious woman; and to her he often referred in his manhood and old age, fully recognizing the heavy debt he was under to her maternal love and influence. The muse came to the aid of his filial expressions, and the beauty and feeling of the following lines no reader can miss:—

“ She led me first to God ;
Her words and prayers were my young spirit’s dew.
For, when she used to leave
The fireside, every eve,
I knew it was for prayer that she withdrew.”

With honor he graduated at Yale in 1803. Soon after, caught by the spirit, partly prudential and partly adventurous, that actuated many young men of his time just out of college, he went “down South” to seek employment as a teacher. He became a private tutor in the family of Col. Wm. Allston, of South Carolina, and made, in a couple of years, some money and more experience to serve him. On his return to the North he studied law, and was admitted to the bar at Newburyport, Mass. “A born lawyer,” in the language of one who knew him longest and best, still he did not succeed in his profession. Days and due-bills came, but there was dearth of clients. He dabbled in poetry, but made few pleas in court. He read Blackstone some, but Campbell, Akenside, and Scott more. If he could not, for the lack of opportunity, untwist the tangles of the law, he had all the more time to weave the tissues of fancy. In obscurity and under defeat, he was moulting wings for other flights.

Thinking at length that patience had ceased to be a virtue—a thought which young lawyers and doctors, and young men generally who would make for themselves a place, should never entertain—he removed to Boston and opened an office at 103 Court street. But the second chapter of his experience was like the first ; and, soon settling it in his own mind that his dream of a metropolitan fame “was all a dream,” he readily yielded to an opening and went into trade. He turned from Vattel and “digests” to dry goods. But the finances and markets were in a bad way all over the country, for it was just after the war of 1812. His firm weathered the rough sea of Boston commerce for a time, and then removed to Baltimore, Maryland, hoping for greater safety and better success. But this only proved to be going from bad to worse,

and after a hard struggle and an extension of their venture to Charleston, South Carolina, as a vent for surplus goods on hand, the firm failed outright and wound up its disastrous career. And we can but whisper in our own heart, at a low breath, Amen—so mote it be,—since at least an editor and author of some fame, whose name I must withhold, and the John Pierpont of history, whom we could not spare, came of it. It was a fall up-hill. It was a victorious defeat, a blessed disaster, a loss that was gain. Horace said that poverty drove him to poetry, and poetry introduced him to Varus, Virgil, and Mæcenas; Diogenes of an exile became a philosopher; and the John Bunyan of Pilgrim's Progress fame, was born to authorship of a cruel imprisonment in Old Bedford jail. In these and all like cases, where misfortune sets a man right with fortune and gives him more fully to himself and the world, our pity will insist on telling itself out in the major key. As it was, we see not how we could else have had, to the great joy and pride of our hearts, the true John Pierpont, with his "Airs of Palestine," his "American First-Class Book," still the best reader published in the land, his dear hymns so familiar in our Sunday worship, his long and heroic battle for the freedom of Hollis-street pulpit and all others, and the "thirty years' war" of a fiery and bold prophet upon the national sins of slavery and intemperance. The result reconciles us to all that went before it. The sharp flames were only to prepare the ore for the statue.

Brought up in the Puritan faith of New England, Mr. Pierpont was drawn, while in Boston, to the Unitarian church in Brattle-street, by the eloquence of Edward Everett, at that time its pastor. To what extent his open and earnest mind had been biased by the liberal thought of the city, before he took this step, we cannot say. In Baltimore he became fully confirmed and deeply interested in his new views, and embraced them with all the natural ardor and conviction of his soul. Theology had a special charm for him, addressing, as it did, at once his inherited reverence, his strong love of mor-

al laws and duties, and his quick poetic sense of the beauty and infinitude of the spiritual realm. In fact, the better side of the universe, opening more and more to his admiring gaze, lured him like a spell, and when he finally failed as a merchant, he was ripe and ready for the ministry. In 1818, then in his thirty-fourth year, he entered Harvard Divinity School; and was ordained the following year, as successor to the celebrated Dr. Holley, of the Hollis-street church in Boston.

We may say, he had now struck upon the grooves of his destiny. He had found his appointed place, which is one of the happiest events that can befall an earnest soul. To a man of punk, and devoid of all bias and native characteristics, one place may be as fit as another,—all callings may be alike; but the elect must make their election sure, or there is no rest and no peace for them. Life is all chains and fetters, and galls them, till they find their right mission and in that their emancipation. Mr. Pierpont had overtaken his flying destiny in Hollis-street pulpit; and for a quarter of a century he found in it a sphere worthy of his gifts. He could here breathe his tenderest reverence in prayer, indulge his heart in sympathy with sorrow and need, discuss and enforce the high principles of the Christian religion in the interest of both private and public life; whilst in his study he could give himself to literary pursuits, and in society to that genial good-fellowship which was his delight.

With a dominant moral nature, and a heart of broadest humanity, he was naturally drawn into the reformatory movements of his time. Where could such a man stand, but with Garrison, Parker, and Phillips, in the thickest of the battle waged against the minions of sin? His active temperament and firm will, and courage like a Spartan, made him somewhat of a soldier by birth; and when we add to these the clearness and force of his convictions and the loyalty of his conscience, we have the man for moral conflict,—one who will cry aloud and spare not,—one who will hold friendship, ease,

house and home, and life itself, in subordination to duty,—one who, like Luther in Germany, Knox in Scotland, and Tyndall in England, will be the hope of neglected virtue and outraged justice. We quote the words of his old friend, John Neil, from the *Atlantic Monthly*:—"Believing that, as a servant of God, he had no right to preach smooth things when rough things were needed, and that acknowledging other people's transgressions would not satisfy the law, he came out boldly, with helm and spear, against two of the worst forms of human slavery,—the slavery of the body and the slavery of the soul, the slavery of the wine-cup, and the slavery of bondage to a master."

And he drew every weapon at his command into this conflict, like one who meant a hard fight and no surrender. He slept with his armor on; he was alert at every call of duty, near and far. Like Whittier, he invoked the martial muse; and his songs of Freedom and Temperance were sung from east to west, and on a thousand platforms. Their ring was decisive as the tones of a trumpet, and the enthusiasm they often kindled in mass-meetings of the hardy and earnest reformers, justified the old saying, that "Who makes the ballads and lyrics of the land, is master of the people." He was the poet of all kinds of anniversaries, because he was ready at the shortest notice, as if he was beforehand and had these effusions finished in advance, as editors write up the death of great men before they die, and only have to run to the pigeon-hole in time of need; and because, with a divining instinct, he knew how to touch the key-note of the occasion. How he mingled poetry and point to serve, three or four stanzas from as many platform-songs will suffice to show:—

"Thou sparkling bowl! thou sparkling bowl!
 Though lips of bards thy brim may press,
 And eyes of beauty o'er thee roll,
 And song and dance thy power confess,
 I will not touch thee; for there clings
 A scorpion to thy side, that stings!"

“Should God in wrath ordain
A universal dearth,
What need He do, but rain
On all this green, glad earth,
From cloudy urns,
The curse that fills
Our vats and stills,
That blights and burns?”

“Is it his toil that wrings
From the slave's bosom that deep sigh?
Is it his niggard fare that brings
The tear to his downcast eye?
Oh no; by toil and humble fare
Earth's sons their health and vigor gain;
It is because the slave must wear
His chain.”

But to poetry Mr. Pierpont added, in his determined and fearless advocacy of human rights and well-being, conversations at every corner with friend and foe, serious and satirical stories in the public journals, telling selections in his “American First-Class Book” and “National Reader,” to set the young right, lectures, speeches, and sermons and prayers almost without end. But in that day of bitter hostility between parties, and of the general subordination of pulpits to pews, the hero we are considering was not likely to have an easy time of it. His parish was wealthy and conservative. Some of his most influential men were extensively engaged in the liquor interest, as manufacturers or wholesale dealers; whilst others had large Southern patronage at their stores, and numbered many slave-owners among their friends. They found their pastor troublesome. It was not pleasant to be set in the criminal-box on Sundays, when they sought the peace and complacency of dignified pews. They thought him presumptuous to disregard thus their wealth and social standing. Was it not for the pulpit to defer to the pews from which it derived its bread? Had they not “called their minister to preach the gospel?” What right had he to “meddle with

trade or politics?" Who was he that he had a right to set aside custom?

They remonstrate. But with the coolness of conviction, he replies that "moral principles are given by our moral Governor and Judge, to be applied to every subject and in every relation in life." They next threaten. And he responds, "I will stand in a free pulpit, or I will stand in none." Driven to desperation, they play the game of malice, and trump up scandal and set foul rumors afloat. But, conscious of a clear and worthy record, he is not disturbed, holding still the even tenor of his way and hewing to the line as if nothing had happened. They close up their pews and seek a financial wreck of the concern as a means of riddance. But a secret mint of money is found to be available to the pastor's need. At length a formal trial is projected. The brave, honest man is summoned to answer a formidable catalogue of charges, which lawyers, aided by *ex parte* witnesses, have been months in framing. Fancy has been fertile in furnishing sinister facts. Madame Rumor has been taken as damaging authority. Rhetoric has been invoked to make much of little, to show white as black, to stamp earnestness as animosity, and to twist general statements into personalities, and so forth. So far as possible, public sentiment has been forestalled and a decisive prejudice invoked. No stone was left unturned. Ingenuity had been exhausted. Never was a case worked up with less sparing of pains and cost. Tax upon tax was voted upon the parish for the furtherance of the case, to the point of ruin. The conservative and unhumanitarian interests had selfishly combined and enlisted for a death-struggle.

The trial came. The jurors were the prominent Unitarian clergymen of Boston, with Dr. Lothrop as secretary, who finally put the trial in book-form, a solid volume of three hundred or more finely-printed pages. Mr. Pierpont defended himself. Having been a lawyer, he knew the art; and, being in the right, he counted on an easy victory. Speedily was every charge touching his moral character set aside. He vin-

icated his honor to the last degree, and turned the reproach of scandal-mongers upon his accusers. His life of uprightness and charity spoke for itself. Virtue makes its defence in advance. He whose worth doth speak need not speak his own worth ; and Mr. Pierpont needed really only silence on this point.

The trial virtually narrowed to the following "Grounds of Complaint :"—"His too busy interference with questions of legislation on the subject of prohibiting the sale of ardent spirits ; his too busy interference with questions of legislation on the subject of imprisonment for debt ; his too busy interference with the popular controversy on the subject of the abolition of slavery." The phrase "questions of legislation," in the above charges, was simply a thin disguise ; everybody saw, at a glance, it was a tub thrown to divert the whale. It was not that he discussed laws, but *principles*, that was the real head and front of his offence ; but this fact they felt it would be more to their credit to conceal. They preferred to draw the conflict from its real centre, but Mr. Pierpont steadily held it where it belonged, and came off fully triumphant. The Council decided that the pulpit must be free to the extent that the defendant claimed ; that all moral questions may properly be discussed from it ; that trade, statutes, customs, fashions, all private and public provinces of life, are legitimately open to its criticism and counsel ; that Christianity is for universal application. The only qualification made by these grave jurors, in view of the occupant of Hollis-street pulpit, was that, in some instances, he seemed to have been too vehement in his manner. The tempest of years' duration narrows to a mere mist ! Months of heated and turbulent accusation and pressing of charges draws a verdict of an excess of vehemence ! The toiling mountain agonizes and delivers a mouse ! Well, the hero of humanity can afford to go down the way of history as one who, in the estimate of the dignified clergy, was too ardent ! The censure becomes him, like saying of a fond mother, she loved her babe too well.

The crime of enthusiasm is one of credit, where the ends are moral and for the good of the race. An intense eagerness to do away national sins, to which most others are as farthing-candles to the sun, and to set free from moneyed and selfish rule the pulpits of the land, may well be forgiven !

After a quarter of a century of hard and noble service in Boston, which endeared him to the city and won him a name that shall outlive marble inscriptions, he resigned his place, and went to reside in Albany, N. Y., as pastor of the Unitarian church. But, acclimated to New England, he found life there an "exile ;" and with joy he returned, at the end of four years, to settle in Medford, near Boston, and to spend, as he hoped and expected, the entire evening of his life, honored by foes, and happy with friends. He looked for a peaceful sunset and a calm sunrise beyond, as the best fortune that could await him. But when the late civil war broke out, fermented and precipitated by the South in the interest of slavery, the veteran soldier, sleeping on his armor, was aroused to all his old "vehemence ;" and, although at that time he had reached his seventy-seventh year, he resigned his quiet pastorate, and applied for a chaplaincy in the army, on condition that his regiment should "go through Baltimore." He was accepted by Gov. Andrew, his true and tried friend, with much enthusiasm ; and his regiment went into camp near Washington. But camp-life was too hard for the brave but feeble old man. His spirit indeed was willing, but his flesh was weak. He asked, through his colonel, for a three-days' leave of absence to rest and recruit in the city ; but the general commanding, not knowing the man, sent back the order : "What does your chaplain want of three days' absence ? Give him two." This was a new chapter of experience for him who had always had his way ; and, setting his wisdom above his valor, he decided to retire from active service in the camp and field. He was soon installed, by favor of his friend, the late Chief-Justice Chase, in an office in the Treasury Department, and spent the last five years of his life

in "writing up a digest of the Treasury decisions." He entered into the work with his usual zeal, and said to a friend, when past eighty, "I am in the midst of some work at Washington which I hope to live long enough to accomplish." But he did not. For, soon after this, whilst visiting his friends in Medford, he retired, after a day and evening of unusual vigor and happiness, "sparkling with wit and lighted with wisdom," and was found asleep in the long sleep the next morning, with a composed and cheerful smile on his face. The star fell unseen from its earthly sky. But the manner of his death seems much like a fulfilment of his prayer, expressed in a poem he had written many years before :—

"Fain would I, if I might, be spared the scene
Of wife and children round my dying bed,
Kneeling in prayer, or to my last poor words
Bending with tearful eyes."

And so activity passed into peace! The long and wild day, crowded with high and useful toils and triumphs, was "rounded with a sleep." He has gone to his rest. And the angels hail him with "Well done, good and faithful! enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Mr. Pierpont's poetic gift was of a high order, but it evidently received unfair treatment. The muse claims solitude and much silent and undisturbed musing and questioning of Nature and Life. Homer has no biography; and all that is known of Shakspeare can be written on the palm of your hand, and neither historian nor critic can add a line to the meagre story. Tennyson is a recluse, and Whittier dwells mostly in retirement on the banks of the Merrimack. Poetry does not grow in the street nor bloom in the public square. But Mr. Pierpont's active temperament got the better of his meditation. He forsook his muse and went abroad. Poetry was too much a home-bred affair; and after his life-work of reform had been fairly taken in hand, his periods, both in prose and poetry, lose something of their grace and ripple.

Still he has written much fine poetry that will live in our literature. He did well, if he did not do his best ; and we are quite ready to pardon much to his practical zeal for his race. We may be allowed to make a single quotation from his better poems, trusting its familiarity, which is a token of its merit, will not detract from its interest. It is entitled,

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

“ The Pilgrim Fathers,—where are they ?—
 The waves that brought them o'er
 Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray
 As they break along the shore ;
 Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day
 When the Mayflower moored below,
 When the sea around was black with storms,
 And white the shore with snow.

“ The mists that wrapped the Pilgrim's sleep
 Still brood upon the tide ;
 And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,
 To stay its waves of pride.
 But the snow-white sail, that he gave to the gale
 When the heavens looked dark, is gone ;—
 As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,
 Is seen, and then withdrawn.

“ The Pilgrim exile,—sainted name !
 The hill, whose icy brow
 Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,
 In the morning's flame burns now.
 And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
 On the hill side and the sea,
 Still lies where he laid his houseless head ;—
 But the Pilgrim,—where is he ?

“ The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest ;
 When Summer's throned on high,
 And the world's warm breast is in verdure drest,
 Go, stand on the hill where they lie.
 The earliest ray of the golden day
 On that hallowed spot is cast ;
 And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
 Looks kindly on that spot last.

“ The Pilgrim *spirit* has not fled ;
 It walks in noon’s broad light ;
 And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
 With the holy stars, by night.
 It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
 And shall guard this ice-bound shore,
 Till the waves of the bay, where the Mayflower lay,
 Shall foam and freeze no more.”

On the evening before his seventy-seventh birthday, the glorious old man felt again the poetic fire, as of old, aflame within, and wrote an “ Address to his Soul.” And nothing in all his writings is more characteristic, or truer to the type and spirit of his life, than these two stanzas from this swan-like song of the fading day :—

“ Spirit ! my Spirit ! hath each stage
 That brought thee up from youth
 To thy now venerable age
 Seen thee in search of Truth ?

“ Hast thou in search of Truth been true,—
 True to thyself and her,—
 And been, with many or with few,
 Her honest worshiper ? ”

Brought up a Puritan, becoming in mid-life a Unitarian, Mr. Pierpont embraced, in his later years, the doctrines of Spiritualism. More and more he came to blend the two worlds in one, and restore to earth and present communion a heaven and a spiritual host that theology had set at an immeasurable distance. He yielded his venerable heart to the attractions of “ unscen presences ” and listened to “ silent voices.” He felt himself still with those who had been, in earlier times, the light and joy of his home, and the friends of his active days. His pious heart and poetic soul revelled in contemplation of an undivided universe ; he felt that the lost had been found ; to him the old had indeed become new, and the distant near, and the void populous ! Among the last of his public acts was the attending and presiding over a national convention of Spiritualists at Philadelphia.

THE MASTODONS OF METAPHYSICS.

BY PROF. J. R. BUCHANAN, M.D.

PROGRESS, which has a boundless past for its historic career, and an infinite future for its majestic march, has stages or eras of corresponding extent and grandeur.

The progress of the human mind has reached a stage corresponding closely by analogy with that period in the development of our planet in which man first made his appearance. Human knowledge, from its feeble beginnings in the animal perceptions of the savage, has attained increasing development and complexity, until in the nineteenth century it presents an organized science of man.

The plan of the animal kingdom, which is also the plan of growth for the human embryo, presents us a scale of progress through the Radiata, Mollusca and Articulata, to the Vertebrata, and in the latter, the gradation through fishes, reptiles, and birds to the Mammalia—the latter class attaining its maximum development in man.

Thus knowledge, beginning in the rude arts of nomadic and agricultural industry, advancing by architecture and sculpture to the ingenious mechanic arts, progresses through divination and alchemy, through physics, mathematics, astronomy, geology, natural history and chemistry, to anatomy and physiology, in the progress of which the necessity and imminence of a science of man becomes apparent, and with the exploration of the brain the science of man is born.

Corresponding as it does to the growth of the human embryo and to the plan of the animal kingdom, this intellectual progress is equally parallel with the developmental history of our planet, which presents, with all the magnitude of space

and time, the same magnificent system of progress which is embodied in the growth of each living being.

From the measureless ages of the Azoic time, progress through Palæozoic, Mesozoic, and Cenozoic periods displays an increasing complexity of organization, an increasing capacity for higher modes of life possible only in higher conditions, and a gradual culmination of life through improved nerve-structures and higher intelligence to the final consummation in MAN.

In this grand progress, the conditions of the higher development prove incompatible with the continued existence of much that appeared in a lower stage. Geologists tell us that remains of nearly 40,000 species of animals have been found, not one of which is now in existence, and that probably ten times that number may have passed away and left no record or sign of their having existed.

As man came on the scene, many of the huge quadrupeds which roamed over the wild earth and seemed unquestioned masters of the continents, yielded to the mysterious law that sweeps aside the gross and powerful forms of a lower grade of existence, to bring in the more delicate, refined, and spiritual beings who have a nearer relationship to the kingdom of heaven.

Gigantic elephants and oxen, huge tigers, bears, and hyenas in post-tertiary times held possession of the forest, and seemed to forbid the entrance of man upon the scene. The Mastodons roamed over the American continent, and, in company with the Megatherium and Megalonyx, seemed to say to feeble humanity, "This realm is ours alone." But they have all passed away, and their ivory tusks still strew the plains of Northern Asia, while their bones, found in a hundred different localities, reward the search of the antiquarian geologist.

Similar to their fate is that of the huge systems of speculation, born of semi-barbarian conditions, that have occupied the world of letters from the dawn of civilization to the advent of the science of man, but which are now rapidly passing away, soon to be known only by their lifeless remains in

the cold and dusty corners of the library. These speculative systems of the post-tertiary age of literature, which may be properly compared to the mastodons of the animal kingdom, are a proper subject for a hasty *post-mortem* examination at the present time, before all interest in such remains is lost, and Hegel and Duns Scotus are equally forgotten.

Our title, "The Mastodons of Metaphysics," suggests the study of huge but extinct organisms in the literary world—systems of no utility to man, incapable of being serviceable in a true civilization, and notable only for the historical fact of their existence and monstrosity.

Dropping the figurative language with which we have treated these systems of hypotheses and *n:science*, let us inquire into their substantial merits, and the real worth of that factitious reputation which has grown and flourished in the universities, and has served, like the glamour of military renown, for a false and misleading light on a dangerous shore to the young beginners of the "voyage of life."

No humble, earnest seeker of truth, who brings his observations to the common stock of human knowledge, deserves aught but the lasting gratitude of mankind. Nor can we cherish too tenderly the memory of those who, like Socrates, Kepler, Columbus, or Jefferson, are impelled by their superior wisdom and heroism to become the teachers of their race. But the teachers of metaphysical subtleties belong to a different class.

While mankind have been engaged in the necessary labors of subsistence, and slowly, very slowly, from age to age, gathering useful practical knowledge by experience and observation—learning to build, to cultivate land, to manufacture implements and domestic comforts—learning also to regulate society by law and magistracy and to train their children in the proper principles of life and conduct, they have been supervised from the earliest periods by a class of fluent and dignified men whose capacities for talking were associated with a conviction that their lectures were highly important to hu-

manity—were, in fact, the very embodiment of the highest wisdom and *entitled to be called philosophy*.

They did not teach a better agriculture, architecture, or manufacturing art, or better government, education and hygiene—such subjects they generally regarded as beneath the dignity of their intellectual vocation, and ignored or scorned as a feudal baron scorned every species of productive industry. Nor did they collect and classify the facts concerning the operations of the human soul, or ascertain the laws of its connection and interaction with the body, or determine anything whatever as to the brain, or even cast a glance in that direction, or extend a single word of encouragement to students of the brain.

Their vocation was to discuss curious and unimportant questions and mysteries—matters of little value if thoroughly understood, and matters beyond the sphere of positive knowledge and purely conjectural. If upon such subjects they had thrown much light, by gathering facts and arranging a satisfactory demonstration of any theory which might serve as a basis either for any improvement or for any reasoning leading to improvement, we might, to that extent, feel some respect for their labors or rather writings. But unfortunately they have generally scorned to stoop to the acquisition of *information*, and have considered it sufficient to talk from the ample resources of their ignorance, to give their speculative opinions on matters of which they *knew* no more than their fellows, and concerning which their ability to instruct others depended entirely on their superior critical genius, sharper reasoning and more ingenious imagination—their ability, in short, to comprehend nature without especially studying her phenomena and to understand the laws of the universe as if they had been its creative builders. Most of their writings are pervaded by an exalted conception of the divine dignity of man and his ability to understand the world by consciousness and meditation—and especially to comprehend the incomprehensible, the infinite Divine.

It is true that all of these writers have not strictly limited their pens to profitless speculation, but many have, in some degree, given attention to governmental and ethical questions, and matters concerning science. But these were minor matters with them, and we speak of them simply in their historical character as metaphysical philosophers, when pronouncing their writings the most worthless class of contributions to human progress. From Plato to Proclus, from Kant and Fichte to Schopenhauer and Hartman, from Descartes and Malebranche to Cousin, from Duns Scotus to Dugald Stewart, from Abelard and Albertus Magnus to Peter Ramus and Cardan, from Raymond Lully to Van Helmont, from Anselm to Cudworth, or from Pyrrhus to Berkeley, their writings present us the most remarkable, vast and wearisome intellectual Sahara, covered with deceptive mirage and blinding clouds of sand, where if anything green, beautiful or refreshing is found, it is only in little oases too far apart to sustain and restore the exhausted traveler.

Voluminous verbiage clothing the dry skeletons of lifeless ideas—verbose discussions and subtle discriminations in reference to matters utterly void of interest; chimerical hypotheses substituted for facts, and a singular absence of reliable evidence to establish any conclusion; a remarkable incapacity to express useful ideas in a terse, direct and simple manner, and a remarkable inability to recognize self-evident truth or self-evident absurdity—such are the characteristics that pervade our metaphysical literature for over 2,000 years, and render every volume a profitless study if not a stultifying influence to its reader—of little more value in reference to true psychology than Plato's superb nonsense about the attraction of dry for moist, cold for hot, bitter for sweet, empty for full—or the equally puerile notions of Kant in an age of scientific enlightenment about the difference between live force and dead force.

The remarkable and numerous company of talkers about abstractions, who have stood in the way of true progress, and

diverted men's mind from beneficial studies, have fostered a barren and verbose style of writing—a pompous vanity that delights in its own vague speculations and neglects everything that is necessary to the real increase of knowledge and cultivation of true philosophy.

These charges may be enforced in detail against almost every writer of any prominence in the metaphysical ranks, from the days of Greek speculation to the very latest German follies. Indeed the motley corps, though very much alike in their spirit and modes of thought, have not hesitated to enforce the charges of absurdity against each other, as when Peter Ramus delivered his thesis upon the proposition that “All that has been affirmed by Aristotle is a fabrication,” or when Schopenhauer denounced the philosophy of Hegel with unbounded scorn, which was cordially reciprocated by the Hegelians. So Dugald Stewart denounced the Ontologists—and Hamilton, with a wide-sweeping claymore, demolished an army of his predecessors.

Being the last, and in some respects the ablest of the great metaphysicians, his work of destruction was a good work for human progress, which it may be worth while to inspect. He says of his modern predecessors generally, with justice as well as force, that “almost all modern philosophers” have taken an erroneous view of consciousness, and therefore are lost in error. “In reality, by refusing any one datum of consciousness, philosophy invalidates the whole credibility of consciousness, and consciousness ruined as an instrument, *philosophy is extinct*. The refusal of philosophers to accept the fact of the duality of consciousness is virtually an act of philosophic suicide. Their various systems are now only so many *empty spectres*, so many enchanted corpses, which the just exorcism of the skeptic *reduces to their natural nothingness*. The mutual polemic of these systems is like the warfare of shadows, or the heroes in Valhalla; they hew each other into pieces, only in a twinkling to be reunited, and again to amuse themselves in other bloodless and indecisive contests.”

Yet Hamilton himself can but be regarded by any true scientist as one of the most animated of the spectral heroes of Valhalla, who now look down on a scientific progress which to-day they are impotent to resist—and the science of the brain was progressing with accelerating speed when the dying Hamilton supposed that it had passed away like a spectral system of metaphysics.

One single decisive fact illustrating the connection of the mind with the brain, or its capacity for action independent of the brain, or its capacity for anything after the dissolution of the body, is worth far more than all that can be found in a thousand volumes of pure metaphysics. Yet such facts are actually shunned, if not abhorred, by the followers of the metaphysical systems of the universities, and the *British Quarterly* with another dignified periodical descends to malicious tattle and even to vulgar scurrility against men so eminent as Messrs. Huggins and Crookes for daring to make psychological experiments, as *Blackwood's Magazine* once denounced Gall and Spurzheim for dissecting the brain and inquiring into its functions when the world was waiting to hear from them its anatomy.

Metaphysical systems formerly devoured each other as serpents swallow their prey, but even if not borne down by their flagrant absurdities and by hostile criticism they would be forced into obscurity by their voluminous inanity and enormous accumulation.

The writings of the schoolmen, the mediæval metaphysicians, are thoroughly obsolete. The speculations of the Greeks interest no one now except as we read Plato through curiosity as a representative of Greek culture, and it cannot be very long before Kant, Fichte, Hegel and their metaphysical cotemporaries will be consigned to the depositories of rubbish.

It is scarcely remembered now that the voluminous writings of ALBERTUS MAGNUS required twelve pages to record their titles, or that the equally voluminous scribblings of

Raymond Lully were revered by his followers as superior to the writings of Aristotle, though in the present day he would be regarded by many as a lunatic—or that Duns Scotus had thirty thousand pupils and gave them in the 13th century much the same kind of mental food as the most modern metaphysicians—or that Abelard, 200 years earlier, figured as the chief founder of mediæval philosophy—or that Peter Lombard, the “Master of Sentences,” furnished the text-book of philosophy in the 12th century on which the “Seraphic Doctor” Bonaventura and many others were delighted to write commentaries. The text-book and the commentaries are now forgotten alike, though they were more revered in their day than Locke, Stewart, Brown and Kant in the early portion of the present century.

Our subject may be dry and profitless; indeed one is often tempted to turn aside from inspecting the speculative rubbish of centuries, but we have a necessary task to perform. The exposure of falsehood is sometimes a necessary duty for the vindication of truth. American and English universities still cherish metaphysics, still ignore the science of the mind in connection with the brain, still refuse with blind stubbornness to look at any single fact in experimental psychology or even to tolerate experimental investigation. Let us examine, then, the chaff which they substitute for proper intellectual food.

Ontological metaphysics, derived from consciousness, can rationally be regarded only as an absurd and abortive speculation. That which is outside of ourselves cannot be found in ourselves. We might as well hope to develop astronomy and civil engineering by looking into our consciousness as to develop any philosophic conceptions of the universe in general. The attempt has invariably resulted in vague and chaotic conceptions, more worthy of a mad-house than a university. The metaphysical critic, Mansel, remarks: “The ideas of God, Freedom and Immortality are too special to be elicited by the processes of general Ontology, except in the form of Pantheism, which disposes of them by annihilating

them altogether. The idea of God becomes merged in that of the sum total of existence ; that of Freedom is destroyed by representing this quasi-deity as the sole real agent ; that of Immortality is exchanged for the absorption of self into the real universe."

"Like Ontology in general, the three branches of Ontology [God, the world and the soul], if deductively treated, will deal with words and not with things. Unable to verify their fundamental assumptions by an appeal to the facts of consciousness—unable even to determine whether those assumptions represent thought or the negation of thought—they can but torture words under the name of analyzing notions, and arrive at conclusions which indicate no more than a consistent use of language. Thought itself, in its bare and unmixed form, cannot be handled in any mental process."

As a fair and brief statement of the Cosmology of the metaphysicians, the following passage from Mansel shows its absurdity sufficiently to need no comment :—

"Cosmology, as exhibited by Wolf, professes to deduce from ontological principles a demonstration of the nature of the world and the manner in which it is produced from simple substances. The office of Cosmology is to deduce from the abstract principles of being in general, the necessary relations which the world as a compound being must exhibit. It is thus based not on an examination of the mundane phenomena, as they actually exist in the present system of nature, but on the general conception of the world as a possible system, and in which the actual system is included as an individual under a species. Cosmology, as thus exhibited, can contain nothing more than an analysis of general notions, and can lead to no conclusions but such as the philosopher has himself virtually assumed in his premises. The abstract notion of the world contains implicitly whatever attributes we choose to assume as its constituents ; and the metaphysical or logical analysis of that notion can contain no more."

Equally conclusive is the objection to metaphysical theology, as stated by Mansel :—

“We are supposed to start from a nominal definition of the Deity, as the most perfect being, containing in his nature the sum of all possible realities in an absolutely perfect degree. How do we know that our conception at all corresponds to the nature of the being whom it professes to represent? Such a system claims in its very conception a right to transcend consciousness. The form of consciousness is *myself*, and the facts of consciousness postulate my existence as their condition. By what warrant am I justified in reasoning *from the relative to the absolute*, in identifying that which depends on me with that on which I depend? A conception of the Deity in his absolute existence appears to involve a self-contradiction; for *conception itself is a limitation*, and a conception of the absolute Deity is a limitation of the illimitable!”

Kant, in opposition to the cosmologists, denied our ability to know anything of the world or of being exterior to ourselves, because of the limitation of our faculties. He affirms that space and time are mere conditions of *our own perceptive faculties*, and that if we would understand external objects, we must conceive them independent of space and time; and as we cannot do this, we cannot know anything truly, but can only recognize certain delusive appearances.

The assertion of the non-existence of space and time, except as a law of operation for our own minds and the philosophisms based upon it, are another illustration of the general truth that *pure metaphysics is pure absurdity*, and that men may write not only from the inspiration of vanity, but from the *controlling* influence of each of the (Adhesive) anti-intellectual faculties,* which in their predominance revel in absurdity and ignore every intuitive perception, as well as every dictate of reason.

To throw the mind out of all relation to space and time, was Swedenborg's prescription for attaining knowledge of the spirit world—in other words, for rising from matter to spirit;

* The existence of such organs and faculties, leading in their abnormal excess to bigotry, stubbornness, absurdity, etc., is a fact in human nature first explained by the writer's system of Anthropology.

and it is certainly true, that to understand spirit properly, we must get rid of the essential conditions and qualities of matter. Yet Kant proposes to learn the realities of matter by getting rid of the inseparable conditions of its existence, as if we should attempt to understand Geometry by ignoring the conceptions of lines and of magnitude.

Fichte, equally absurd with Kant, decided by a course of inconsequential reasoning not worth repeating in its jejune tediousness, that *man exists, but nothing else*. The supposed reality beyond man (the universe and deity) is merely derivative from man; in other words, is merely an affection of our consciousness. Of course, then, each human being must consider himself the universe, all other human beings being merely affections of his consciousness, as he is but an affection of their consciousness—which seems logically to annihilate even the substantial existence of man, leaving only ideas. It was in reference to such a philosophy that a Boston transcendentalist was said to have pronounced it very unphilosophical to say, "It snows," or, "It rains." It would be more philosophical to say, "I snow," "I rain."

This would seem to be the very climax of pure absurdity, and yet Schelling and Hegel go still further into this intellectual chaos.

Schelling ignores even man's existence, and virtually makes all things a baseless dream. He fancies himself, or his thought, identified with the divine mind, or the *absolute*, and conscious by an omniscient act of both the personal and the phenomenal, *of both as one*.

The system of Schelling, which, equally with that of Hegel and that of Fichte, seems to defy rational comprehension, is thus criticised by Mansel. Any fuller exposition of its futility is unnecessary, and would be as tedious as the systematic analysis of a maniac's dream:—

"It is obvious to ask how such a system, admitting it to be possible or even true, can be known to be possible or true. Can the individual man, supposing him to be a phenomenon and not a reality,

become conscious of his own nonentity? The first testimony of consciousness is to the existence of the conscious subject; the idea of reality and existence arises in and by that testimony. Can I then, existing in consciousness, be at the same time conscious that I do not exist? Can I be conscious and not conscious, substance and accident, reality and phenomenon, personally existing and merged in the absolute, at one and the same instant, in one and the same act? This Schelling's theory virtually declares to be possible, and the means by which it is accomplished is intellectual intuition. This intuition is the instrument and the method of philosophy; it is the process by which the absolute becomes conscious of itself, by which the philosopher becomes conscious of his identity with the absolute. It is an act out of time and by which time is constituted, and which is distinct from and above ordinary consciousness; which cannot be described in language or apprehended in conception; whose results cannot be communicated to ordinary consciousness, and of course cannot be verified by it."

The system of Hegel is even a little more incomprehensible and visionary than that of Schelling. In fact, it is difficult to state his leading idea in any concise and intelligible phraseology. Rejecting Schelling's scheme of intuition, he recognizes an indescribable universal *something* for which we have no word in the English language—a something that is conscious in man, unconscious outside of man—embracing everything and *everywhere identical*. This *something* is thought, and being, and consciousness—all three, yet one. A very successful effort to get rid of all rational conceptions, and speak with mysterious dignity of the universe with an affectation of wisdom.

Mansel says of Hegel, and his criticism is very fair and just:—

"The method of Hegel is sometimes described as an attempt *to rethink the great thought of creation*; the philosopher being supposed to place himself at the point at which the divine mind developed itself into finite existences, and to repeat that development in the processes of his own system. This supposition is *sufficiently presump-*

tuous; but, as usually understood, it by no means expresses the full pretensions of Hegel's theory. Creation, in the Hegelian point of view, does not imply a creator, nor thought a thinker. Instead of commencing with God as the beginning of all existence, this philosophy commences with zero. The *notion* whose development constitutes the process alike of existence and of thought is pure Being, which is identical with pure Nothing. The union of Being and Nothing constitutes Becoming, and from Becoming proceeds all determinate existence. The Hegelian process may thus be described as a creation of the Deity, no less than of the world; for it recognizes the existence of no Deity distinct from the world. But the philosopher, though aspiring to construct the universe, is virtually compelled to assume a prior universe as his foundation. Though he will not postulate a mover, he is compelled to postulate motion. *The pure being, which is also pure nothing, has a power of self-development.* How this process takes place, or how pure nonentity can contain a principle of self-development; or how, if being and nothing are absolutely one and the same, they can at the same time be two elements united together; or how the union of the identical with the identical can form a compound distinct from its factor or factors, these points Hegel has omitted to explain."

Hegel the very high-priest of speculative absurdity, glories in his cloudy preëminence.

"In the other countries of Europe (says Hegel in 1816), in which the sciences and the cultivation of the understanding have been prosecuted with zeal and credit, every remembrance and trace of philosophy, the name only excepted, has perished and disappeared. Among the Germans alone it has maintained itself as a national possession. We have received from Nature the higher mission to be the preservers of this sacred fire, as the Fumolpidæ of Athens were intrusted with the preservation of the Eleusinian mysteries."

Hegel and his cotemporaries were in full sympathy with the blindly speculative spirit of the schoolmen and ancient metaphysicians—a spirit diametrically opposite to that of true science and philosophy. It was quite natural, therefore, that he condemned Bacon and denounced Newton's Optics as

showing exactly how scientific investigations should *not* be conducted.

The old Greek and modern German schools are really the proper representatives of metaphysics, as claimed by Hegel, as they regard pure speculation as the only avenue to philosophy. The British mind, more solid and practical than the German or Greek, has advanced but little into the fog-land of *pure* speculation, and hence the true metaphysicians of Germany, who arrogate to themselves the title of philosophers, look with contempt upon the less speculative English, saying that they have developed no philosophy. In truth, however, the quasi metaphysicians of England have *almost* reached a rational view of philosophy, and have pretty effectually demolished most of the fog-banks of continental philosophizing. Hamilton regarded the greater portion of the metaphysics of his predecessors with undisguised contempt, and Stewart denounced their Ontology as "the most idle and absurd speculation that ever employed the human faculties," yet still retained enough of the same spirit of "idle and absurd speculation" to make him a deadly opponent to the scientific study of man by Gall and Spurzheim.

Metaphysical studies have ever exerted a paralyzing influence upon the power of investigating nature and discovering truth. Their true source is in Vanity, the antagonist of Perception—a faculty which in its self-sufficiency scorns to look at any external object, and feels itself amply competent to teach from its meditative faculties, and its wealth of superciliousness.

Nearly all forms of pure metaphysical speculation exhibit a warfare against the dictates of the intellect; and as the intellectual faculties (imaginative and literary) are employed in this warfare, metaphysics may be defined as the *suicide of intellect*. Causality is assailed by Hume and Pyrrho. The faculties of form, size, locality, number, and time are demolished by Kant; Fichte, Hegel, and Schelling make war on every faculty that supplies intelligence, not even sparing consciousness, which other metaphysicians enlist as an ally in their war.

The English and Scotch halfway metaphysicians, endeavoring to use their intellectual faculties, exhibit a partial convalescence from the metaphysical epidemic and develop quite a number of rational ideas. But having looked at the disease in its worst form (for it is a species of intellectual measles, to which young men and nations in their intellectual juvenility are most liable), it would not be worth our time to look among the convalescents to trace their approximation to healthy thought, except to mark the movements of one (Sir Wm. Hamilton) whose writings, approximating more nearly to rationalism, still claim a position in our colleges. This task must be reserved for another occasion.

The least extravagant of the metaphysical speculations, that of Hartley and Condillac, ignoring the difficulties presented by the diversified and complex traits of humanity, and the strength of will and passions which are constitutional endowments, supposed that all the powers and traits of humanity could be built up by mere impression or sensation and association. The extravagance and incompleteness of this theory renders its refutation unnecessary; yet even Sir James Mackintosh was so charmed with its simplicity as to say that the doctrine of association was the basis of all true psychology, and to compare its teacher, Hartley, to Sir Isaac Newton.

The creation of our faculties solely by impressions on the senses would leave little opportunity for the development of differences between men and animals, when reared in the same apartment and receiving the same impressions on their senses. It would permit no remarkable differences of character between children of one family, even between brothers and sisters; and would leave as an inexplicable mystery the vast differences between male and female animals.

The doctrine of vibrations, that all our mental processes, from sensation and perception to the most complex emotions, passions, and reasonings, were mere vibrations of matter curiously combined together, acting and reacting according to

mechanical laws of impulse and elasticity, was still more extravagant. Even if these complex vibrations were possible in the human body, the blank idiocy of confounding vibration with thought and emotion makes it astonishing that such writings should ever have been held in honor. But metaphysics being mostly the *wild hypotheses of ignorance*, a long course of metaphysical reading had prepared men to welcome any hypothesis, however baseless.

It has required two thousand years from the time of Plato for the intellectual faculties to assert their paramount authority and check the career of self-satisfied ignorance by leading us to observe, to understand, and to reason upon nature.

What was the skepticism of Hume but a crushing of the intellectual faculties? When he affirms that we are conscious only of a succession of ideas and not of the mind, the self that entertains these ideas, he disregards the voice of consciousness, the sense of personal identity. To deny causation which we perceive, and affirm that there is only succession of events without causal connection, is simply disregarding the voice of the intellect. We might with the same propriety deny the existence of form, affirming that we are conscious of nothing but an infinite number of points, and that the idea of form is a creation of our own mind corresponding to nothing in nature. The next step in misological absurdity is to deny, with Kant, the existence of time and space, affirming that they appertain only to our minds. The next beyond Kant is to deny all perception, with Fichte and Schelling, and affirm that nothing exists but our own consciousness or thought. The very *ultima thule* of absurdity is reached with Hegel in ignoring our positive consciousness of self and observation, to affirm a limitless consciousness—unlocated, undefined, and commingled with being and unconsciousness in a *tertium quid* which defies description or even conception.

If the metaphysical method of philosophizing in any case falls short of blank ignorance or idiocy, it is only because it is not purely metaphysical and does not consistently follow its

own path to the end. It denies the existence of the external on the ground that it *cannot be proved*, but *assumes* the existence of consciousness which is not proved, or attempts to prove something, as Descartes, in saying "*cogito, ergo sum.*" But if I know I am because I think, *how do I know I think*—how do I know anything?

The truth is, we cannot reason at all without beginning with the postulate of what we know; and we have no right, as honest, earnest seekers of truth, to reject any portion of what we intuitively know—whether it be consciousness of the internal or a *perceptive consciousness* of the external, which every sound mind enjoys, believes, and relies upon.

The system of *Herbart*, another of the famous German mystics, resembles that of Leibnitz with its monads, in supposing a set of points or entities, *destitute of extension in space or duration in time* as the basis of the sensible world—an inconceivable supposition, which would explain nothing, if there were the slightest evidence of its truth.

The entire mass of German mysticism may be characterized as a very successful effort to eliminate from our opinions nearly everything derived from the intellectual faculties—all knowledge of nature—all knowledge of man—all historical as well as all scientific knowledge—all that we derive from reason, understanding, and intuition—the knowledge of objects, of time, space and causation—and substitute for true knowledge a set of baseless and inane hypotheses.

The existence and prevalence of such systems among men of literary culture, in so enlightened a period as the nineteenth century, and after the rational study of the brain had been developed by Gall, will be one of the most remarkable psychological facts of history—an overpowering demonstration of the existence of *Absurdity* as an essential element of human nature independent of *Insanity*; for intellect alone, however feeble, perceives clearly, so far as its power extends, and seeks to know all it can. Blind impulse alone ignores our intuitive perceptions, doubts, denies, and disbelieves everything,

but our own dogmatic infallibility, and rushes blindly to chimerical absurdity and ignorance in philosophy.

Shunning the discussion of metaphysical theories in general as a waste of time on obsolescent follies, let us briefly notice the almost universal doctrine of metaphysical philosophizers, which is called *Idealism* in opposition to *Realism*, which latter being the common sense of mankind—the recognition of the objective realities around us—has been contemptuously rejected from the lofty realms of metaphysics, which faithfully adheres to its character expressed etymologically in the word *Meta-physics*, by ignoring physical existence.

The Idealists maintain that we know nothing of external nature, but only know that we experience certain impressions, and are thereby led to believe in the existence of objects corresponding to those impressions. In other words, we know nothing but a remarkable procession of ideas in our own minds, and have not the slightest evidence that any objective existence corresponds with those ideas, or that there is any truth in the ideas we entertain of objects about us.

Yet every one of these Idealistic philosophizers believes just as firmly as the mass of mankind that surrounding objects exist just as he perceives them, and succeeds in life by acting on that conviction on which he acts during every moment of his waking consciousness. He asserts an opposite doctrine as philosophically true, which he does not really believe—cannot possibly believe, and cannot act on, for its belief and practical adoption would be pure idiocy.

The speculative mind, embarrassed by metaphysical logic, is in the condition of the credulous and thoroughly puzzled little boy whose father gave him two apples, and informed him that they were three; when he expressed his doubt of having so many, his father convinced him by saying with dignified emphasis: "Here, my son, this is one, and this is two—now you know one and two make three." He replied, "Yes, pa, I've got three, but you see it's only one for me and

one for sis." The metaphysical disciple perceives that it is logically proved that there is no reality but our own consciousness and accepts it, but experiences no change in his practical ideas, and remains in a hopeless state of mental confusion and inconsistency from which he might be relieved by more thorough and correct reasoning.

Our knowledge of external objects arises in the mind by a primitive law of its operation, which we cannot disregard or disobey, and which no one but a lunatic ever disregards. When such a conception is *first* developed, the metaphysician may properly come forward and challenge its correctness—may deny that it corresponds to any reality, and he would be unanswerable—that is to say, the newborn babe would be unable to refute his philosophy. The helpless infant, with its eyes but a short time opened, is the only true disciple of metaphysical idealism. But very soon ideas produced by vision are confirmed by those of touch, and as often as an object is seen its existence, in accordance with the visual image, is verified by feeling a solid resisting object. Hence we learn that when we see a block, there is an object which, if we come in contact with it, resists our touch and firmly occupies a certain rectangular space, and has a certain amount of resistance or inertia when we attempt to move it.

This is our positive knowledge—a knowledge of solid, resisting, inert, divisible, ponderable objects. The totality of the conceptions united in one object is what we recognize as that object. The idealist may justly affirm that we do not know the substratum or essential nature of that object beyond its cognizable attributes, but this would be merely asserting that we are not acquainted with atoms or the basic forces which are manifested as matter, an assertion which cannot be controverted at present. But when he goes beyond this and asserts, because we do not know the basis of matter, that we do not know anything at all to exist, he asserts what he does not and cannot believe, for at any and every moment he verifies the existence of matter by finding a resisting substance that checks his movements—

that gives him pleasure or pain, and manifests itself to him exactly in accordance with his previous ideas of its reality.

To suppose that these ever-existing, infinitely-multiplied experiences or observations, proceeding according to laws that may be understood in accordance with the understood properties of external objects, are but arbitrary processes of our own consciousness, not produced by an adequate exterior cause, is to advance a hypothesis for the truth of which there can be but one chance against *innumerable millions*. In fact, it is an unthinkable absurdity to any healthy mind to suppose that millions of millions of effects in consciousness going on in eternal progression, should correspond continually with certain external causes the existence of which is verifiable at any time that we choose to receive an impression from them, and yet should be entirely independent thereof, as no such causes exist. The human mind, in the supposed case, would be the most gigantically ingenious instrument of deception that fancy could conceive. We do absolutely know by experience that when we see certain objects, the totality of properties by which they are recognized will be found connected with their visible forms.

We rely implicitly on the testimony of our faculties, because we find them trustworthy ; we find that when they assert a certain object existing in space and time definitely located, does exist, we never fail to verify, if we choose, the existence of that object or that group of attributes which we call an object (without any reference to ultimate causation or its basic nature). We therefore rightly trust and believe in our perceptions, because we never discover anything to contradict their veracity,* and the mutual corroboration which our perceptions give to each other assures us of the existence of the object they recognize, for we find the group of attributes—constituting that object—inseparably united, and present

* The veracity of the senses is not contradicted by an image seen in a mirror, for when we get the *entire* testimony of the senses, by looking around the mirror and at the object, we arrive at the truth.

wherever the object is in any way recognized. We know that we cannot produce this combination of perceptions by any effort of volition nor by any arbitrary powers of our own minds, and that, when we thus recognize an object, we can with it produce a similar impression on the minds of others, and also in handling it produce various effects corresponding to its character.

The error which misled the Idealists was the confounding of that group of phenomena which we perceive as exterior to ourselves (just as distinctly as we perceive our own existence), and which aggregate phenomena we call matter (for matter is but a combination of attributes or qualities), with the unknown substratum or efficient cause of those phenomena. Realistic perception, or the doctrine of Realism, does not imply that we know or perceive any such substratum, but only that we perceive matter in its phenomena, which phenomena we find combined in certain forms that we call matter or material objects. The Idealist, therefore, mistakes the nature of the question—and makes the very grave mistake, also, of supposing that when we are conscious of, or have a simultaneous conception of something external and something internal or personal, our consciousness is a false witness—true as to one-half only of its testimony, and not capable of discriminating between internal personality and external objectivity, the latter being demonstrated by innumerable coincidences and concurrences in observation.

The value of our consciousness as to external objectivity and its perfect reliability are forcibly illustrated by the existence of the intuitive faculties which, without any intermediation of the organs of sight, hearing, or touch, give us vivid conceptions of external objects (called clairvoyance), and they tell as consistent, credible, and demonstrable a story as when they speak of our own existence, so that the consciousness of our own existence and action and the consciousness of the external stand on the same basis, and are each equally true or equally questionable.

The philosophic partisan rejects just so much of the connected and unbroken testimony of consciousness as his passions* lead him to discard. Hume, admitting that we are conscious of ideas in succession, denies that we are conscious of our own existence or mind; the materialists, admitting our consciousness of external nature, reject our consciousness of our own spiritual nature—while the idealist, glorying in our spiritual consciousness, refuses to receive its testimony as to the infinite world without.

All these vagaries are but different forms of *unreason*—evidences that man has the power of suspending or overpowering any of his intellectual faculties when he writes or speaks—ignoring self-consciousness, ignoring physical science, ignoring memory, ignoring causation, ignoring time and space, ignoring correlations, ignoring common sense, sagacity and intuitive perception.

The misological or bigoted spirit which has opposed and discouraged the cultivation of science and art—which arrayed itself against Bacon, Galileo, Columbus, Harvey, and Gall, discouraged every great inventor and persecuted every advocate of freedom of thought or discussion, was but a more intense and violent display of the vain and arrogant spirit which assumed to understand nature and give forth philosophy without condescending to observe and learn.

Hence metaphysical speculators may properly be classed among the opponents of human progress, efficient only in perpetuating the ignorance of earlier ages, discouraging the study of science, and hindering every species of progress. In the earlier ages they dogmatized in physical science until the exercise of the intellect redeemed that department from speculation and alchemical theories. From the department of physiology the speculators have been effectually expelled; but Psychology has been so little cultivated by scientific methods, that its dreamy speculators are not yet expelled. The study

* "Passions" may seem an inappropriate term, but it is applicable to all the impulses of stubbornness, defiance, infidelity, scorn, vanity, adhesiveness and bigotry.

of the brain will, however, soon expel them from Psychology, leaving them only a narrow boundary along the theological borders of the un-knowable from which to war on science until they take their final leave of the higher spheres of thought.

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR.—If it should be asked why those who study nature in the spirit of modesty, docility, and candor should criticise the champions of pretended philosophy, we may reply that *all falsehood is powerful for evil*, and metaphysical delusions have been preëminently powerful in blighting the fair outgrowth of humanity, by their narcotic influence on *education*. The University systems of education, organized in accordance with the true spirit of metaphysical philosophy, have been no less effectual in deforming the mind of man than the wooden helmets or head-boards of the Flathead and Chetimachi Indians in deforming their crania.

Throughout the present century the best thinkers have protested in vain against the *stultifying system* of the Universities. President Barnard, of Columbia College, in an address to the University Convocation, in 1866, after denouncing the ultra-classical education of the Universities of England, quoted the following graphic description of the results of such education from a writer in the *London Times*:—

“Common things are quite as much neglected and despised in the education of the rich as in that of the poor. It is wonderful how little a young gentleman may know when he has taken his university degrees, *especially if he has been industrious and has stuck to his studies*. He may really spend a long time in looking for somebody more ignorant than himself. If he talks with the driver of the stage-coach, that lands him at his father's door, he finds he knows nothing of horses. If he falls into conversation with a gardener, he knows nothing of plants or flowers. If he walks into the field, he does not know the difference between barley, rye, and wheat; between rape and turnips; between lucerne and saint-foin; between natural and artificial grass. If he goes into a carpenter's yard, he does not know one wood from another. If he comes across an attorney, he has no idea of the difference between common and statute law, and is wholly in the dark as to those securities of personal and political liberty on which we pride ourselves. If he strolls into any workshop or place of manufacture, it is always to find his level, and that a level far below the present company. If he dines out, and as a youth of proved talents, and perhaps university honors, is expected to be literary, his literature is confined to a few popular novels. The girl who has never stirred from home, and whose education has been economized, not to say neglected, in order to send her own brother to college, knows vastly more of those things than he does. The same exposure awaits him wherever he goes, and whenever he has the audacity to open his mouth. *At sea, he is a land-lubber; in the country, a cockney; in town, a greenhorn; in science, an ignoramus; in business, a simpleton; in pleasure, a milksop*; everywhere out of his element; everywhere at sea, adrift. In society and in the work of life he finds himself beaten by the youth whom at college he despised as frivolous or abhorred as profligate. He is ordained and takes charge of a parish, only to be laughed at by the farmers, the trades-people, and even the old women.”

And yet it is a daring and difficult undertaking for a professor to suggest any improvement on this venerable and fossilized system, which is so successful in the perpetuation of ignorance.

THE SOUTHERN HEART :

THE AMERICAN EAGLE AND THE CAROLINA PALMETTO.*

BY D. J. MANDELL.

I.

Sons of the South ! ye sunny souls,
Born of the Summer skies,—
When fierce the tempest round ye rolls,
Bent—not to fall—but rise,—
Accept a brother's humble lay,
And hear his kindly words, I pray.

II.

Deep in its native solitude,
Ere man-craft smote the land,
Where primal forests proudly stood,—
And nigh the sea-girt strand,—
A tall Palmetto reared its crest,
With brightest verdure richly dressed.

* This legendary poem is founded on an alleged incident of the war between the United States and the Southern Confederacy. The episode is this:—The Palmetto tree is the State symbol of South Carolina—the beautiful type or emblem of her native patriotism and honor within the American Federal Union, of which she was, originally, so earnest and distinguished a member. This Palmetto is reported to have been artistically imitated in wrought-iron and planted or erected in COLUMBIA, the central or capital city of South Carolina. The Union troops are said to have assaulted it during “Sherman's raid,” hacking it with axe and chisel, and even bombarding it with the more destructive implements of war. But the firm and stately structure withstood the mightiest shock; and, as we are told, still stands, indicating, we trust, the vitality of the earlier and active nationality of our Southern brethren, in their legitimate connection with the country—our whole country—North, South, East and West. It is in this hope, and on this incident, that the annexed poem is conceived and founded; and the author trusts that he has herein struck the true *chord of conciliation* which will yet ring out the chimes in full measure unto the glorious Jubilee of our Nation restored, expanded and magnificent beyond precedent in its own or any other history.

III.

An Eagle spied the graceful tree,
 Then with prophetic screech,
 Cried—"When, as emblem of the Free,
 My Bannered Throne I reach,
 This Tree shall be fair Freedom's bower,
 As I will be its pride and power."

IV.

The NATION came—and Genius glowed,
 And brightened all the scene,
 And, by its Art and skill, bestrewed
 Our Union's broad demesne
 With tributes num'rous, works of Fame
 Enshrining many a noble name.

V.

One task, 'mid these, most nobly graced
 Columbia's finest square :—
 An iron-wrought and firmly placed
 Palmetto towered there,—
 Aye, towered in massive strength and form,
 Unharmed by lightning or by storm.

VI.

O question for both head and heart !
 Why Freedom's champions dared
 Assault that patriotic Art,
 Which even Nature spared ?
 But, yet, the stanch trunk bore it well,
 Defying even shot and shell.

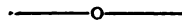
VII.

Thus Carolina, 'mid the strife,
 Thy grand, thy sacred Tree,
 So triumphing, reveals the Life,—
 The truer Life,—in thee :
 With strength and force which trial gives,
 Thine ancient, Patriot-heart still lives.

VIII.

The EAGLE laughs to see it so,
And cleaves the utmost skies,
As with his inmost soul aglow,
To his starry perch he flies—
While Freedom, from sublimest heights,
Her Nation onward! yet invites.

ATHOL, MASS., May, 1873.



RELATIONS OF MIND TO OFFSPRING.

THE singular effects produced on the unborn child, by the sudden mental emotions of the mother, are remarkable examples of a kind of *electrotyping* on the sensitive surfaces of living forms. It is doubtless true that the mind's action, in such cases, may increase or diminish the molecular deposits in the several portions of the system. The precise place which each separate particle assumes in the new organic structure, may be determined by the influence of thought or feeling. If, for example, there exists in the mother any unusual tendency of the vital forces to the brain, at the critical period, there will be a similar cerebral development and activity in the offspring. A lady who, during the period of gestation, was chiefly employed in reading the poets, and in giving form to her day-dreams of the ideal world, at the same time gave to her child (in phrenological parlance) large *Ideal-ity* and a highly imaginative turn of mind. Some time since we met with a youth who had finely molded limbs and a symmetrical form throughout. His mother has a large, lean, attenuated frame, that does not offer so much as a single suggestion of the beautiful. The boy is doubtless indebted for his fine form to the presence of a beautiful French lithograph in his mother's sleeping apartment, and which presented for her contemplation the faultless form of a naked child. B.

SOULS AND SCENES IN SPIRIT LIFE.

BY FANNY GREEN M'DOUGAL.

NUMBER THREE: THE HEAVEN OF HEAVENS.

HAVING traversed the Heavens of Beauty and Truth, we are now to enter on the most interior plane of the human spirit's life and consciousness, reaching out into the Immeasurable, the Immaculate, the Infinite.

Again my Guide stood before me, but at this time clothed with such radiations, I could with difficulty look upon him.

He smiled graciously, in salutation, thus answering my thought.

“ We have simply put on the regalia of the Heaven we are to visit ; for every true aspiration, whether we know it or not, clothes the soul with whatever brightness it has. And could'st thou, at this moment, see thyself, my son, thou would'st behold thyself also clothed in this externalized divinity. These outflowing garments do not belong exclusively to Swedenborg, to Zoroaster, or even Jesus, but to mankind. This pure effluence is native to the soul, and needs only to be set free in order to be exhibited.”

He paused a moment and then said ; “ I am drawn Earthward, and perceive that a visitor from thence is seeking to approach the Heavens. I rejoice in this ; for you can thus see some of the phenomena of the Spirit's temporary exodus from the Form which it still inhabits. Now repose.”

Suddenly the finest and divinest dew of sleep passed over and pervaded me. Atom by atom, soul and sense were permeated, as the lightest and softest drapery fell and folded over me.

But suddenly there was intense reaction. The passivity of repose in an instant became the very essence of positive

power. I was no longer faint-hearted, or doubtful. Rising high above the mists of speculation and even the atmosphere of faith, sight was knowledge, and knowledge was strength. Then for the first time I really felt my regal dower, and wore, with becoming majesty, my more than kingly crown. I gloried in the name and nature of Immortal Man. I claimed the sireship of Almighty God. I was one with my Father. I took hold of his Greatness; I rose into his Omnipotence. I comprehended his Omniscience. I stood unveiled, and unabashed, in the all-inspiring splendor of his Godhood. My kinship with all the Infinite was confirmed; and blazoned in letters of light, it seemed written on all I saw.

The Sage smiled. "This power that now pervades thee, my son, is thine by the rights of the Race, and not of the Individual. In this sphere, Humanity is sanctified from its sins, and for the first time completely invested with itself, to be, and to do, what God ordains. And so strong and positive is this power, that no one can come, not even momentarily, within the range of its spheral emanation, without feeling and being moved by it.

"In this sphere originate all great and important reforms for the benefit of Mankind. This, too, is the highest Heaven of Invention and the fountain-head of all progressive impulse and action."

"But have I not seen," I interrupted rather warmly, "ay, with my own eyes, seen the bosom cells of philosophers in the realm of Truth, with the very germs they nurtured? If inventions originate there, as I was told, how can they also have their beginning here?"

"All that thou hast seen is true, and far more," he answered, bending leniently toward me, that the fine aroma of his presence might restore the harmony, which my hot haste had, for the moment, disturbed. "The only trouble is you have not seen the whole truth. You regard a certain class of spirits as isolated, when, in fact, THERE IS NO ISOLATION. As Thought touches Thought and Will binds Will, so do

spheres intermingle and blend, in one uninterrupted series, from the highest to the lowest—from the lowest to the highest. Presently you will perceive that the irradiations of Beauty and the flowing River of Truth have their correspondence in this sphere—in all spheres. According to their grade and kind, all spheres radiate. The higher reaches down to the lower, the lower again to the lowest; and by a beautiful dispensation of want and supply, the lowest, in its extremity, invokes the highest, and the highest, in its ministry, bends benignly to the lowest."

After a short pause he waved his hand in the air, as if to catch its vibrations, then he said; "The Heaven of Love invites. Let us enter."

As if borne by a thought, we were wafted upward, through a drifting cloud of blooms and essences of such fineness, that they penetrated the whole being, enveloping it like an atmosphere, that touched and laved the Inmost. Indescribably delicious were the sensations thus received. I here use the word sense, having no other to express this kind of spiritual consciousness.

Suddenly a broad dome, as of a higher Heaven, rounded up above us, with a majesty of outline passing all description. The light and color were also peculiar. Rose, saffron, purple and azure, in their richest deepest depths were continually interflowing, *displacing* and *replacing* each other. But their hues were not to be conceived of by any external tints, or tones of color. They were composed of essences so fine, that none but the truest spiritual sight could be affected by them. Above, or in the higher series, all other hues, with their innumerable lights and shadows, were fused in one, which may best be represented by the outblossoming rose-hue of the finest pearl. Nothing below is like the effect thus produced. The blending of bloom and brilliance was not like the flashing light of gems. It was infinitely softer, yet not less lustrous; and in the masses, or depths, it passed into the opake. If the tenderest and most interior bloom of flowers could be

clothed in living sunbeams, it would present the best possible idea of this light. But above, and still higher in the arch that spanned and encircled all, the rose-hue passed into immaculate whiteness, that hung like a myriad-fold canopy, over all worlds, infusing its benison of grace and love into all being.

I stood as one entranced, with all the powers of sense and soul strained to the extremest tension and thus fixed, transfigured and sublimed by the highest, the profoundest capacity of love and worship. Then I knew how lovely and precious to the soul is suffering for the good of others. The Christ-power took hold of me ; and I not only felt, but knew, how glorious above all others, is the martyr's crown.

But of a new form of music the soul thus became cognizant. Breath, motion, thought, were for the time denied me. And then my power flowed out freely into this divinest melody. As all colors blend in perfect whiteness, that seems void of all color, so do all sounds, in their most ethereal essences, merge in perfect silence. This, to the tutored sense, is the sublimest, the divinest utterance of harmonic numbers. Tune within tune, and harmony within harmony—soul within sense and sense within soul—an unlimited series of vibrations, that made no audible sound, stirred and touched, and woke each other, until, at length, it really seemed as if all the musical notes in Nature and in God, had been fused together, in one all-pervading almighty rhythm.

All I had heard before seemed crude and cold, a harsh discordant jargon of untaught performers, compared with this majestic music of silence. It was the Infinite Love, living in all life, moving all motion, informing all intelligence, inspiring all harmony. It was the latent God-power waking in all things. All Nature feels and owns its potency ; and her harp of ten thousand thousand strings, vibrates to its vital breath. Not a man thinks, not a creature moves, not a plant lives, not a leaf grows, not even a single grain of sand concretes and crystallizes, but this all-informing spirit is of it, and in it.

This was the song of the Morning Stars, as they sang together in the beginning of time. It is still the song of all stars, and will be forever. It is the majestic music that leads the march of ages. It fills all time and pervades eternity.

Such thoughts as these flowed through me, as we stood there in the unbreathing stillness; and I knew not that any others were near. But a touch of the Sage's hand melted the film from my sight; and then, indeed, I found myself surrounded by glorious forms. They were mostly reclining on scrolls of soft translucent light, fair and feathery, like heaps of down. Some of them were like cars, others like couches, but they all had the scroll-like character—infinately lovely and graceful. At first these were all that I could see. It was only the potentialized sight, that could behold the spirit forms of that radiant sphere.

But my sight being unsealed, they, too, came forward, and welcomed, and blessed me. I thought I should have shrunk away, and fainted in their presence. But, on the contrary, the enlarged selfhood seemed more stately than ever, as one of the most ancient and glorious approached me, with outstretching hands of love and benediction, saying at the same time, "And thou art, also, heir of the Father's House."

I saw, as it were, a torch, blazing before him; and then I knew, indeed, that I stood face to face, with the Father of the Fire Worshipers—Zoroaster, the Persian Seer.

I tried to scan his thoughts, that I might realize more fully the grandeur of my position. But the moment I did so, I became faint and sick. His greatness of soul reassured me. I reposed in it, and grew strong.

I could see, as we passed on, how the peculiar circumstances of each life were, in some manner, reproduced. Thus Plato still taught in groves, like those of his beloved Academus; and Polycarp kept still, for his spirit Heaven, a reminiscence of his own Syrian skies.

Here I observed that the suffering of martyrdom concentrated within itself ages of ordinary life, and ripened the soul

prematurely. Most of the distinguished martyrs were either inhabitants or frequent visitors of this sphere. I noticed, too, the sweet and pure naturalness of the primitive teachers of mankind, and that they all retained, in a striking degree, their peculiar traits. Thus Christna, the "Cross-borne" of the ancient myth, beneath a godlike wisdom, still exhibits the same hilarious gayety, as when he led the dance or sang by the silvery streams of Indus, favorite of the happy milkmaids; while Boodha, through all his profound happiness, yet bears traces of the mind, that sought in annihilation, the only remedy of infinite sorrow.

And these were heathen gods, impostors—demons—as I had once believed—who had willingly and wantonly misled the world, and brought Humanity to wreck with artificial shoals and false lights.

Jeremiah—once known as the Weeping Prophet—merely smiled as he saw the thought. Waving his hand expressively in certain directions, he showed me that of all the highest there were none higher than these. O that I could picture this scene to the minds of the hard-hearted, stony-eyed, self-glorifiers, who think *they* have all the wisdom—who look forth with the range of a gnat's eye, and then imagine that they have seen all that *is* to be seen. Would that I could delineate and impress it truly on your minds, as a confirmation of your highest faith, or a cure for honest narrowness of sight. As it is, it has been a lesson to me, which I shall never need to learn again. I see now how truly all religious systems are allied, and of one origin. Sincerity and the real devotion to human good, are the tests everywhere. Omnipotent Love is pleased with these; and Omnipotent Justice asks no more.

"How shall I describe these immaculate forms?" I said to myself; for with every attempt at scrutiny they are resolved into a drop of intense white light. But after a little, the mind, as well as the eye, became accustomed to their highly refined organism; and then I saw many great Teachers from many spheres of widely distant systems, all brought together in one

grand fraternity of human love. How wonderful—O how sublime the conception! All the Earths in the immensity of space, peopled with the children of one common Father—all members of one common family!

As I came into rapport with many of them, I saw they had the same interest in their native Earth as we have in ours, and that they were looking for something better, that is to come, showing that the eyes of the Soul, everywhere, are turned toward a higher state. Progress is the law of all worlds.

There was one phenomenon that greatly affected me.—Whenever any remarkably vivid thought struck me, I was sure to attract some spirit, with a corresponding consciousness. Thus when I was musing on the effects of the light, I saw pencilled in letters of gold, over the broadest and most radiant of brows: "God is truth and light is his shadow."

This was the divine Plato; and the well-known sentiment thus set forth, was, in itself, a letter of introduction. Again, as I was pondering on the philosophy of this voiceless music, a noble presence, with a spirit of alabaster pureness and clearness, responded thus:

"Neither speech, which is produced by the voice, nor even internal or mental language, if it be infected with any disorder of the mind, is proper to be offered to God; but we worship him with an unspotted silence, and the most pure thought of our nature."

This favorite passage made me personally acquainted with Porphyry of Tyre. Thus also came other honored ones; but none more clearly or grandly than Socrates. He came in answer to a thought. I was musing on the soul—its powers, its wants, its paramount grandeur and importance.

When I first saw him he stood at a little distance, bending gently forward, leaning, as it were, on his folded hands supported by a staff. This brought the eyes very near. And yet they seemed so deep and distant. There was a world of light within, wide, high and unsearchable. Then in a kind of silvery phosphorescent light his great sentiment was formed

into words: "Feed the perishing body with meat that perishes. What matter if it be honey or hemlock? But the Soul, which cannot die, nourish with immortal Truth."

I could not pause to ask myself if I were indeed dreaming. If I turned to my position for a single moment, I was overwhelmed with wonder. Did I, in truth, stand face to face with the "Ancient of Days?" I could not choose but dwell upon it, for the very marvel that it was.

"Would'st thou from this height behold the Earth, my son," was whispered in my ear; and Swedenborg, my Spirit Guide, once more stood before me.

Perceiving my desire, he led me to what seemed the brink of a profound abyss, which at first appeared wholly dark. But following the lines of light that were continually radiating from the spirit spheres, I was at length able to command sufficient tenuity of sight, to reach the Earth. I knew it by many familiar objects, which, however, all appeared in a murky, lurid light. The kingdoms of the world, with all their sorrows, were spread within eye-reach. They were all seething with the elements of waste and suffering, want and woe unspeakable. Disease and Death were lurking at every fire-side; and War went forth unbridled. My eyes were pained with the sight of suffering. My ears were maddened with discords. Wrong, Shame, Tyranny and Servility everywhere prevailed. I took up the strain of the Weeper, crying:—"Woe! woe! I lament! I mourn for thee, poor unhappy Earth! When will thy sorrows end? When will the ruin cease? Will Good entirely perish from our midst, and the unchecked powers of Evil reign alone? Is there no real God—no true Man—no pitying Angel—no devoted Redeemer—no invincible Liberator?"

But, hark! Away; away! A voice comes through the deep distance: "Behold, the day of Redemption is at hand; and God, and Man, and Angels, shall be associated, and interwrought, and harmonized; and the present shall flow out into the future, as a dark and troubled stream, into the

profound life of a sunlit sea, to be purified and carried up into higher and holier uses."

As I turned in the direction of the voice, clouds, like the shadow of a great curtain, were lifted up from the horizon. In the light that was thus thrown down I beheld the whole Earth as it were transfigured; and I surveyed it, as through a lens, where every object was clearly distinct and brought near. The horizon became a spiral; and it wound itself up the clear and sunny heavens, with every convolution becoming more serenely calm and beautiful, until at the zenith the rays all converged into a great white splendor, where I beheld the projected shadow of higher spheres, into which the exalted Earth Life, by a natural transition, merged, still bearing types of the present, but ever passing into a nobler strength and a finer beauty. It was the great Highway of Generations, the ascending spiral of the Future, bearing with it, out of the miasma and mire of the Present, the indestructible Essences, which must still unfold into finer forms, and be clothed with diviner beauty. It was infinitely grand and lovely. I rose into the greatness and was glorified along with it.

Again, looking toward the East, I beheld a great white cloud, as of a mountain of light, which, rolling out from the sky, softly rested upon the Earth. The world woke, as with the joy of a new day. The young Morning, with the star upon her forehead, fading in the light of her own happy eyes, came forth. Waving her hand to her dusky sister, whose queenly shadow fell on the steep declivity beyond, she went abroad, sandaled with light and robed with woven blushes, scattering over all she touched the bloom of a thousand roses, and waking, wherever she breathed, the music of a new life—divine orisons of love, and harmony, and happiness.

Then, on the verge of the Orient, a lofty arch of still whiter light sprang from the summit; and its substance, blending with the early mists, became concrete with the cool translucent hue of alabaster. A luxuriant vine, as of myrtle, ran over it and relieved its gleaming luster, with the shadow

of green foliage and hyacinthine blooms. Beneath it opened two massive gates. They were as of pearl, irised with the splendor of dissected sunbeams. They swung back on their golden hinges ; and the musical opening announced still more wonderful scenes.

A majestic Form came out of the mansions of light beyond ; and with a gracious wave of the hand, he seemed to pass over the intermediate boundaries, and stood directly before me. The white hair fell in silvery waves over the grand and noble forehead, and on it rested a chaplet of bay-leaves, old as the "Beauty of Zion," yet still shining with a bright and imperishable greenness. Robes of light, which seemed to flow out from him, were thrown back in folds of such a stately grace as made him appear still more august. They fell aside from the elastic motion of his step, without impeding the forward spring of his firm and vigorous foot.

In his hand he carried a lyre ; and its music sounded deep and solemn, as if it were borne up by great billows from the breast of a heaving sea ; and yet it was sweet and joyful, as if it had rippled in vibrations of light from the song of the Morning Stars. As he came forward laughing Joys awoke ; frolic Loves caroled around him ; and new-born Harmonies followed in his footsteps ; and, as if projected from his own prophetic eyes, pictures of millennial beauty appeared on the background of the shadowy distance.

When a little way off he stood still and I felt myself expanding into the high and beautiful sphere of his greatness. There was no cause of fear in the benign look, in the protecting love, and in the paternal blessing of the outstretched hand ; but I bowed myself down at his feet, and touched the border of his garment, with a true and heart-felt reverence ; for I knew the Inspirer of my youth, the Poet-Prophet, Isaiah, to whose matchless song my child heart, with all its throbbing pulses, beat time ; and its bare echoes, even now, stir it as no other song does. And as he spoke I heard again

the old-world music, which had so early fascinated and enthralled me.

Suddenly he stood still again ; and I knew by the peculiar expression and action, that he was magnetizing. The palms of his hands inclined downward, the finger-tips pointing toward the Earth. In the silent action was a concentration of power, that might not only move mountains, but hold them suspended in mid-air. We know very well that a magnet may be made to lift many thousand pounds ; but we do not yet know how far more potent is human, or spirit magnetism.

Observing the process, my sight flowed into his ; and directly I saw a female form reclining on a couch in a dimly-lighted chamber. The figure lay on the back ; and I saw distinctly what may be termed the physical law of the process. Innumerable points of magnetic contact were made all along the sides, from the head down to the feet. These were slowly drawn out into films of invisible fineness, myriads uniting, as in the spider's spinning, to form the main cord.

I saw that the sleeper, if such she might be termed, was watching this process with a pleased and curious eye. But presently the whole power of sight became fixed on the magnetizing eyes. Thus she was drawn upward, and lifted, as it were, out of herself. As soon as this was effected the liberated spirit lost sight of the room where the body lay, and rose into the air—with higher and higher flights—by the planets—beyond the orbit of the sun—above the stars—on—on—toward the center of all systems—the Heaven of Heavens.

A wondrous thing it was to behold—wonderful, indeed, to experience. Once she tried to turn her eyes, for a wider view of the ærial systems. But the instant the magnetic hold loosened, she became sick, with a sense of falling from a great height. But taught by this experience, she held fast to the potent eyes, that bore her up, as in a chariot of safety and strength. As she entered the Spirit World, delight, rather than wonder, was manifest in all her action.

How shall I describe this Spirit? What can fitly image her fairness—her pureness? Robes of the tenderest tint of sea-green flowed over her feet; and the bright hair spread about her, like a mantle of living sunshine.

“Can it be,” I asked, “that this being is mortal, and yet a denizen of the dark degraded Earth?”

“It is even so;” returned my Guide, who was again present with me. “And for her, and the like of her—many of whom you would know there are, could you only see the beauty of the disrobed Spirit—the Earth itself shall be redeemed, and made altogether glorious.”

Gradually the maiden and the Poet-Seer were drawn toward each other; and I saw the grand affinity of soul which thus attracted them. For a moment they stood regarding each other, like two matchless marbles of symmetry and power—so still that their aërial vesture felt not the motion of a breath. And yet they were instinct with the truest, the intensest life.

With outreaching hands of benediction, thus he spoke; “Daughter, I have come to lead thee out into the purer air and finer light, which have long been hidden—buried deep in the heart of coming Ages. A new spirit and a new power are waking; and now they are at the very threshold. When all the light of yon fair Earth, lay undeveloped in the chaotic masses of crude matter, angels of higher spheres, whose prophet eyes could sweep through myriads of ages, saw this very day, and knew when it would come. And now, behold the dawn, as the life of the New Age is evolved from the decay and death of the Past. Come up, then, to a higher standpoint, and let us behold together the unfolding life of the New Earth, as it is fashioned by the refining elements and forces of the Future.

“Not without its uses—not unworthy of the good worker—will be the lessons we receive; because with the changes themselves, must be unfolded the paths that lead to them.”

Thus saying, he grasped her hand, and they walked through the air as on a solid and level plane, my Guide and myself

following. At length we came to the mountain, whose massive walls of light lay against the Orient. Winding around it by an easy ascent, we arrived at the summit, which gradually expanded into a wide sphere, lighted up by a soft auroral splendor, and arched by a firmament of surpassing grandeur; for it was the great highway of a thousand Universes.

Looking down through the bright crystalline, we beheld the Earth, now smiling, as if it, too, were already beginning to be conscious of its translation into the atmosphere of that blissful Future which we could now distinctly see, vibrating among all its elements.

"Changes," said the Seer, "unheard of—undreamed of—by a single being on the face of yonder planet, are at hand."

As he spoke there was a beautiful expression beaming out from the inmost, making his whole being radiant with heavenly joy.

My very heart was hushed in the profoundest interest, as he resumed: "Not the keenest sight—not the finest perception—not the strongest grasp of thought—not the boldest flight of prophecy—can, as yet, compass or unfold them. And yet many of them are in the chrysalis. The dead crust shivers beneath expanding wings."

"I know not of these—" the maiden answered meekly; "but many wonderful things have already come, or I, an humble child of the Present, should not be standing here, face to face, with the august Dweller of Ages."

"Signs have truly come," he answered, with the same wondrous smile; "but the great realities have not yet appeared. Would'st thou call them up, and behold them in their pure spiritual forms, as they are projected from the brain of highest Angels, ere yet they have taken the shapes of Earth? come, then, with me; and let us look through the horoscope of Ages together. Thus will I lead thee through the labyrinths of Change, and unfold some of the laws by which it is to be; for thou must be a Teacher and in showing thy fellow beings—and especially thy own sex—what is to be,

show them how, or by what means, the good can be achieved ; that when the Work is ready, the Workers may be ready also."

"But how can I either know, or see?" she asked, sorrowfully, as if almost swallowed up in the Greatness that opened before her.

"Thou shalt look with the eyes of a Seer;" he answered quietly; "and all the wisdom that is necessary for thee shall be unfolded. But rest thee now. Again shall we come to this work together, fellow laborers in the great field of Human Progress."

"And shall I, a weak and humble being of Earth, work with thee, O beautiful Angel of Wisdom! O, glorified Prophet of Power!"

"God works even with the humblest; and why not I with thee. Accept then, and be assured of thy kinship with Isaiah; for in thy love of Right, and in thy zeal for Good, thou shalt be his companion and his equal. I have chosen thee for this work. I have endowed thee with its power. It shall thrill in thy simplest speech as with a tongue of fire. But rest now. We meet again."

The vision floated away; and by following the flight of the Earth bound Soul, I saw that with much pain and regret, it was returned to its clay tenement. The dampness and darkness of Earth were once more thrown around her; but a light shone in her spirit, which shall never be extinguished.

"Why is it," I asked, after a temporary absence, "that this woman, who is still of Earth, should be drawn to this highest Heaven? I remember to have read in some writing of this character, that no very highly developed Spirit can communicate directly with Earth."

"That is a mistake, my son, as you yourself have seen. As well might it be said that God has no power to reach and minister to his unfortunate children. Is it not plain philosophy that as the Larger includes the Less, so does the Highest the Lower and Lowest? And thus also the most highly de-

veloped mind can reach, affect and move, the grossest and most turbulent, with less danger, and with more power, than the Lower Series. Be assured, my son, that they who are so much afraid of contamination and loss are not of the highest.

"But in the present instance this woman is drawn thus high, because the celestial power, by her peculiar experience, is prematurely unfolded. She has the gift of prophecy; and by this she is allied to the Highest. But wend we now to still sublimer heights."

Resting in the bosom of a convoluted cloud, we were borne up the spiral stairway into a light unlike any other we had yet visited. It was so fine and white that everything became like itself, of transparent or translucent clearness.

Reposing on a scroll that was tinted with the splendor of her immaculate form, was a being of wonderful attributes. The heart was wide as the world; the love deep as the sea. She beheld, embraced, and loved all. Not a son or daughter of Adam escaped her attention and care.

"I know thee, O Divine Madonna!" I cried, pressing forward to kiss the border of her robe. And now, of a truth, I read the secret of thy many worshipers."

"It is true;" she returned, reaching out her hand with a gesture of benediction. "The prayers of the World have made me what they name me, the Mother of the World."

As I stood there for a moment, I felt and saw how, and why, the weeping World could so trustingly lay its head on the breast of that Infinite Motherhood.

But my sight was drawn to a radiant being near by. It was Joan of Arc. The grand old poet Deborah, stood at her right hand; and on her left the tuneful Greek, Sappho; while at her feet reclined a Spirit young and lily white. It was the youthful martyr Theodosia, the peerless Virgin of Tyre.

A little way off, and apart from all others, stood a majestic Form; and the face was turned toward the Madonna, with such an infinite expression of mingled love, tenderness and

gratitude, as I never before felt. O, then I knew that the sentiment of a true natural love is mighty and indestructible. But from such a son to such a mother, it was invested with an almost omnipotent power.

I needed not to see the cup of gall, the crown of thorns, the Garden of Agony, the cruel Cross and the riven tomb. No one for a moment could mistake the intense Individuality of that presence. Never was there another like him. He was begotten, conceived, molded, moved and inspired, atom by atom, line by line, with one all-pervading spirit of pure Love. With lifted hands and streaming eyes, I bowed myself down, and wept at his feet, for joy in his divine Presence. O how beautiful! how majestic!—how passing all language to describe—all imagination to conceive! And yet, I fainted not, as in the sight of some others far less holy. On the contrary, I grew strong—so strong I could have invoked a share of that transcendent and glorious martyrdom.

By a rapid passage of thought I went out into his life. I followed him from the manger of Cana to the Temple at Jerusalem, where he talked with the Doctors, a prematurely wise child. I stood with him by the side of Jordan, where, obedient to the ministry of John, he bowed down to the renovating wave. I ascended with him the Mountain of Temptation, and beheld the Arch-Demon turned away by his omnipotent armor of Divine Love. I stood with him on the brow of Olivet, when he wept over the doomed city. His words came booming back, borne on the troubled billows of Time: "O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! how often would I have gathered thee, as a hen gathereth her chickens beneath her wings; but ye would not!" O transcendent pathos! I lingered with him mid the shadows of Gethsemane, and saw the trickling blood-drops when he prayed: "O, Father! if it be possible, let this cup pass from me!" I hung with him at the Cross, and heard when he forgave and blest his murderers. "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" O, Almighty Love! was there no other reward than

this? Alas! no. The measure of the Martyr would have fallen short, without this highest consummation of faith and power.

"Now I know of a truth;" I exclaimed, bowing down more lowly at his feet, as he bent over me, with enclasped arms of blessing, "*how* thou art my Savior—the Savior of all Mankind. It is by this inexhaustible—this Omnipotent Love! Broad as the Universe—deep as Hell, and high as Heaven, its virtues and its potencies are sufficient for the wants of all."

He clasped my hand within his, and gently raised me. I stood erect. I grew tall and strong. I took new pleasure in myself, feeling how grand and glorious a thing it is to be a man. Thus I was baptized anew. I became one with that Immaculate Being; and forever, evermore I shall rejoice only in good.

For a little while there was a complete absorption of the senses. And then I heard that majestic Voice—the same that of yore moved and magnetized multitudes—whispering in my ear: "Rejoice, O my brother; for verily the Christ is born anew, incarnate in all Humanity."

Then after a little he added: "Veneration, my brother, is a good gift, because it leads up toward higher excellence; yet even in this go not beyond the true measure. There have been many Christs—many that have ascended to the Highest Heavens long before me. But are we not all as brethren—they to me, as I to thee? There are many great and glorious, but only one is perfect, and that is God, the Father of all Spirits and the Author of all Being."

Yet even while he modestly sought to veil his splendors, he became so transfigured that I could not see, for the great glory. And thus, while we were still sustained by his power, we passed imperceptibly into the lower spheres.

THE USES OF SORROW AND NIGHT.

BY BELLE BUSH.

OH, hearts that are weary and fainting !
Oh, spirits that pine for the light !
Would you know where its calm flowing fountains
Flow joyous and fair to the sight,—
As fair as young Morn to the sight ?

Ah ! list then the voice of my singing,
And watch for the on-coming light,
That is ready to dawn on your vision,
When you learn the sweet usés of Night—
All the uses of Sorrow and Night.

It is true, what the Scriptures have taught us,
What the voices of nature all teach,—
“That Night unto Night utters knowledge,
And Day unto Day gives it speech,”—
Aye, giveth it eloquent speech !

Sad Night is the mother of Mornning,
Who strays to the orient bars,
Where he waits, till in tears she rehearses
The lesson and lore of the stars—
Oh ! wonderful lore of the stars !

Oh, golden and beautiful lessons !
Oh, marvelous lore of the stars !
What wonder that angels who listen
Stay long by the orient bars—
Stray oft to the orient bars ?

Young Morning the lessons repeating,
Looks upward with love-lighted eye,
And, decked with the tears of his mother,
Flings a rose-colored scarf o'er the sky—
O'er the somber, gray-garmented sky.

And the sky, blushing red at his coming,
Receives to her heart every ray
That meets in his smile as together
They pass through the portals of Day—
The amber-hued portals of Day!

Then they sing a new song, and its numbers
Reveal the sweet uses of Night,
Till we learn from the voice of their singing
Where flow the pure fountains of light—
The crystalline fountains of light.

From Night, with its darkness and terror,
Earth turns to the smiles of the Morn ;
From the night of our labor and sorrow
We learn where Love's fountains are born—
Where her fountains of gladness are born.

Night weareth her mantle of shadows,
That blossoming stars may appear,
And Sorrow is sent that the spirit
May learn of the life that is near—
Of the beautiful life that is near.

Every flower, with its dew-dripping chalice,
Every cloud drifting on to the light,
With the hymn that is vocal in nature,
Proclaim the sweet uses of Night—
The uses of Sorrow and Night.

It never was meant that the spirit
Should find only sunshine below ;
'Tis well there are seasons of darkness,
When the fountains of grief overflow—
Oh, the fountains of grief that o'erflow!

Night giveth the rest of sweet slumbers,
And foldeth the tents of dull care ;
Grief bringeth the rest of true worship,
And opens the portals of prayer—
The heaven-wide portals of prayer.

Night hath dews and stars and bright planets,
And a silent mysterious noon ;
She hath clouds and a silvery circuit,
Where strays the inconstant Moon—
The lonely, inconstant Moon.

And the soul hath its stars and its planets,
Thick set in its heaven of dreams,
But, ah ! they are hid from our vision
While the sun of prosperity beams—
While we walk in its radiant beams.

It has stars of faith fair as lilies,
That bloom in the meadows above ;
It has hope, like the moon, inconstant,
And planets that whisper of Love—
Of holy, unchangeable Love.

All these shine forth in the darkness,
When the night of our sorrow is nigh,
Till we turn from the flowers that are fading
To flowers that are blooming on high—
To immortelles that cluster on high.

Ah ! the world without has its tempests,
Its wars, and the pestilence breath ;
It has seasons of wasting and terror,
And broad-sweeping pinions of Death—
Oh, the terrible pinions of Death !

And the world within has its conflicts,
When passions in hostile array
Storm the beautiful castle of Wisdom,
Where Peace with her doves would stay—
Where her white-wingéd doves would stay.

From the mire springs the beautiful lily,
The fairest and sweetest of flowers ;
From the tear-laden cloud comes the rainbow,
The seven-hued bridge of the showers—
Oh, wonderful bridge of the showers !

From death and the anguish of parting
Hath risen the orient star,
Love's signal to mortals proclaiming
The portals of life are ajar—
The loved ones have left them ajar.

Ah ! thus out of chaos and darkness
The light of all beauty was born,
And God through the night of the ages
Was building the gates of the Morn—
Behold now the gates of the Morn !

Thus the life that is born of the Spirit
Flows onward in sweetest accord
With the life that's inherent in nature,
And both speak the will of the Lord—
The will and the love of the Lord.

BELVIDERE SEMINARY.

SPIRITUAL MATHEMATICS.

BY PROF. A. F. EWELL.

LANGUAGE is the ordinary method of conveying wisdom. We need a vehicle for thought that will do justice to our intelligence. Communication between spiritually distant centers should be so commodious and direct that ideas may be freely transmitted and opportunity for philosophical investigation be increased. The stereotyped remarks "words fail to describe," "language is inadequate," indicate the necessity for a more potent form of expression. A more universal language is found in mathematical formulas, which are nearly the same everywhere. They would diffuse truth more widely. Elegant and precise, not confined to things recognized by the senses, they penetrate the ideal, our conceptions of which are all associated with material things.

Matter could never be subject to mathematical analysis but for its relations to mind.

Geometry is recommended for the solution of purely spiritual problems by Plato.

Navigation, chemistry, mechanics, and other sciences made but slow progress, enveloped in mystery, and regarded by nearly all with awe, till pursued by the aid of mathematics. Washington Irving tells us that Columbus made his first appeal for aid in his great project, immediately after the discovery of the astrolabe, since improved and modified into the quadrant. The same author considers the invention of this instrument providential at this time, and says, "It was the one thing wanting to facilitate an intercourse across the deep." The value of Kepler's knowledge of conic sections to astronomy is illustrated by his title of Legislator of the Heavens. Prof. Liebig remarks, "for all great discoveries

chemistry is indebted to the balance." "The numerical laws at the foundation of this science could never have been arrived at except by this means," says another.

The Encyclopedia Britannica declares mathematics to be the most useful of all the sciences. These all show the great advantage always derived from an orderly progress. We use *figures* of speech, as they are called, both arithmetical and geometrical, though they are considered as vague and fanciful, and no attempt has been made to arrange the processes with regard to a system of combinations arriving at results.

We speak of *rounded* characters, and contrast them with *angular* people. The words *square*, *upright*, and *rectitude* appear to derive their meanings in metaphysical language from the equal adjacent angles of perpendicular lines, on the plan of which is constructed the balance, an emblem of justice.

Mrs. Somerville wrote *The Connection of Physical Sciences*, but there is also a connection of physical with metaphysical, and a relation of spiritual sciences to each other.

Intimate analogy is seen between physiology and mathematics when we consider that the latter has three simple forms of increment or aggregation, viz. :—addition, multiplication, involution. Corresponding to these the former science has deglutition, digestion, and generation all accumulative. On the other hand, subtraction, division, and evolution are depletory as well as bleeding, amputation and death.

Addition is the reverse of subtraction ; their analogues also revert to each other, as taking in food is the reverse of losing blood ; one tending to strength, the other to weakness. Multiplication reciprocates with division ; so while digestion by chymification forms new products in the system, amputation divides and cuts off the members of the body. Generation, though *involved* at present in mystery, is certainly one of the *higher powers* of the *bodily functions*, and death *unwinds* the mortal coil to make way for the new actor on the scene. Something more than a play upon words is seen in

involution here. The factors of a higher power, both multiplier and multiplicand, the active and passive terms, are parts of the same whole or are the same number in two different offices. Analogous to this is the sentiment or principle that true parents are other selves each to each.

Prof. Tyndall, in the second lecture of the Cooper Union course, remarked of light as illustrated by sound: "in the undulatory theory, pitch is the analogue to color." On the staff, pitch is analogous to altitude in the position given to notes. In metaphysics, high and low represent refinement and baseness respectively.

Addition is applied, in numbers, to similar quantities only, but multiplication combines numbers measuring dissimilar quantities, to produce a third number representing a quantity unlike either factor. Thus a body in simple motion traverses a distance denoted by the product of the measures of time and velocity for the motion: or the moment of a couple in rotation is represented by the product of the measures of force and leverage.

Without the ideas connected with physical phenomena these numerical operations would be useless in mechanics. If a general case be stated in literal symbols, the deductions are no less true for not using numbers in the formula. Prof. Silliman, in *Principles of Physics*, says "mind is a force acting on matter, and forces of nature are manifestations of the mind of God." He uses the following novel *proportion* in speaking of heat, light and electricity: "What the spirit is to the animal body these mysterious agents are to lifeless matter." This is truth or vagary; from the reputation of its author the latter is out of the question. By equating the extremes and means, we might say:—If spirit \div animal body = electricity \div matter, then spirit \times matter = animal body \times electricity. If this relation is merely qualitative we may assume that the combination of the first member is of the same nature as that of the second; one evident resultant for both sides is motion, for spirits *a:c* acting on matter all their

lives in this world, and electricity continually moves animal bodies, producing motions more or less noticeable.

But forces may be measured numerically, animal bodies may be weighed, electricity and matter are expressed in numbers, the power of a spirit is proportional to its development according to some law, and the correlation of mind and matter is a region that advances in the line of mathematics to the solution of problems respecting our lives and actions. If standards of measure for spiritual forces were agreed to, and axioms stated, the relations of spiritual things would be much easier to express. Whether we obtained laws of measure, or useful hints in analysis by analogy, the translation of terms in ordinary language, into the shorter formulas of quantity abstractly considered, would invigorate the powers of thought, and cultivate the imagination, suggesting continually new trains of ideas, as the wave theory in sound suggested to Thomas Young the application of this principle in the study of optics.

If the proportion just given be represented by letters we may deduce another result more readily:

Let s = spirit, b = animal body, f = force, m = matter, and a = activity or motion.

Then $s : b :: f : m$

$\therefore sm = bf = a$

$\therefore \frac{a}{m} = s$. A strict rendering of this reads thus :

The relation that activity bears to matter is expressed by spirit, or spirit is that which shows the relation of motion to matter. If this is the case, the motions imparted to matter and the amount of matter moved are the elements to be considered in order to obtain a numerical measure for spirit.

The philosophy of light is already studied by the mathematical science of optics to an extent that appears marvelous when we remember that the nature of this radiant vehicle of beauty is even yet a matter of hypothesis and speculation,

many able adherents being found for undulatory and oscillatory theories, notwithstanding Sir Isaac Newton's views regarding "luminous corpuscles." This, therefore, seems to answer any objection that we could not study, mathematically, with expectation of correct results, on a subject the nature of which was undetermined.

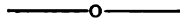
In problems of maxima and minima values of functions, many fine illustrations of a practical nature are found. Starting from any point or position we may be able to expand or progress in all directions on our own plane of understanding, as the scientist increases his knowledge. We may also be able to rise or become elevated, as the religionist seeking the higher walks of life. Now the well-known text-book used at West Point Academy (Church's Calculus, p. 108) gives as the relation between the radius of the base and the altitude of a cylindrical vessel open at the top, and having a definite finite volume, when the surface of the material is a minimum; the radius must equal the altitude.

The radius of the base is evidently the determining quantity on which the horizontal expansion from the center depends. The elevation of the sides of the open cylinder is the altitude. When we see that we can make the best use of our material by having the expansion equal the elevation, we are reminded of an application of this to the spiritual life. We are *material vessels open to higher or spiritual influences*, and therefore we might infer from the analogues to this problem in Calculus that expansion in the pursuit of material knowledge and elevation in approaching higher truths should be equal if we are to make the most of our spiritual resources. The universities of the present day are exploring vast domains without an adequate moral accompaniment, as witness the hazings at even our most enlightened institutions of this class.

The bigot is proverbial for his high-minded narrowness and ignorance of natural laws. We therefore find, by thus trying a case, the results of which we can verify by our experience, that the mathematical method indicated the true maximum

of economy although the proof was needed to show it in its fullness.

Therefore the truly enlarging voluminous policy, as expansive as elevating, is to investigate all on our level as far as may be consistent with an *equal* progress to a higher state. For capacity to hold or *comprehend* is dependent on the relations of dimensions or *form*, when the resources are limited. To make the most of the spiritual quantities at his control is the aim of the moral philosopher; and when the far-seeking inquirer into the mysteries of material nature, and the aspiring searcher after higher spiritual truths, shall each approach the other—the scientist, being more spiritual, and the religionist more intelligent—then it appears to be indicated that the capacities of mankind for *contents* (content) would increase.



A LESSON FOR CRITICS.

BY THOMAS L. HARRIS.

I HEARD a critic Fly
 Discourse, and wisely criticise the sky;
 Because, of course, it was not to *his* liking.
 He flew along and found some ants a-fighting,
 And, sapient, to the ants spoke words like this :

“ If you and I
 Had had a voice in making up that sky,
 Instead of building up a great abyss,
 Where heavens are piled on heavens,
 And all things numbered in a scale of sevens,
 And all our ant-hills quite
 Forgotten in the maze of stellar light;
 And even lofty man
 Inferior made to Him who formed the plan,—
 We would have builded on a different scale,
 Or, seeing the wonder, told another tale.

Surely God built yon ever-rolling skies
 To serve the purposes of ants and flies,
 And whatsoever ants and flies deny,
 Hath no existence in the earth and sky."

An Eagle and a Lion passed that way,
 And, seeing them, the fly went on to say :
 "Yon Eagle is a well-developed fly ;
 And ants compose that Lion's ancestry ;
 Angels themselves are flies of larger stature ;
 And God an ant, of infinite high nature,
 Who shapes the ant-hill of the heavens where dwell
 The full-fledged antlings who have left the shell."

"Men say truth lies in books. This I disprove.
 Truth never rests. No book did ever move
 (Except when carried). Thus the human fable
 Of truth in books is laid upon the table ;
 Nay, tell no fly that truth dwells in a page,
 That flies and ants in their superior rage
 Can bite and scratch, and quite efface the letters,—
 Ant-reason spurns such superstitious fetters."

I passed that way
 Upon another day ;
 But ant and fly were gone,
 And the supernal heaven still shining on.

The critic race of men,
 Who think, with ink-drops shed from out a pen,
 To blot out Truth, run their ephemeral race,
 And pass like ants and flies from the Creation's face.

PROF. TYNDALL AND HIS LECTURES.

BY GILES B. STEBBINS.

IT is but a few months since the excellent and eloquent lectures of that English scientist, John Tyndall, were delivered in our cities, and heard with so much interest by fine audiences. I give an extract from a report in the Boston *Advertiser*, of a lecture in that city, from which it would seem that this thoughtful scholar is looking a little beyond the ordinary range of his scientific brethren, and actually begins to recognize the interior and intuitive faculties of man as factors or elements in a true and perfect scientific method. He is reported as saying :—

“ The philosopher works with his eyes, hands, and senses ; but does even more. This question he cannot answer *without going beyond the region of the senses into a sort of underworld from which all phenomena grow*. To do this, the mind must have a sort of pictorial power, and be able to form definite images of this underworld. If the pictures be correct, if the real phenomena are deducible from them, we have a physical theory by which they are explained. The formation of such a theory involves the use of imagination. This faculty must be invoked. Without it we cannot go beyond the mere animal world. The imagination is not the wild power it is supposed to be, but a power guided by cold reason. It does not leave the world of fact. Its power lies not in new-creating, but in rendering facts fit to aid the reason. Let us see how the mind forms theories to illustrate facts. This word theory is also much misused. We must theorize in order to rise above the animal world.”

An intelligent lady who heard the same lecture gave me, in Boston, an interesting description of his fine experiments with the spectrum, of the wonderful colors produced, and of his illustrative remarks, brilliant as the colors he brought before

the sight of his audience. She told me he said that it seemed to him there was a realm beyond the explorations of science, and where the most subtle chemical tests failed, which was full of colors too delicate for the eye to see, yet more beautiful than those of the spectrum ;—a world real as our own, yet not tangible to our dull external senses. It is interesting to see how the thought of this eminent man goes beneath the external aspect of things and gets a glimpse of the great truth, —to be recognized and to bear potent sway in the more perfect science yet to come,—that “imagination,” or intuition, and all man’s finest spiritual faculties, are to take leading part in the discovery and application of truth.

Man is a microcosm, made up, in spirit, of all finest essences and most subtle forces of this “underworld,” and made up, in body, of all substances and elements in this tangible and material world. All these forces pulse through him, and meet and mingle in him, to make up his spiritual nature and organization ; and something of rock, and soil, and tree, and fish, and animal, ascends into and makes up his corporeal frame. Thus is he linked, both to the realm of causes and to the realm of effects, and so feels the spiritual forces and laws. Principles and ideas are revealed from within the sanctuary of his intuitions ; he touches and reaches all things, for nothing is foreign or strange to him. This idea of man’s microcosmic nature may be primarily of the “imagination ;” but without that “we cannot go beyond the mere animal world ;” and “it does not leave the world of fact,” but is the great discovering and revealing power, and “cold reason” usefully and valuably confirms and verifies its discoveries by inductive experiment. Science is but slowly beginning to confirm this view of man the microcosm, which first flashed out as the intuition and inspiration of ancient sages and poets, and is more richly stated and confirmed by modern seers in our own day.

The “imagination,” which Tyndall says “must be invoked” in aid of science, is rather intuition, or deduction ;—the shedding the inner-light of the spiritual law on external

facts, which are thus revealed and stand out clearly in their wide relations and fine beauty. When one *intuits* (to coin a word, possibly), "cold reason" and inductive thought and external experiment test and confirm the intuition, and it becomes a solid fact, and the range of our common thought is enlarged. Thus only can we, with best success, investigate and discover truth in Nature's wide domain, for thus only can we act in full acceptance of our infinite relations.

I would not depreciate the Baconian or inductive philosophy. Grand service did that regal nature of Bacon render to humanity in breaking the power of hypothesis and theory, held above all facts and all reason, and often not sustained or verified by either; but the inductive philosophy alone tends to "the pride of science," puts plastic matter, shaped and molded by spiritual forces, before the subtle and interior power which that matter but obeys, and lifts effects into the realm of causes.

Let all scientists and all theologians and students of man's duty and destiny accept the use of "imagination," or intuition, and the deductive and inductive processes of thought and experiment will meet and agree, and confirm each other, and a new Science, a new Theology, a new Religion will bless the world. We shall be saved from the skeptical pride of logical induction on one side, and from the visionary enthusiasm of idle dreamers on the other. Bigotry will pass away, superstition be impossible, and the "reign of law," the presence of Infinite Love and Wisdom, and the spiritual fraternity of the race will be known and felt.

A spiritual science we need indeed, that shall tell something of the permanent force which flings up the delicate spray of the fountain, flashing and dancing in the sunlight, as well as analyze the falling water-drops after they lie still in the quiet basin; that shall begin at the subtle vitality, ever building, and using nerve and muscle and bone, and then escaping therefrom, instead of scraping a little on the shell of these poor bodies, "which are but dust," indeed, when these vital-

izing spirits are fled ; that shall deal with intuition and deduction as *first things*, and not exalt induction and logic until we tend to pride and materialism ; and shall thus make the agreement of religion and perfect science possible.

I give an extract from the Autobiography of Andrew Jackson Davis, in which he describes his first clairvoyant vision, and his glowing picture seems like Tyndall's "underworld," made real to the opened spiritual senses. Mr. Davis says :—

"In my ordinary state I had never seen an organ of the human viscera ; but now I could see all organs and their functions. The whole body seemed transparent as glass. It was invested with a rich spiritual beauty. It looked illuminated like a city. Each organ had *centers* of light, beside being enveloped by a general sphere. For example, I saw the heart, surrounded by one combination of living colors, with special points of illumination interspersed. The auricles and ventricles gave out distinct flames of light, and the pericardium was a garment of magnetic fire, surrounding and protecting the heart in the discharge of its functions. The air-chambers seemed like so many chemical laboratories. The fire in them wrought instantaneous chemical changes in the blood ; and the great sympathetic nerve, whose roots extend through the lower viscera, and whose topmost branches are lost in the superior strata of the sensorium, appeared like a column of life, interwoven and blended with a soft and silvery fire !

"The brain was likewise luminous with prismatic colors. . . . I saw each ligament, and tendon, and membranous structure illuminated with sheets and centers of magnetic light, which indicated and beautifully set forth the presence of the spiritual principle. . . . The spirit of Nature and my spirit seemed to have formed a sympathetic acquaintance,—the foundation of a high and eternal communion. The properties and essences of plants were distinctly visible. Every fiber of the wild-flower, or atom of the mountain violet, was radiant with its own peculiar life. I saw the living elements and essences flow and play through these simple forms of matter ; and in the same manner I saw the many trees of forests and fields all filled with life and vitality of different hues and degrees of refinement. . . . Beds of zinc, copper, limestone, gold, etc., arrested my attention, and

each gave off diverse kinds of luminous atmospheres. Everything had a glory of its own. The salts in the seas sparkled like living gems; crystalline bodies emitted soft, brilliant, azure and crimson emanations; sea-plants extended their broad arms, filled with hydrogenous life, and embraced the joy of existence."

This fragment of a rich narration of personal experience seems like a glimpse nearer "the underworld from which all phenomena grow," and may help to put clairvoyance, where it will go at last, within the pale of highest scientific recognition.

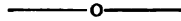
The world's thought moves on, beyond the outworn theories of ancient science and the narrow limits of old theology; *and its path leads either to an external and inductive materialism or to a rational Spiritualism.* Tyndall has entered the path which leads to the latter, and has traveled well a little distance; but sometimes it costs more to follow an ideal than we know or count at first; and in this case this ideal of the use of "imagination" and "theory" goes into realms where even Tyndall has hardly explored. He will find as he goes on (as will many others) the question of the existence and presence of our friends beyond the grave meeting him for examination and solution. Here is this "imagination" and "theory" of the Life Beyond—these immortal hopes and longings that grow with the growth of humanity, as

"The thoughts of men are widened
With the process of the suns;—"

and "we must not be so practical as to fear imagination." In this case come the facts of spiritual presence and intercourse; and a host of critical and careful persons have tested them by "cold reason," *and they stand*, and thus imagination and reason meet and confirm the grand and inspiring fact!

We can afford to wait, and Tyndall and others, of course, can take their own time for this question; only it were well and wise to examine a matter that has awakened more thought and careful examination than anything else of that kind for

the last twenty years. So far, the few words this scientist has spoken of spiritual phenomena have not been candid or fair; but it is to be hoped he is growing to a better spirit. If not, he will but harm and dwarf himself.



MATTER, ETHER AND SPIRIT.

BY I. DILLE.

MATERIALISM is the ruling dogma of our age. Our scientific leaders insist that molecular force and molecular polarity are the grand agents in working out all the phenomena of Nature. Some go so far as to dispense with the necessity of an Intelligent Creator, claiming that intellect may originate from no intellect, and intelligence from dumb, unthinking matter. The rising scientific minds of Europe are coming up as a sect of Sadducees, holding "that there is neither God, Angel, nor Spirit."

Our Theologians denounce the materialism of science, while they hold to the resurrection of the material body, and "look for a new heaven and a new earth," to be peopled by material bodies of the risen saints. The difference between the materialism of science and the materialism of theology is, that the first relies upon matter for the source and origin of all life, the other looks to matter as the end of life in its highest and purest development.

This is not the place to discuss the theological question; but I may assume to say that, upon the authority of the Bible, the future state of man is spiritual, not material. The Apostle Paul expressly teaches that "flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God." The Egyptians, in the belief that their bodies should again be animated, embalmed those of their distinguished dead, to preserve them for the return of the vital spark, when Phesh should recall the nephesh to reoccupy them.

The experiments, observations and inquiries of Liebig, Mayer, Helmholtz, Fresnel, Arago, Foucault, Huxley, Spencer, Darwin, Carpenter, Bastian, and Tyndall, are chiefly with matter and concerning matter, and their deductions are drawn from the action of atoms and molecules upon each other. Tyndall frequently approaches the great truth, especially in his investigation of the laws of heat, light, actinism, and electricity, but he stops just where Spencer should begin his researches, and where Darwin might find the clew to the true theory of development.

Dr. Buchanan, with broader views and keener perception, has been led to a more substantial basis for a theory of Force. In his article on the "Philosophy of the Nineteenth Century," published in the first number of this journal, he asserts that the forces are imponderable, and, without explaining his meaning, seems to consider all as spiritual which is not material. It is not to be supposed he would be so understood, for there is a long catalogue of forces between matter and mind, which play an important part in nature, all of which are imponderable, and cannot be classed as spiritual.

At present chemistry recognizes sixty-three elements of matter, of which the rarest and lightest is hydrogen, the densest or heaviest is platinum, and the hardest the diamond. Of these elements several in their pure state are gases, but all enter into combinations, under favorable conditions, making innumerable compounds, which constitute the world of matter. These compounds are of all kinds, chemical, mechanical, sedimentary, etc. The two latter are merely mixtures, by design or accident. The chemical are formed by affinities—by the aid of a force which is imponderable. The atoms or molecules must be in a state of freedom for the force to seize and place them; for two solids may have the strongest affinities, and will lie indefinitely in contact without any chemical union. Even two gases may remain together and not unite for an indefinite period, as oxygen and hydrogen, but will embrace with great vigor by a charge of electricity, and

water is the result. In the organic world the vital force is potent **in** bringing into solid compounds gaseous elements that are **otherwise** indifferent to each other. These two last-named forces are **imponderable**, or more properly speaking ethereal.

The forces recognized by **science** are heat, light, actinism, electricity, magnetism, cohesion, and **gravitation**. The analysis of a beam of light, by the prism, shows the existence of the first three forces within the range of the **spectrum**. By another ingenious experiment, Mr. Grove found electricity and magnetism in the beam of light. Instead, however, of discovering that they were different elements of ether, he employed the result to support his favorite hobby of the Correlation of Forces.

The spectrum is very instructive in its teachings of the nature and character of the forces. The visible portion of the spectrum consists of the seven principal colors, which graduate into each other by perceptible blendings. As it is now generally conceded that light is the result of the vibrations of ether, a medium which fills all space and pervades all things, the different colors in the spectrum indicate that ether is composite, having many separate elements, whose action and offices are distinct from each other. Each division of color in the spectrum indicates a wave of ether of a length in space and number in time peculiar to itself. The longest wave is the extreme red, which requires 36,918 to measure one inch, and there are 451 billions of such waves every second. The shortest waves in the spectrum are the violet, of which it takes 64,631 to measure one inch, with 789 billions to the second. It is said that between the red and the violet there are about 500 distinct measurable colors, each having its distinct length in space and number in time. That there is a peculiar element of ether for each color in the spectrum is evident from the fact that the beam of light, once analyzed by the prism, will not suffer any further analysis. The red will remain red, passing through any number of prisms. So

of all the other colors. Each element of ether is true to its own peculiar wave motion, and cannot take any other.

Beyond the visible part of the spectrum two other elements of ether are manifest. The ultra-red is where the heat of the beam of light falls; on the ultra-violet chemical energy is deposited. Here, then, are more than 500 distinct elements of ether shown by the spectrum. Grove's experiment indicated two more, electricity and magnetism. Mossotti shows the probability that every atom of matter is surrounded by a sphere or atmosphere of ether. If it be so, it explains why certain organs of the human body are insensible to heat that would burn other parts. Tyndall shows that the eye is insensible to heat that would instantly make platinum foil red hot. The matter composing the eye is wanting in the ethereal element, whose vibrations produce heat. It takes 30 times more heat to raise the temperature of water to 212° F. than for mercury.

Cohesion is the element which holds material atoms or molecules together in solids, and gravitation imparts weight to all material and ponderable bodies. It is a force extending throughout the universe, and unites, as Newton taught, every atom in creation to every other atom. It preserves the order of the orbs in space and the grand harmony of the spheres. This catalogue of ethereal forces cannot comprise the whole list. As we enter the organic empire we find causations so regular and definite in their operation, that we must refer them to fixed and established forces. The innumerable varieties in forms, qualities and habits, in both the vegetable and animal kingdoms, conclusively suggest the existence of forces adapted and adequate to produce all the differentiations in nature. This vast chain of being, from the microscopic plant or animal to the largest tree or elephant or sea-monster, are all animated by a single force, the vital, which, in the grand array of organic nature, is united with other forces to form, to qualify, and to differentiate into all the varieties of classes, orders, genera, and species. The vital initiatory germ of every

individual is perhaps a single molecule, generated in the appropriate organ of the male and quickened into a force by an ethereal element, which gives vital energy to the material initium which furthers its growth until it is ready to be transferred to the ovum, which is prepared for its reception and to nurse it into being. The perpetuation of every race, in both the animal and vegetable kingdoms, is preserved in this way. But it is evident that other ethereal forms unite with the vital in the primal germ to secure the succession of each parent after its kind. Otherwise, the vine might be produced by the oak, or the lion hatched from the eagle's egg. There must be an unerring force, a directive capacity in each primal germ to associate with itself the proper materials to develop the form, the peculiarities and qualities of its kind. In the animal, this force passes from the spermatozoa to the embryo, into the fœtus, and finally into the young, born into the air and light, or, in the waters, ever preserving the distinctive character of its species, its race and sub-family.

Should it be objected that these positions require the permanent incorporation of special ethereal elements with material, it may be answered, that nature is full of such instances. The green color of leaves is doubtless obtained from the green element of ether, drawn from the ether that is found in the beam of sunlight. Is this doubted? Everybody knows that the growth of plants in dark cellars will put out the forms of leaves, but they are white, or colorless. Esculent leaves are blanched by covering them with earth, so as to exclude the light. The many-colored flowers, of all hues and tints, get their color from the proper elements of ether in the sunlight, and very few flowering plants will bloom at all without sufficient sunlight. Every farmer knows the injury to his crop by a shade of only an hour daily. It has been ascertained that even a cirrus cloud will diminish the energy of vegetable growth by a partial obscuration of the light.

It is the ethereal motion in light that enables the proper element of ether to unite itself with the constituent material

elements of the plant. So the colors of fruit, and of the plumage of birds, and in a measure the hair of animals, and of aquatic shells are all derived from ether. The magnet is formed by filling a piece of ordinary steel with magnetism, which gives a new quality to the metal. Magnetism is ethereal, and is found in a beam of light, as we have seen in Grove's experiment.

These are visible results of ethereal combinations. The great variety of odors and taste in plants, seeds and roots, are derivable from the same source. Odor and sapidity are volatile qualities; and from the persistence of some odors, at the smallest expense of matter, it is probable that the chief ingredient in some odoriferous substances is ethereal. Musk and asafœtida are instances.

Again, Geology teaches that the progress of the organic world has proceeded by a slow progress from the lowest plant and animal up to the present time. The time required has been inconceivably long, and the advance has been by a succession of steps. It was not an inclined plane, but the degrees of ascent were discreet. This suggests that matter must be prepared for ethereal combinations, by passing through a great number of organic admixtures, before the highest types of living beings could be produced. Man came last upon the stage, and could not come earlier, for neither the material for his frame nor the condition of the world to sustain him was ready. In man there is a union of more exalted and refined ethereal elements than enters into the structure of the lower animals. Man may be composed of all the elements, material and ethereal, of the animals below him; but he has an ethereal spark that is above any possessed by the beasts of the field. This spark is but faint in the low and degraded races and individuals, but still it exists there. In the elevated, reflecting, pure, and devout civilized Christian, who has, by a life of love, of good deeds, and broad charity, fanned this divine spark into a flame, it pervades and illumines his whole character, it shines out in his face, is heard

in his voice, and sheds its benign influence all around him. He is the benefactor of his race, and his name partakes of the deathless quality of his spirit.

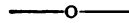
Everything is the product of a force, and the force that produces must be adapted and adequate. The moral force, the intellectual force are superadded to the animal forces in the best specimens of humanity.

If these positions are well taken, we may look for higher developments of Creative Wisdom and Beneficence, when matter is qualified to unite with more refined elements of ether, when the spiritual shall predominate over the carnal, and an enlightened intellect shall be directed by a heart warmed with love and holy affections, and man shall cease to be the most destructive, the most selfish, and most ungrateful of the animal creation; but "peace shall prevail on earth and good-will to men."

If this theory should be adopted, a ready and simple solution of all the vexed questions in Nature, in Revelation and in Spiritualism is presented. We find the substance which forms the spirit and the force that constitutes the soul—the psychical force. Lo! these are only a part of the works of the Creator; but it is the first lesson in the Grand Study of Creation, and will qualify us to "vindicate the ways of God to man."

The Universe of Matter compared with the Universe of Ether is infinitesimally insignificant. The Universe of Ether is an infinite and exhaustless store of forces; but the elements of ether must be vastly more numerous than of matter. It would be wild to speculate upon the probabilities or even the possibilities of future developments. The great past, however, warrants a forecast of the future, of higher, holier and happier attainments. In the past, creation has been a progress, onward and upward, and we cannot presume that the resources of the All-wise and Almighty Creator are yet exhausted, but that with His efficient and potent ethereal instruments in hand, He will yet develop a creation more grand,

more sublime as a whole, and more perfect in its details, than the human mind has been able to contemplate or conceive.



UNIVERSALITY OF MOTION.

BY HON. J. W. EDMONDS.

BEFORE our eminent friend JUDGE EDMONDS became a Spiritualist, he conceived the idea—in the course of his philosophical studies—that Kepler, Hooke and Newton were in error in their theories of gravitation. After he was fairly convinced of the absolute reality of an open intercourse with the Spirit World, he secretly felt a strong desire to pursue the subject of his philosophical inquiries in that direction ; but he was obliged to wait several months for a suitable opportunity. At length the occasion was offered. As early as 1852 the Judge sent to the Editor of this Journal, for publication in the SHEKINAH, an account of some of his earlier spiritual experiences, and one in which Sir Isaac Newton appeared to him in vision and confessed that he had been mistaken in presuming that the “attraction of gravitation was a distinct and substantive principle,” and affirming that it was only an “effect of a combination of motion.” In other words, that motion is an essential principle in all matter, and that gravitation is one of the forms of its manifestation. Here follows Judge Edmonds' introduction to the inspired communication.—
EDITOR.

POWER AND OFFICE OF MOTION IN THE UNIVERSE.

IN the course of my subsequent investigations in Spiritualism, I received more on the same subject which I took care to preserve, in order to observe in that—as I did in various other matters—how the ideas given would comport with facts as they should subsequently occur or come to my knowledge.

I early made it a rule in my investigations, on one hand, not to receive such communications as absolute truth, because

they unquestionably came from a spiritual source, and on the other, not to reject them because they conflicted with my previously formed opinions, or with the opinions of the world around me ; but, on all occasions, to " try the Spirits," and see whether they were likely to be correct.

In pursuance of this practice I preserved very many communications for future use, either as testing or sustaining the intercourse ; and among them were the following, given at our regular *seances*, in the usual manner, and in the presence of our then existing circle. They were uttered by me and written down at the time by some one of the circle.

I was influenced and said :—

All things move. Motion is life. All things have life, and that which you call death, and suppose to be a cessation of life, is but a different form of the vital principle, and motion is not suspended. The motion of the living body is one thing, and it is to perpetuate itself in that form. The dead and decaying body has life, seeking to perpetuate itself in another form. So that matter, whether animated by what you regard as life, or inanimate and decaying from what you regard as the absence of life, has life still in some form.

Wherever there is life there is motion. Matter before it is developed into the animate form has life, and matter when developed into the disembodied spirit has life. The iron when it rusts but obeys the law of motion. So the stone when it crumbles to earth—water when congealed to ice—the most inert and sluggish form of matter has motion still—motion of itself, independent of that which it has in connection with other particles of matter with which it may be united. Motion then is the great law of the Universe—pervading all things—existing everywhere—from the unknown beginning to the unfathomable end.

Could your glance penetrate the vast Universe, you would behold the universal prevalence of this law. Could your vision but compass the atmosphere in which you live, penetrate

the earth on which you tread, the unseen existence toward which you are tending, you would behold the universality of motion.

If you seek to understand the world in which you live, how important it is for you to know what is the all-pervading law of its existence and what are the attributes of that law. It is the first element of knowledge for you. It is the foundation on which alone you can erect a proper superstructure. It is the very Alpha of your schools. And yet how little does man, with all his boasted discoveries, know of it. He hardly recognizes its existence, and still more is he ignorant of its qualities. There is then yet much for you to learn, without which you must wander, as man has wandered for ages, in comparative darkness and ignorance. Ye behold effects and in them ye fancy ye discover a cause; and ye speculate in your narrow wisdom until ye are lost in "a mighty maze" that seems to your contracted vision to be all "without a plan." Beholding effects, ye imagine ye can understand why the earth rolls ever on in its orbit without being drawn to the sun on the one hand, and, on the other, without being cast off to roam wildly through space. But unless ye know of and understand this mighty first principle, ye cannot know what it is that sends the vast orbs of the Universe through space with a velocity which the mind cannot conceive of, and with a complication of movement beyond its comprehension. Your ignorance, when ye do not know of the existence of that principle, is not greater than your darkness and obscurity when ye do not know its qualities.

Take, as an illustration of motion, the wheel of iron revolving rapidly around a center—it manifests an almost irresistible propensity to fly off from the center. But water revolving in an eddy, constantly tends towards the center. Know ye why these opposite effects are produced by the same rotary motion? Who among your philosophers has ever even speculated on that difference? Who has ever attempted to explain it? Yet the fact is before you every day. Every car-

riage wheel which rolls along your streets shows it in one form, every running stream shows it in another. Apparently to you it is the same cause producing opposite results, and you marvel how it can be. It cannot arise from the fact that one motion is vertical and the other horizontal, for the same effect is produced by the wheel of iron when it revolves horizontally as when it revolves vertically.

It cannot be owing to the relative density of the different elements, mineral and aqueous, for the comparative density of iron and water is not very much greater than that of water and air; yet the whirlwind has the same tendency to the center that the whirlpool has; and both the whirlwind and the whirlpool have likewise the same centrifugal force as the wheel of iron. You will behold on the outer edge of the whirlwind the leaves it has gathered in its progress thrown off; and the wheel of iron displays the same tendency to the center that the whirlpool has. Mark the wheel of your carriage as you drive rapidly along and observe how often the dirt that is detached from its outer rim instead of flying off in a tangent drops directly toward the hub. Here you observe a strange combination of forces, in the same matter, existing and operating at the same instant and displaying directly opposite effects.

I have given you these examples on a small scale, that from familiar matters you may readily comprehend the lesson I would teach. That same law pervades the whole Universe, and is operating through all time upon the globe you inhabit; upon the system of which your planet is a part; upon the countless worlds of which your system is a part, and is producing its effects, some of which you behold and some you do not.

But the marvellous complexity of motion displayed in the universe around you, and the effect of that complexity you cannot conceive. Take the familiar illustration already given you. The wheel of your carriage is revolving on its axis and is rolling forward. It is thus moving with a combined motion upon a plane—I mean the surface of your earth—which is also

rolling around its axis and also moving forward. The earth on which it thus moves is a satellite to the sun, which also revolves on its axis and rolls forward through space, and so on far beyond your vision or comprehension. Put this moving carriage wheel upon the moon's surface, and impart to it its motion, and you complicate the wheel's motion still more.

Now who can tell—who can conceive the mighty effects which this complexity of motion must of necessity produce upon the Universe of worlds, for it exists everywhere, pervades all space, governs all matter, animate and inanimate. It is the vital spark of creation.

Pause here and ponder on the question it involves, for at some future and fitting time we will endeavor to answer it for you.

At a subsequent interview it was said :—

Let us now resume our teachings. We were speaking of the Great Principle which pervades all creation, and is at the foundation of the phenomena which you behold around you—many of which you suppose to be causes when they are but effects. That principle is Motion, the life and spirit of all created things.

Locomotion, or the power of moving from place to place, constitutes but a small illustration of the great principle. To you, while bound to the earth by your material bodies, this locomotion, is a matter of importance, but to us who have thrown off the earthly surroundings, it is of no moment; for we pass from place to place at a wish—with a speed that literally annihilates space, and “lags not behind the celerity of thought.” To us the passage over the circumference of your globe, is rapid as the speed of a thought, and we may—in what seems to you to be the same instant of time—be here and thousands of miles distant. The swiftest motion of which you have any conception—a cannon ball flying with a velocity which makes it invisible to you—the ray of light which passes some thousands of miles in a second—the lightning which

streams from heaven to earth as with a flash, are but laggards compared with the velocity of motion which belongs to our spirit nature.

Marvellous as this may seem to you, and wonderfully as it affects your existence on earth, it is, I repeat, but a small portion of that all-pervading motion of which I speak. The iron as it rusts moves on to a change of its nature. The clay as it congeals into rock in like manner moves on. The plant as it springs from its germ and lives to the full-grown tree moves on. But why enumerate the examples of this motion, when enough has been said to show you what we mean by it ?

But it is not merely while things have visible life—while the plants grow and the animals breathe—that there is motion. Even in death they move on. The tree decays and crumbles to dust. It moves on in that decay in the path of its destiny. The animal in becoming a putrid corpse moves on. The elements of which it was once composed all move ever on. The life principle, having gone through its process of progression while occupying vegetable and animal forms, passes forth into the atmosphere of life which surrounds you, and moves on until it again unites with some physical conformation and thus proceeds in its eternal pathway of progression. . . .

The atmosphere you breathe is ever moving on, not merely with the locomotion which it possesses in connection with your earth, but in its appropriate pathway of progression. Its constituent qualities are constantly changing and constantly becoming fitted to sustain more progressed forms of life.

The time once was with your planet—as it now is with some of the worlds around you—when your atmosphere was incapable of supporting animal life. Nay ! the time was when it was incapable of sustaining even vegetable life.

Pause now one moment, and imagine, if you can, the awful scene of dreary desolation which the surface of your earth must then have exhibited. No life, no vegetation, no beautiful thing to break the dreary monotony, no humming insect to speak of life, no song of bird to cheer the heart, no perfume

of flower to charm the sense, but one all-pervading pall of dreary desolation wrapt around the form of the earth, and holding it in its appalling embrace. But even amid this solitude and desolation there was motion still. The great principle of creation inhabited there, reigning in lonely grandeur and performing its task. The rocks were crumbling from the beetling cliffs and filling the dreary chasms below. The melted minerals which had flowed over its surface and congealed there were crumbling to dust, and thus moving on to the formation of earth. The subterranean fires were performing their task, throwing up from the burning volcano the ashes which their motion had created, to fertilize the earth and fit its surface for the mighty task it was to perform. The atmosphere, though filled with elements that were fatal to organized life, was passing on to a great and almost radical change in its nature.

Thus, as it was with the air and the earth, so it was with water. It was then unfitted, by reason of the grosser elements which composed it, to sustain life even in the coarsest reptile or the rudest sea-plant, but it moved on in its pathway of progression, slowly indeed, but surely, until it obtained the capacity of sustaining life. And then amid its turbid streams, and in its muddy beds, was animal life first developed—developed as the legitimate result of that law of motion which from rude chaos had converted inorganic matter into an organized world prepared for the higher forms of vegetable and animal life.

Ages upon ages ago, far beyond what your imagination can reach, this process began. Began! Yes, of your world it may be said "it began," but not of the Universe of which your world is one of the latest creations, for who can speak of the beginning or the end of eternity? Far back in the distant vista of time, this process began. It has gone on performing its mighty work in obedience to immutable laws until it is duly giving birth to vast hordes of beings who are destined to live forever in the presence of the great Creator. And it will go on still, for countless ages beyond your capacity to calculate, working with accelerated speed its great task in the

Universe. I say with accelerated speed, for it has attained that condition of development when each particle helps its fellow on and is not hindered, as of yore, by the heavy load imposed on this great principle of motion.

Pause here again a moment and throw your imagination forward to the condition which must in time be the result of this motion of your earth. Man's physical form will become so purified of its earthly grossness that what little there may be for the soul to drop aside in its onward course, can be cast off, from time to time, and no death be necessary to shake off the impediments to its progress which now retard it so much. The man when born on earth will be born forever ; to meet no death, but destined to pass on without interruption to his high destiny in obedience to this universal law of motion.

In the meantime your earth, in obedience to the same law, will have moved until in all its elements it shall be fitted for such a race of beings. The mountains shall have flowed into the valleys. The dark places of the earth shall have sprung forth to meet the light. The desert shall have assumed its soft carpet of verdure. Storms and clouds shall have passed away. The hurricane shall have sunk to rest forever, and your atmosphere once agitated by fearful commotion shall gently fan the brow with its genial breath, and be prepared to bear upward to his home the man of earth with all his material surroundings. Then indeed shall man have arisen from the dead. Then indeed shall the old earth have passed away and a new earth be born as the legitimate offspring of that great principle of Motion, which springing from the bosom of God, is ever performing its grateful and most momentous task of bearing upward to his throne all things which he has created in his wisdom.

The learned Judge claims confirmation of his own idea of the "attraction of gravitation ;" also of the foregoing illustrations of the principle of motion in the recent discoveries of science. He refers to Professor Youmans' book on the "Correlation and Conservation of

Forces," in which the subject is treated, quoting the following from the author's introduction : [ED.]

"Heat, light, electricity and magnetism, are now no longer regarded as substantive and independent existences—subtile fluids with peculiar properties, but simply as modes of motion in ordinary matter—forms of energy which are capable of mutual conversion."

The Professor says the idea "has been accepted by the leading scientific minds of all nations with remarkable unanimity," and that "science holds securely her new position as a fundamental principle." *

When a statement, improbable in the judgment of the common mind, is made by a person of little or no reputation, the press either condemns it or leaves it unnoticed. But when a similar statement emanates from a person of commanding position and influence, the matter is usually treated, not rudely, but in a serio-comic style. The original publication of Judge Edmonds' experience with Sir Isaac Newton naturally attracted the attention of the press. A restatement of the subject-matter by Hudibras, Jr., in *The Scalpel*, is so clever in its facetiousness, that we shall be pardoned for reproducing portions of it in this connection. The writer proceeds from "Soda Powders" to [ED.]

THE NEW YORK SPIRITUAL CIRCLE.

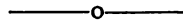
And Edmonds, learned in law and science,
Can set our ignorance at defiance ;
For he has found, by reason strong
(Before the Spirits), Newton wrong
In what he said of gravity.
And only waited just to see
Old Newton's spirit on the matter
Before abroad the truth he'd scatter.
He found at last the fitting time,
And Newton said that thought sublime,
Which got within your fertile brain,
Like two and two are four is plain :
For without motion, gravity
Tis clear had ne'er appeared to me ;

* Professor Youmans' book also contains important papers on the subject, from William Robert Grove, Herman Ludwig, Ferdinand Helmholtz, Julius Robert Mayer, Michael Faraday, and William Benjamin Carpenter.

But this I did not understand
 Till I got in the Spirit Land ;
 More happy you who found it out
 Tho' flesh and blood were wrapped about
 Your penetrating soul ; but when
 You cast its grossness off, why then,
 Lord only knows the height sublime
 To which your spirit may not climb.

* * * * *

And there at least are one or two
 So learned that Newton comes and owns,
 Before them on his marrow bones,
 That when he saw the apple fall,
 He discovered nothing after all.



LIVING AMERICAN REFORMERS.

BY THE EDITOR.

AUTHORS in the department of biography and history—like the multitudes for whom they write—are usually captivated by the dramatic phases of human character and the superficial aspects of social and political life, rather than interested in essential principles and the deep under-currents of popular feeling and thought. And yet we must search here if we would discover the subtle forces that touch the secret springs of action, to determine the nobler attributes of nations, and the development of the most important events. The written history of the world presents for our contemplation little more than a perpetual repetition of the rise and fall of States and Empires ; the overthrow of old dynasties, and the revelations from the arcana of cunning diplomacy and cruel despotisms ; the victories and defeats of armies and navies ; the varying fortunes of royal princes and military heroes ; the successes and failures of political gamblers, with all the wild schemes of selfish and lawless ambition. And

this is history. With startling scenes and melodramatic airs; with the pomp of heraldry, the pyrotechnics of war, and lurid flames,

"— like those that burn
To light the dead,"

the imperial scene-shifters and their supernumeraries contrive to engross the world's attention. Such, in brief, are the histories of the historians, which serve to conceal the true life and real character of the people.

But the philosopher, in his deeper study of human nature, penetrates to the sources of its hidden life. His conclusions are determined by a wiser discrimination, and a high sense of justice that regards alike the special claims of his subject and the common interests of mankind. His vision is seldom obscured by personal prejudice, and his judgment is not likely to be warped by unreasoning affection. Those brilliant qualities that dazzle multitudes never hide from him the grave defects of an unbalanced character; and the rare splendor of such deeds as are only born of great occasions, are not accepted as an atonement for a dissolute career. If it be true that the written histories of persons and nations seldom reach this high standard, it is because we rarely either meet with a philosophical biographer or a historian of the People.

VI.

A. E. NEWTON.

IT is not our purpose in these sketches to select persons who are chiefly distinguished for the accidents of either rank, fortune or political power. A man in some humble walk of life, who was never teased by interviewers, nor annoyed by the world's inspection, may present a nobler example of natural development and a true manhood than is found in Senate Chambers and Royal Palaces. The simple people who

lead a pastoral life—the fair young shepherdess who inhales the incense of morning among the hills ; the woman who lives, loves and toils, early and late, in an obscurity that the queens of modern society never care to penetrate, may be a far more beautiful illustration of a sweet, unsullied womanhood than can be found in the aromatic atmosphere of gilded *salons* and before the altars of a fashionable religion. It is nothing to the credit of a man to be born a prince, and there is no honor due to him who merely inherits the grandest gifts and opportunities. But, on the contrary, the man born in poverty ; whose childhood was barren of visible chances of success ; and yet in spite of all

“ The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,”

did develop a manly nature—made his own chances in the world—contrived to rise by degrees to better prospects and higher planes of thought and life ; and at last, from a forlorn hope, achieved a worthy distinction—such an one, above all other men, deserves honorable recognition, and the world needs to feel the force of his example.

A. E. NEWTON was born Feb. 23, 1821, in the town of Marlborough, Cheshire County, N. H. In that rural region—at the foot and beneath the shadow of Mt. Monadnock—he commenced the severe discipline of an earnest life. His father was a farmer, but was never able to attach himself permanently to the soil in any locality. After sojourning briefly in various places in the States of New Hampshire and Vermont, he died when the subject of this sketch was but twelve years old, leaving his widow destitute of means, but with such weighty responsibilities as naturally fall on the lone mother of a large family. Mrs. Newton—who appears to have been a woman of no little tact and energy—soon after this event removed her little group of fatherless children to Lowell, Mass.—even then a thriving town, and rapidly growing into notice and importance by the development of its manufacturing interests. Here the delicate boy—whose manifest inheritance

was in the poverty of his circumstances and the weakness of his constitution—spent eleven years of his youth, growing prematurely grave and thoughtful under the undue pressure of responsibility and labor. Sometimes his daily task was in the cotton-mills, where he served as bobbin-boy ; and again, it was in a factory boarding-house, in the capacity of table-waiter ; at other times the feeble youth was employed to saw the wood and carry the water for a large household—in short, was factotum in the house, in the factory, or out of doors—wherever he could earn an honest penny to support himself and lighten the burden of his mother. The labors imposed on him were often unsuited to his tender years and delicate health ; but he was dutiful in all things, respectful to superiors and patient under suffering. In such a trying school—subject to arbitrary masters and a painful discipline—many of the noblest men and women have entered upon a career of great usefulness, and have discovered the way that leads to honor and immortality.

At that time “ Young America ” had not been discovered, and the “ News Boys,” as a class, had not made their advent. The carrier of the village papers, through the country, was any person, young or old,

Who could travel night and day,
And live lightly on small pay.

Being found properly qualified young Newton soon assumed the duties and the dignity of this responsible position. While thus employed he was able to attend the public schools, a part of the time, supporting himself and procuring the necessary books and clothes mainly by his own earnings out of school hours. At length when he had entered the High School and was making commendable progress, the sickness and death of an older sister—from whom he had derived some assistance—made it necessary for him to leave his books and seek productive employment for the support of his mother and a younger brother. Having conceived a *penchant* for the

printing business—with the art and mystery of which he had made himself somewhat familiar without serving a regular apprenticeship—he at once obtained work on wages, and the printing office became the College where he secured a more practical education than is usually obtained at the universities.

In 1844 he went to Boston as a journeyman printer. He was an enthusiastic advocate of the Temperance Reform, and soon obtained a position as foreman of a weekly paper devoted to that interest. In 1845, he was married and removed to Portland, Me., where he remained four years in the capacity of foreman and proof-reader in a printing and stereotyping establishment. Returning to Boston in 1849, he took charge of the *Pathfinder*, a new Railway Guide, which he conducted successfully for several years. While thus employed, in 1851, his attention was drawn to the alleged Manifestations of Spirits. Having received his earliest religious impressions in the "Orthodox Congregational Church," he was of course little disposed to give credence to the "specious delusion." But it chanced that a very intimate personal friend—who has since become widely known in the literary world—had been seized by the prevailing "mania." In his efforts to rescue this friend he found it necessary to go with him to the scenes of his investigation. For several months Mr. Newton pursued the inquiry as he had opportunity. He was thus occupied when his wife became a spirit-seer, and otherwise a medium for manifestations of an original and interesting character. He now continued his investigation at his own fireside—where no suspicion of deception could haunt his imagination—until his skepticism gave way and conviction fastened upon his mind. Then was the veil of the inner temple "rent in twain," and with it the narrow creed wherein the soul had reposed like a pale sleeper through the watches of the night.

Mr. Newton was too conscientious a man to keep the company of people whose religion is a grand masquerade, and his firm conviction was speedily followed by an open avowal. How to make the sacred privilege of Spirit-communion a

means of personal improvement, and an instrumentality for the uplifting of the human Brotherhood to a higher plane of thought and life were the important questions that have ever since been uppermost in his mind. In the pursuit of these worthy objects he seems to have enjoyed the constant sympathy and coöperation of his wife. On this point we will here venture to quote his own explicit testimony, from a private letter received some time since.

"I have been indebted at every step to the invaluable assistance of my companion, Mrs. S. J. Newton. Her keen sensibilities and acute perceptions ; her fearless pursuit of truth in untried paths ; her willingness to endure privation and obloquy for the sake of the good that may come to others ; and her brave loyalty to truth and right—so far as perceived—have been my constant aids and incentives, to which I feel are due any advance I may have made from the position of obscurity to which birth and early surroundings seemed to have consigned me."

In April 1855, the *New England Spiritualist* made its first appearance under the editorial management of A. E. Newton. We will here extract a passage from a History of Modern Spiritualism, by S. B. Brittan, published in Philadelphia, in 1861. (This History appeared in Desilver's "Religious Denominations of the United States.")

Mr. Newton soon won universal respect and confidence by his judicious editorial supervision, and his own clear and candid elucidations of the moral and theological aspects and bearings of Spiritualism. During the limited period of his public connection with the Spiritual Press, no man labored more faithfully to disseminate correct views of the subject, to which he so fervently devoted the best energies of a frail body, and the noblest faculties of an earnest, enlightened and truth-loving mind. Such a laborer deserves to be adequately rewarded ; but I am reminded that—in a merely temporal sense—his work has not been profitable. Moreover, it is to be regretted that unstable health, and other circumstances, have made it

necessary for Mr. Newton to retire from a field in which he achieved a truly honorable distinction.

Mr. Lincoln's Proclamation of Freedom came to our friend as a summons to a new field of labor. It was indeed an occasion of immeasurable moment. Had an archangel spoken from the zenith, as with the blast of a trumpet, the nation could not have been more thoroughly aroused. Mr. Newton went to Washington, where he found his place and entered on his appropriate mission. While at the Capitol he worked with untiring zeal and a truly religious devotion, in the development and management of a system of free schools for the colored population. His labors in the new field of his choice were highly successful, and were only measured in time and degree by Nature's limit to his powers of endurance.

Of late our friend has been spending several months at Ancora, N. J., in the hope of repairing his feeble body, to the end that he may spend his recovered strength in the further service of Humanity.

For the purposes of this article, Mr. Newton's idea of Reform is thus expressed:—

“Since the human race is a Brotherhood, whose interests and welfare are forever one, it is the manifest duty and interest of each, not only to refrain from whatever would wrong or harm another, but, renouncing all merely personal aims, TO LIVE FOR THE GOOD OF ALL, especially seeking to aid the unfortunate, the ignorant and degraded, of whatever class or condition.

A. E. Newton.

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "William White". The signature is written in black ink and is centered on the page.

HERE let us pay our brief tribute to one of the people—a man of warm heart and cool temper; neither brilliant nor strong; but gentle, genial and loving, honest and earnest, and, in the *ensemble* of his character, more complete than great men whom the historians immortalize. But yesterday he stood by us, and—in his own unobtrusive way—labored manfully for the ends we also have in view. He has disappeared, but his work remains; and, for aught we know, there may be no breach in the ranks. He was a man who made the place he occupied, and did not fail to fill the place he made. This alone is an honorable record; for how many either depend on personal friends, the patronage of government, or the accidents of fortune to assign them a place and a work in the pursuits of this busy world! And when, at length, coming events determine their appointment, and they find their appropriate sphere of action, how many yet live but to illustrate either their unwillingness or their incapacity to discharge the obligations of the time and place!

But WILLIAM WHITE was no failure among men, since his life was devoted to honorable industry, and the fraternization of men of every class and name. Indeed, the life that is spent in the loving service of one's kind—that is productive of no bitter resentments—is not a questionable, but an assured success. In all the more essential characteristics of a true manhood, the subject of this sketch furnished a worthy example. His fidelity to his convictions and to his friends inspired universal confidence. It is not to be presumed that his character was free from defects, but no one who knew him well ever questioned the integrity of his nature. He was always credited with a sincere and loving purpose. If he lacked the power of severe discrimination, it was only a defect in the

structure of his brain and the discipline of his mind. If he seemed too credulous, it was because, in his judgment,

“It is happier to be sometimes cheated, than not to trust.”

If he palliated the deliberate offenses of many people, it was in the interest of universal Charity. If his comprehension of our sublime faith and philosophy was unequal to the solution of the grandest problems (and who is equal to this) he was no less a worthy representative of their benign spirit and the earnest life of the true believer. If he had graver faults than these (we know of none) they must have belonged to what was mortal in his nature and should be entombed with his dust.

Those who worship Genius, and only pay tribute to the kingly mind, that

“Stoops to touch the loftiest thought,”

may have little to say of this man ; but those who recognize modest worth, and feel the power of the silent forces in human nature ; and all, indeed, who appreciate a life of loving service, will reverently pause to consider his claims. To be just we must respect the intrinsic merit rather than the outward splendor of human deeds and characters. The man who fills a respectable place, even in the humbler walks of life ; who neither transcends the limit of his privilege nor stops short of the measure of his duty, needs no lordly titles to make him honorable. His nobility admits of no dispute who bears along with him the seal of Nature and the superscription of his Maker.

WILLIAM WHITE was born in Kittery, Maine, March 18th, 1813 ; but in his early childhood his parents removed to Newcastle, N. H., where he spent the period of his boyhood. His early opportunities for receiving instruction were limited, but such as are common to boys of his age who are not expected to fill a place in the learned professions. Childhood and early youth in the interior of New England—unlike the rugged experience on the frontier and the feverish life of the

great commercial centers—presents no opportunities for bold adventure and few elements of exciting interest. The daily life of a youth in the Granite State, in the early part of the century, embraced little variety beyond his labor in the shop and the field ; occasional hours of recreation ; the Sunday services ; and, in winter, the exercises of the common school. It is a quiet life, measurably free from temptation, and remote from the chief causes that excite the selfish and destructive passions. The influence of this early life is yet manifest in the peaceable disposition that still characterizes rural life in New England. The influence of such early impressions is always strong, and the habits of life thus formed had no doubt much to do in determining the disposition and character of our friend of the luminous Ensign.

Mr. White, after his primary course, found his high school in a printing office, at Concord, New Hampshire, where he made such rapid progress that he soon graduated and became one of the proprietors of the concern. In 1840 he removed to Boston, where he formed a copartnership for the prosecution of his business. In 1852 the contract for the State Printing was awarded him, and in this capacity he continued for seven years, when, admonished by his failing health, he disposed of his contract. Among the works he published for the State were the Massachusetts and Plymouth Records, and the Journal of the Constitutional Convention. In his earlier journalistic experience he published the *Chronotype* and the *Washingtonian*. Subsequently he embraced Spiritualism and became interested in the BANNER OF LIGHT—previously established by Luther Colby and others—and in this relation he continued and labored faithfully until the 28th of April, 1873—the last day of his earthly career. His health had been unsettled for several months ; but on the morning of that day he appeared to be as well as usual. In the afternoon, however, while on his way to meet a business engagement with his partner, Mr. I. B. Rich, he suddenly lost the power of voluntary motion, and in a state of syncope his spirit relaxed its feeble

hold on earth and his mortal life went out—quietly as the waning flame expires in the socket.

“How wonderful is Death,
The wakener of the soul !
His eyes are full of sleep,
His heart is full of love,
His touch is full of peace.
Gently the languid motion
Of every pulse subsides,
Gliding from out the body we have worn,
Without a jar to break
The mystic strain of harmony, that winds,
With sense-dissolving music, through the soul—
We are at liberty !”

“It is finished”—the mortal career of a good man. It is a satisfaction to know that no selfish passion or ignoble deed defiled the whiteness of his record. Life is a grand success when it is full of strong incentives and gentle reproofs. We cannot say much for the man who merely founds a throne. But it is a great thing to have lived half a century, in this selfish world, yet with clean hands, and a heart full of the love that daily grows more godlike in the blessings it confers. If Bro. White ever had any enemies, he outlived them ; but no man may number the friends that remain, in whose hearts his name and memory are embalmed.

As we look around us we miss a faithful soldier who wore the armor of light. “The sword of the spirit” was in his hand, and he was always on duty. To-day his post seems to be deserted. But when the roll of the faithful is called he still answers to his name, and we learn that he has been promoted from the ranks of mortals. It is well. A worthy champion of the Right and a true lover of his Race—worn with the strife and weary with the march—rests from his labors. And now he spreads his milk-white tent in Paradise, while above his tomb—to cheer his followers, and to perpetuate his memory—waves

THE BANNER OF LIGHT !

FALLIBILITY OF LANGUAGE.

WHAT if infallibility appertains to the celestial springs of inspired ideas; it certainly does not characterize their terrestrial incarnation. The immortal thought may be precise and unerring in its archetypal form, but infallibility does not attach to the mundane instruments and earthly forms of its expression. "We have this treasure in earthen vessels," and it is but natural that the treasure itself should be more or less corrupted by its mortal channels and receptacles. Language is but a feeble and inflexible medium, which the most intense emotion cannot render sufficiently plastic and powerful to subserve the highest desires of the mind. But for the present, Thought, with its ethereal form and heart of fire, must employ this clumsy vehicle and ride slowly for the world's accommodation.

Men of exalted genius and profound learning have exhausted the resources of language in abortive attempts to incarnate the creations of mind. Many earthbound Spirits, ascending toward the highest heaven of imagination, have been transfigured by unutterable thoughts—have viewed and heard what mortal tongues can never express. They are dull, inactive beings, who have never felt that all language is cold, formal, and forever inadequate to express their highest thoughts and deepest emotions. The most subtile and condensed forms of speech appear tame and spiritless to the soul in the light of its transfigurations. If the reader has ever risen in spirit to the angelic abodes—has been permitted to gaze on the vast realms where unnumbered worlds encircle the Infinite Presence like the jewels in a kingly diadem—he has descended with the soul quickened, purified, and on fire with the inspiration of the Heavens, but only to say with an Apostle, that he was "caught up into Paradise and heard unspeakable words."

The Editor at Home.

THE TIME AND THE DEMAND.

ADDRESSED TO THE FRIENDS OF UNIVERSAL PROGRESS.

SOME months since the Editor of this *Journal* submitted to American Spiritualists and Reformers, through the *Banner of Light*, his Definite Proposals with a view to the speedy organization of certain National Institutions. The objects contemplated were a more natural and complete system of Education; the modification of our Criminal Jurisprudence in the interest of humanity; the disinfection of the Newspaper Press; the enlargement of the boundaries of Science, demanded by the new discoveries in the realm of subtle forces and the higher life of invisible beings; and the organization of a Company with an adequate cash capital for the business of publishing a Standard Series of all valuable Books, written in the interest of Universal Progress. In short, we demanded a free, orderly, and practical expression of the most liberal and enlightened views of the age in new and improved public institutions.

Some people may have presumed that the writer merely set himself to work to fill a given space in a weekly paper, and that the whole matter would end there. Such persons will probably have occasion to revise their conclusions. We have not done with this subject, but only paused to witness the reception our proposals might meet with among the professed friends of progress. In this direction our observations have been instructive. We leave to the reader's apprehension the causes of the singular taciturnity displayed by the Spiritual Press, while we record the fact that a multitude of brave and enlightened friends, in all parts of the country, have hailed the new enterprise with emphatic demonstrations

of joy. Before calling the reader's attention to some of these earnest responses we must here reproduce the substance of our original Proposals, with such further considerations as the occasion seems to require.

PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS.

It is confidently affirmed that there are several millions of believers in Spiritualism in this country, and this is conceded by those who are most hostile to its principles and its progress. It is, of course, impossible to determine our numbers, even with probable accuracy, since we have no organization that represents the body, and no reliable statistics. It is, however, undeniable that our numerical force is very large ; that the influence of our cardinal principles and ideas is widely and deeply felt ; and, hence, that we possess latent powers sufficient, if they were organized and called into action, to create a revolution in Church and State. If these silent forces, now so manifest to the careful observer, could be gathered up by some strong hand and brought to bear upon the evils of our corrupt civilization, we should soon witness results that would arrest public attention and astonish the world. Nor is it necessary to wait in listless inactivity the advent of some great master spirit capable of holding the four winds in his palm. We may do some important things, if we are so disposed, and we may do them now.

Our ideas of human nature and its relations are destined to exert an important influence on the civil policies of States, and to fashion the religious eclecticism of the future. It may be difficult to comprehend the power that is lodged in our hands, much less have we attempted its practical application in any one of the chief interests of life. We are still looking after signs and wonders. As a community, we think too much of mysterious sights and sounds—too little of fundamental principles and earnest work. Facts, to be sure, furnish the material illustrations of a scientific philosophy ; but ideas have produced the greatest revolutions in human affairs. The governments of nations and the religious systems of the world are but the organic forms of ideas. When the popular thought outgrows the existing constitutions, laws and rituals, then comes a period of revolution—peaceful or forcible, as the case may be—that recasts the institutions of society.

In such a period of transition we are called to act our part in the drama of history, to what end we shall know hereafter. The age is distinguished for the boldness of its conceptions, and we know that thoughts are among the silent forces that move the world. This truth is either overlooked or but dimly discerned by the multitude. The curiosity-seekers—a company that no man can number—seldom have any clear perception of principles, or any capacity to estimate the power of spiritual forces. It is not altogether creditable to our intelligence that so many among us are merely interested in the constant recurrence of the phenomena they may have witnessed a thousand times. Such people remind us of the believers in some of the smaller so-called miracles of ancient times. We often meet with men who imagine they see more of God in the mere history of one blasted fig-tree than in all the living trees on earth; but we recognize the divine presence in the living rather than the dead.

Many professed Spiritualists are ready to go anywhere, at any time, and spend their money freely, to see a table mysteriously turned upside down—perhaps for the fortieth time—when they would neither occupy an hour in a rational effort to comprehend the philosophy of the fact, nor invest a single dollar in the practical application of the truth to any human interest. But the affections of men may be either perverted or *inverted*; and it is certain that there is confusion in the social state. If we have fairly achieved our own equilibrium, we may be profitably employed in looking after those who have wandered from the truth and fallen by the way. To merit recognition among true Reformers, we must see that we are not standing on our heads, and take care that society, of which we constitute a part, is “right side up” in its most important relations.

It is a standing objection to Spiritualists—I am sorry to say—that they are doing little or nothing to help the world along by improving its institutions. Many people regard us as an army of iconoclasts, determined to invade the domain of their religious faith, and chiefly employed in demolishing the cherished images of all sacred things. There is an excuse, if not a justification, for this inference. We may, however, disabuse their minds, and so vindicate the justice and beneficence of our aims as to silence and convince all opposers. I am reminded that it is sometimes necessary to remove the ruins of old structures, and to plow up their very foundations; but we must

not rest in this as an end. The true Reformer will go to work to realize the vision of Whittier :

“I looked : aside the dust-cloud rolled ;
The Waster seemed the Builder too ;
Upspringing from the ruined Old
I saw the New.”

During the last twenty-five years we have been doing a lively business in demolishing old theological dogmas and infidel speculations. We have been overturning the popular idols in the temples, revising the saints' calendar, pulverizing ancient superstitions, and grinding up the very bones of the gods. In this we have displayed unusual industry and audacity ; but, in justice to ourselves, we should now pause in a work that inevitably quickens and strengthens the destructive propensities. In the prosecution of this business we have reached the bounds prescribed by reason, and need not go beyond. The image-breakers may now have leave to retire and make room for the peaceful artisans who come to fashion the structures and to mold the institutions of the New Age. Let the Waster rest from his labors while we record the advent of the Builder.

Twenty-five years have elapsed since the present writer commenced the publication of the first Spiritual paper ever issued from the press. It was near the close of 1847 when the first number of the *Univercælum* appeared. It was like a burning brand cast in among the combustible elements of an old magazine, and the thunder it awakened was not the smothered kind. Following the first appearance of the periodical evangel, a period of nearly eighteen years was devoted to spiritual journalism ; the development of the early literature of the movement ; and earnest controversies with the sectarian church, physical science and popular skepticism. Those were years of uninterrupted toil, demanding constant sacrifices on the part of the public defenders of the new faith and philosophy. It was a protracted struggle against adverse circumstances ; and at length our own varying fortunes forced a suspension of the work for a season. Our interest in the truth never diminished ; but amid the gloom that so often gathered and deepened about the scenes of our retirement, it has been a light and a joy. And when, one after another, dear, familiar voices were hushed, it was heavenly music in the silence of the soul.

For several years I have been waiting in the hope that some strong mind might communicate the impulse to the people, and open the way for a more complete expression and practical realization of the truth that shall yet free the church and the world. While distrusting my own capacity for such a work, I have long been watching for an opportunity to return to the congenial sphere of my earlier labors—a field that is now “white for the harvest.” To-day I am not wanting in significant intimations that the time and the opportunity are here. A quarter of a century has witnessed a silent but powerful revolution in the minds of men. We hail the promise of corresponding changes in our institutions. The laws require essential modification; the democratic system of government must be perfected by the political emancipation of woman; the boundaries of science should be made to embrace the soul, its relations, faculties and functions; faith waits to be delivered from the foul dominion of superstition, and we shall learn at last that earnest work is effectual prayer. After long experience and patient waiting for institutional reformation it seems to me that the time has come when the propagandism of our principles and ideas should assume a concrete form in our institutions.

THE REFORMER'S WORK.

I. In the light of our philosophy we may institute a far more perfect system of *Education*. We may adopt such improved methods of physical training, intellectual discipline and moral development, as shall greatly diminish the number of those poor creatures who now live but to caricature human nature. We are poor interpreters of the grandest truths, if, at this late day, we are not prepared to better comprehend the powers and possibilities of the human mind than those who founded our institutions. We are grossly indolent in the practical exposition of the noblest principles, if we are not yet ready to form a serious purpose and to perform an earnest work in this direction. We want a great Normal University for both sexes, where the more important living tongues; the whole circle of the Sciences—not omitting the Science of Life—all the elegant and useful Arts and honorable industries, and every branch of practical knowledge, shall be taught and experimentally illustrated by competent masters, until every pupil is qualified for the professor's chair. Such an in-

stitution we might have in successful operation within five years if, as a body, we were so disposed. Shall we take hold of this work in earnest, or shall we unwisely neglect the great opportunity Providence has thus placed in our way?

2. We can do something to purify the sources and channels of Political influence, by our example in supporting only honest and capable men for official places. Those who are willing to barter their long-cherished principles for a sorry chance in a desperate political game; the gamblers for wealth and power, who go up and down seeking opportunities to do mischief; who stake the national honor as freely as one throws his last napoleon on the gaming-table at Baden or Homburg; men of doubtful loyalty, with confused ideas of justice, elastic consciences and unclean record, are men on whom we should turn our backs, and leave them to the retribution that awaits all who consciously violate their most sacred obligations.

3. The Gallows still stands as one of the expressive symbols of a vindictive theology and a semi-barbarous law. Its cold, accursed shadow falls on all the land—on the Church and State; on sympathetic human hearts; on the faces of little children that lisp, with tremulous voices, the names of its victims; and on the souls of unborn babes, to blight and blacken human nature. Its hideous image and its frightful work; its bloody record of the law's mistakes; its long lines of innocent victims and of creatures morally deformed—all grim and ghastly in their gory habiliments; the infamy that falls on desolate homes and blasts the hopes of families—all present to the living only sad and sickening scenes of tragic interest, and to the future a foul inheritance of blasted hopes and bitter memories. We should bring the whole weight of our influence to bear on the criminal code. We know more of the intricate springs of human feeling, thought, motive and action than those who framed the laws against crime and criminals. Men are hung every day for deeds that are the offspring of disease, often inherited, and for which they are no more responsible than others are for the infusion of syphilitic poison or scrofula into their blood. Society goes on perpetrating these bloody deeds in the name of law and religion—rendering our Christian civilization a bitter mockery—and shall we do nothing to arrest this barbarous business?

4. The Press, which should be a chief bulwark of individual virtue,

domestic peace and public order, is rapidly becoming an engine of immense evil. From day to day it spreads out the shocking and loathsome details of the whole catalogue of crime. This mass of putrescent matter is devoured at the breakfast table, and if anything is left, it is reserved to season the evening repast. The young foster a morbid appetite for unclean things, and they inevitably grow like the vile stuff they feed upon. Like every other form of popular liberty, the freedom of the press is susceptible of unlimited abuses, and may become a powerful instrument of oppression. When it is understood to imply the right to assail the innocent and to tarnish the fame of womanhood ; when it is used to blast the hopes of humble but honorable men ; when it becomes a mighty scourge in the hands of unscrupulous writers ; when it is employed to glorify error and to defame the truth ; when it is a whip in the hands of political demagogues and sectarian dogmatists to drive better men into unreasoning and dishonorable submission to their authority ; when it is used to defend great monopolies, to gild the crimes of vile rich men, and to burnish the characters of pious rascals, who still strive to serve satan with a saintly seeming—in short, when this great engine degenerates into an infernal machine or a common sewer, it is not a rational freedom that the press illustrates. No, never ! On the contrary, such a freedom of the press is rather the devil's special charter or combination patent for the sum of all villainies.

Against this prostitution of the press, and this corruption of human nature, we should set our faces like steel. The country should at least sustain one paper of a totally opposite character. We want a journal that shall faithfully record the noble deeds of good men and gentle women, who labor and suffer in patience ; whose hands are always open to the needy, and whose feet are swift to go on errands of mercy. Such a record would improve the moral health of the community. It would furnish numerous and powerful incentives to charitable deeds, and thus become a minister of blessing to the poor. By all means let us have one paper that is not disfigured by the trail of the serpent. We want a daily or weekly exposition of whatever of good there is in mankind—a paper that shall come to our firesides radiant with characters of light and labors of love.

THINGS THAT SHOULD BE DONE NOW.

Hitherto we have not witnessed the success of any organized effort

to illustrate our principles in actual life. The intense individualism that obtains among us has prevented their practical application on any comprehensive scale. In this respect our movement has thus far been a failure not less conspicuous than the want of unity among the different churches. The self-styled Evangelical denominations in Protestant Christendom do sometimes unite for the furtherance of certain common objects in which all are interested. And have we no similar aims and ends in view—no kindred sympathies to bind us together—no sacred interests wherein all are concerned? Have we no philanthropic plans for ameliorating the condition of the unfortunate classes—no heartfelt desire for the perfectibility of the human race? Are we prepared to make no liberal sacrifices for the wide diffusion of spiritual truth, or otherwise for the common welfare? May we not have “the unity of the spirit” in an unselfish devotion to the principles of reciprocal justice and genuine progress? Shall we not work together to bring out the lineaments of the Divine Image in the universal Humanity?

The patient ox bears his end of the yoke, and draws his part of the common burden without using his horns to gore his fellow. And shall it be said that there are so many acute angles, rough corners, and sharp points in our individual developments, that we cannot work together without crowding and scratching each other? Surely, the field is immeasurable; time and the world may not limit our aspirations; there is a season for every generous purpose under the sun; all around us are incentives to high thought and opportunities for illustrious deeds.

1. It is proposed to organize, in the City of New York, a Stock Company with a capital of \$250,000, for the purpose of founding a Publishing House and Ware-Rooms, where the more important works on the main questions that concern the normal development of the body and mind, the proper education of the young, the philosophy of the true life, and all rational progress, will be published and sold. Among the works projected I will here specify a series of volumes, of similar size and uniform style, under the general title of the STANDARD LIBRARY OF SPIRITUAL LITERATURE, which will embrace Choice Selections of the best things, in prose and verse, that have appeared since the advent of Modern Spiritualism, carefully edited with critical observations and explanatory notes. Also, Original Contributions

from the most advanced minds in this country and Europe, including Scientific Disquisitions; Philosophical and Moral Essays; Critical Reviews; Biographical Sketches of the Seers and Reformers, with portraits; Artistic Illustrations of the powers of Spirits over the elements, forms, and phenomena of the Material World; Popular Speeches; Poetical and Musical Inspirations, &c. Thus the best thoughts of the most enlightened and liberal minds will be brought together, properly classified, handsomely illustrated, and preserved in a popular and enduring form. The publication of an uninterrupted series of choice books, of wider scope and variety, and covering all the principles and methods of reform is demanded, and could not possibly interfere with the interests of any one except the enemies of truth. The series will constitute a complete Standard Library, adapted to the present and future necessities of the free, progressive minds of all classes and countries.

2. It is proposed to establish a National Association for the advancement of the Occult Sciences. It is well known that the present American Scientific Association persistently excludes all subjects not intimately related to physics. By thus restricting its researches to the sphere of physical objects and phenomena it aims to confine the conquests of science to the Material World. This groveling tendency of accredited science and scientific men has been freely illustrated by the facts of their history. When, some years since, Professor Henry, at a meeting convened at the Smithsonian Institute, was requested to read a brief notice of a lecture on the facts and principles of Spiritualism, by a gentleman who had already acquired a reputation at home and abroad, he put the notice under his feet with an air of supreme contempt. And yet the venerable gentlemen of that Association could discover a lively interest in dead bugs and dry bones; in the great cedars of California, and, especially, in a grave discussion of the reasons why roosters crow at twelve o'clock at night!

Nor were the expressions of scornful indignation confined to the treatment of men who had no special claims to indulgence. When the late Dr. Robert Hare, one of the most eminent members of the American Association, asked the privilege of being heard in a statement of his own observations and experiments, at its session in Albany in 1856, his request met with a stern denial from men who were not worthy to be his peers. Professor Pierce insisted that if

there were any such physical phenomena as were described, they must be attributed to *legerdemain*. Professor Davies expressed his profound respect for the gentleman from Philadelphia, but, at the same time, manifested a determination to stop his mouth ; while Dr. Winslow—a volcanic light of the scientific world, in a state of fearful eruption—had the audacity to propose the consideration of the subject at a special meeting, to be convened “in the nearest lunatic asylum !”

Under such masters the profound and vital questions in which Spiritualists and all other Reformers are most deeply interested, can never be fairly investigated ; and for this reason we propose the organization of a new Association that shall neither misrepresent the essential spirit and the true interests of science, dishonor its most venerable expounders, nor attempt to degrade the American name by imposing arbitrary restrictions on the freedom of thought. Let us by all means have a new Scientific Association, composed of learned and living men and women, assembled from every part of the country, to interrogate Nature, and to deliberate on the most significant developments of the age.

3. In connection with the objects and institutions already suggested, it is proposed to form a Spiritual Historical Society, the immediate and ultimate purposes of which shall be the collection—from every part of the continent—of concise accounts of the more important occurrences and peculiar developments, in each particular locality ; the number of believers and other desirable information, to be preserved in the archives of the Society, and with a view of furnishing, from authentic sources, the materials for a comprehensive and philosophical history of the new Reformation. In proposing the organization of an American Society for the collection and authentication of materials for a comprehensive history, I am not looking merely to the present and the immediate future. On the contrary, the work I have in view can not, in the nature of the case, be a creation of to-day. The d'Aubigné of the Spiritual Reformation is probably not born, and certainly will not write before the beginning of the next century.

It is also our design to institute a course of scientific experiments, with a view to the development of a system of Mental Telegraphing throughout the world, by the use of sensitive or impressible persons.

This may not be practicable, but the results already obtained justify a course of systematic experiment. It is further proposed to found a Public Library and Reading Room, a Portrait Gallery of eminent Seers, Spiritualists and Reformers, and a Museum of the curiosities of Spiritual Art and Invention. The authors and publishers of Books and Periodicals having relation to Spiritualism and all cognate subjects; the Mediums who write in foreign and unknown tongues; the Artists who draw and paint under the control of a super-terrestrial influence; and the Spirit-taught Inventors whose models are already in the Patent Office, will, doubtless, furnish gratuitously such contributions to the Library, Portrait Gallery and Museum, as will at once render them objects of peculiar interest and important means of instruction. All these things may be secured at a trifling cost, and they would be of universal interest.

WHAT WE HAVE AND WHAT WE WANT.

We find fault with the existing institutions, while we do little or nothing either to improve them or to establish others more worthy of the age in which we live. We ought, however, to manifest a becoming interest in the welfare of society by contributing to found other and better institutions, which shall be an honor to the country and a blessing to mankind. Nor is it necessary to postpone this work until we can all precisely agree about everything else. That time will never come. Such unity of opinion is neither possible nor desirable; and the absence of impossible conditions is no justification of idleness. Hitherto we have done nothing really worthy of a great cause. We take time to gratify private curiosity in the realm of mystery. We follow those who exhibit the greatest signs and wonders, and would dine on a fresh miracle every day if it were possible. But as to any practical work—any labor of love and public utility—we are, comparatively speaking, idlers; or, at best, unprofitable servants. Shall it be said that more money can be raised to build a single sectarian temple; to purchase a yacht for pleasure parties; or to defray the expenses of a single evening entertainment, than whole States have given to a cause that demonstrates the certainty of another and a better life?

I do not mean to say that Spiritualists are naturally less liberal than other people; nor do I dispute the fact that they contribute

to support many public institutions. On the contrary, I am painfully reminded that they often help to strengthen those that wield a despotic power. But *we* have founded no institutions that represent our own clearer light and deeper comprehension of the necessities of mankind. We have yet to determine the outlines and fashion the character of the first important public institution. Much less have we fairly infused the pure spirit and lofty freedom of our ideal into a single enduring symbol of the Spiritual Philosophy.

Breadth of thought, patient research, and manly independence are eminently becoming the treatment of grave questions; and yet in nothing are we more deficient than in fearless criticism and honest work. We have numberless teachers who have no just claims to scholarship; disputants, who engage in controversies without so much as knowing what constitutes an argument, and whose limping logic would exasperate the patient ghost of John Locke; essayists, whose course of elementary instruction in their vernacular was sadly neglected, and who, like certain ambitious children, use many large words in doubtful relations; philosophizers without wisdom, who not only do not know how to state a proposition in philosophical terms, but do not appear to have even mastered the simplest definition of the word; metaphysical speculators, without any capital in the business, whose writings expose the reader to an attack of vertigo; poets, who never had the first clear conception of the laws of metrical composition; historians who remind us of the people who manufacture *provender*, by throwing both corn and cobs into the same hopper; multitudes of uneasy souls, unwilling to learn by patient study, but itching for instant notoriety, who mistake fancies for facts, and sensations for ideas, and need a vermifuge. And then, there are gentle natures, always pregnant with mental ephemera, bearing flowery disquisitions, and with mild rhapsodies breaking out, here and there, like the efflorescence of roseola, but containing nothing for the mind to subsist upon.

What we want in place of all this is a lucid statement of our ideas; a careful classification of important facts; a vigorous discussion of essential principles; rational research, a scientific philosophy, and manly criticism; and, withal, a literature that shall command respect in the most enlightened circles. Mother-wit and inspiration are good things, especially for those who have them at command. Culture,

too, is as good for brains and thoughts as it is for soils and plants ; and, on the whole, we see no good reason why philosophy should have the "blind staggers," or literature go slipshod into polite society. The office of public instructor is one of great responsibility, and no person should undertake the heavy and the fine business of literature, science, and art, who is either wanting in the ability, the industry, or the patience to do his work honestly and well. When this suggestion shall have become a deep and general conviction we shall have a less number of teachers, but those that remain will be qualified for their work.

I am sure that no public or private interest is likely to be infringed in the pursuit of the objects herein proposed. There need be no conflict among the true friends of the same cause. Every sincere and earnest man and woman is not only entitled to the utmost freedom of thought and opinion, but each has an inalienable right to embody his or her ideal in the best form that the mind may conceive and the hand fashion. Indeed, *the world most needs an enduring record of our convictions in our work.* Those who will be associated with the writer are not likely to be identified with any clique or party among Spiritualists and Reformers. We have outlived the era of theological dogmatism and theoretical hair-splitting. We have no idea of realizing the grand harmonic expression of human nature in a ceaseless repetition of crotchets and quavers. Our conception of that harmony covers the scale of the divine life on earth. The principles of our faith and philosophy are broad and liberal, and our own particular aims and plans shall be no less catholic and comprehensive. We shall, therefore, gratefully accept the fellowship and coöperation of all friends, of both sexes, who can come—in the spirit of fraternal sympathy and mutual concession—to the aid of our enterprise.

CONCLUDING OBSERVATIONS.

That the Spiritualists of the United States are abundantly able to found and sustain the chief enterprise herein proposed, is too evident to require the statement of a single fact or argument. This may be done without personal injury to any one. What then shall hinder the accomplishment of the enterprise? Let us have a national Book Concern that shall

be to the Friends of Progress, of every name, what the great Book Concern in New York is to the Methodist Episcopal Church. There is no rational reason why it should not soon represent as large a constituency, rapidly grow into a profitable business, and become the great intellectual and moral lighthouse of the Western Continent. The present income from the Methodist Institution is a significant revelation of the grand possibilities of a similar establishment, organized in the interest of universal progress. After deducting the large sums said to have been purloined, and over \$100,000 paid to Bishops, the net profits for the four years next preceding the last quadrennial statement, were nearly a quarter of a million of dollars!*

It is not in the private interest of the writer, nor to aggrandise his personal friends; nor yet to give a comely appearance to another and more subtile form of sectarianism, that it is proposed to organize a Stock Company for the purposes already expressed. It is not to perpetuate the darkness of the old Night; not to discourage freedom of thought, and to forge chains for men's souls; not to arrest the progress of civilization, and to stifle religious liberty by enthroning the Jewish God in the American constitution; but, on the contrary, that we may *avert all these evils*, and hasten the final triumph of universal Liberty and Light.

In this appeal we do not care to know what any man or

* "The last report of the New York Methodist Book Concern shows that the cost of the lots, buildings and fixtures on Broadway, was \$950,356.62, and that a portion of the building was rented for \$72,700 per annum, which leaves a considerable surplus after paying the seven per cent. on the investment. The sales of books and periodicals in the last four years amounted to \$1,426,840.42, leaving a net profit of \$275,140.17. Adding other revenues, and the total income was \$362,094.67. Of this sum, \$105,413.04 had been paid out for Bishops' salaries, leaving a net sum of \$236,381.63 to be added to the capital. The net capital employed in the business now amounts to \$1,055,179.57. The capital of the other book concerns raises the aggregate to \$1,850,415.50. This enormous business, started about a century ago, is now, we believe, the largest religious publishing interest of the world."

woman *believes*. We are not hunting for a dogma, nor is it a confession of faith that we are after.

“For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight.”

We furnish no samples of new creeds ; we issue no proposals for a revision of old rituals ; we advertise no mere glossary of obsolete terms ; we offer no apologies for the barbarism of cruel customs and religious despotisms ; we publish no studied exegesis of ancient scriptures ; nor have we the marketable morality of the period—the veneered and stuccoed virtue, and the stuffed effigies of stupid saints, either for sale or exhibition. No ! But our Proposals contemplate something vastly better than all these things, for which Christendom has already expended more than the entire available capital of the world ! Let us resolve to arrest this lavish expenditure of time and money in the common cause of ignorance, superstition and error. Let us turn the currents into new channels, that shall feed the true life, promote the normal growth of individuals and races, secure the fraternity of nations, and the glory of a world-wide illumination.

Let no one imagine that we reason against time ; that we only write to fill the measure of our space ; that we make our plea to awaken a momentary impulse in the mind of the reader. We have stronger motives and higher aims. We were never so serious as now, because we never before felt so deeply the great wrongs we would arrest. They disturb the public peace ; they menace the liberties of the people ; they obscure the future of all nations ; and we must resist their influence by all the legitimate means at our command. We must hold them in check ; indeed, we must overpower and crush them ; or, with their gathered strength, they will yet sweep down upon us, from the world's bad eminences, like an Alpine avalanche ; and at last, in their cold embrace all that is most precious—prosperity, beauty and hope, justice, liberty and life may perish together.

There are people among us who are determined to either

forge chains or wear them as long as they live ; some prefer to make religion consist in stately temples and a weekly masquerade, rather than find it in spiritual science and a blameless life—and these cannot distinguish heaven from a fossil museum. And then, there are several complacent souls who find the only divine revelation in Pope's aphorism ; and hence they entertain the sweet conviction that the world is just as good and beautiful as it possibly can be, and themselves "altogether lovely." For obvious reasons these classes are not expected to take any interest in our Proposals ; nor do we look for coöperation from those who generally find fault, but never subscribe. Our appeal is to men and women who have brains and hearts, and our purpose is actual *business*. We want to elicit from every Spiritualist and Reformer in the country an explicit answer to this plain question:—WHAT ARE YOU WILLING TO DO TO REALIZE ANY AND ALL OF THE OBJECTS HEREIN PROPOSED ? How much stock will you take in this enterprise ? Spiritualists, Reformers—Friends of Progress ! The eyes of all nations are upon you, and posterity will judge of the sincerity of your professions by your acts. You stand in the morning glory of the world's spiritual illumination. To you much is given, and much is required. May you rightly interpret the signs of the times and wisely improve your great opportunities. In view of the present necessities of mankind, and with a just reference to the sublime possibilities of the Future, will you reflect and answer. The occasion for serious deliberation, and the time for resolute action, are HERE AND NOW.

VOICES OF THE PEOPLE.

It would be doing great injustice to many brave and true friends were we to leave the public to infer that they are either hostile or indifferent to the objects we have proposed. Moreover, we need assistance in a great work, and others may be prompted to engage in the same, by earnest words and noble examples. Such considerations forbid that we

should altogether stifle the *vox populi* from any unprofitable suggestions of false modesty and the possible misapprehension of our motives. That the reader may be able to form some conception of the profound interest awakened by the original publication of our Definite Proposals, we here subjoin several extracts from the letters of correspondents.

FROM W. T. VAN ZANDT, NEW YORK CITY.

MY DEAR BRITTAN :—Let me congratulate the world's cause that you have again taken hold of the plow, and are leading off in the direction of practical labor. Set down my name as one who hopes to hold out the purse as freely as he now expresses the will. The Angels must be with you in this work.

FROM H. M. RICHMOND, CHICAGO, ILL.

I have noticed your Proposals, and fully agree with you that such an Institution is a necessity of the time. It would be valuable in its relations to American thinkers, and of service to the whole world, as we are fast becoming the center from which will radiate the great spiritual light of the planet. I will do whatever my ability—backed by my strong faith in this matter—will enable me to accomplish.

FROM A LADY OF GENIUS AND CULTURE, BOSTON, MASS.

Your Definite Proposals are so earnest and yet so practical, that they must take hold of the minds and hearts, and, I trust, the purses of all thinking people. If ready hands and a willing spirit can avail anything, most gladly will they be exerted in this good cause.

FROM A. E. NEWTON, THE EMINENT SPIRITUAL JOURNALIST.

I have read your recent communications, entitled Confidential Suggestions and Definite Proposals, with no common interest. The proposals you submit all seem to me eminently desirable. They look to associated action on a large scale, for the general benefit. The plan is broad and comprehensive, and I trust the capital to carry it out may not be lacking. I should be glad to coöperate in any way in my power. Of late I have been feeling most earnestly that a new departure of some sort must be inaugurated in the great Spiritual Movement. . . I do not know that I am competent to have any

part in the Builder's work, but my sympathies, and my interest are all there. Your announcement comes to me as the bugle-call to a new campaign.

FROM J. H. HARTLEY, SHAKER COMMUNITY, NORTH UNION, OHIO.

I have read and carefully considered your Proposals in the *Banner of Light*, with great interest. I beg you will register my name and address, as one having very greatly at heart the objects you have set before the public. . . I shall watch your movement with great anxiety, and will do all I can to help it along.

FROM HERMAN SNOW, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

I am exceedingly encouraged that the old friends of the cause (reference to Brittan and Newton) are again at the front, where their services are so much needed. The plan unfolded by you is magnificent. . . Do not fail to let me know when and wherein I can aid you.

FROM MRS. L. L. C., ST. PAUL, MINN.

You have touched the key-note that will arouse the sleeping millions from their lethargy and put a new song in their mouths. A master hand has awakened the strain which shall vibrate through Christendom. My own soul thrills with rhythmical vibrations, deep enough to touch the lowest notes in the scale of mortal life, and high enough to celebrate the spirits' coronation. From such a platform as yours we may build a living monument that shall fix the attention of all nations. . . May the recording Angel enroll my name as one worthy to contribute something of use or beauty to this monument of wisdom.

FROM THOMAS GALES FOSTER, THE POPULAR LECTURER.

I hasten thus early to thank you for your Definite Proposals, which I have read with great satisfaction. The spirit of your communication is admirable, the recommendations eminently judicious and appropriate to present conditions. I offer my hearty coöperation and poor abilities, in any way they can be rendered available toward effecting so grand a consummation as is held forth in your proposals.

FROM L. B. LYMAN, HELENA CITY, MONTANA TER.

I have perused your Definite Proposals with much interest. The work marked out by you commends itself to me as promising more

effective and substantial usefulness to humanity than any other plan I have either seen proposed or that has occurred to my mind. Should you enter upon the work it will command all the fraternal support and substantial aid in my power to give.

FROM A. N. GOULD, ST. JOSEPH, TEXAS PARISH, LA.

I have carefully read your Definite Proposals. I am about to visit New Orleans, and while there will see some of the liberal thinkers—will lay the subject before them, and answer you. I will aid you, however, as will my wife, in any way you may hereafter suggest. Your thoughts are grand and your plans noble. May you go on and carry out your project is the prayer of, Yours in Truth.

FROM MISS BELLE BUSH, BELVIDERE, N. J.

DEAR FRIEND :—I feel like writing you a few lines asking, “What of the night?” Doth the day begin to dawn? Hath the morning star, that is to guide you to a new Spiritual Bethlehem, made its appearance?

See you the light all the hill-tops adorning;
Hear you the herald cry, Lo the blest Morning?

I feel more than ever persuaded that your “dream” is not half so Utopian as it may seem to some of our doubting friends. I believe the hour has come for action—for organization upon a business plane—and I do not believe that the intelligence that prompts your efforts has unwisely anticipated the time.

Let faith be ours and victory is won,
In spite of all croakers under the sun.

FROM REV. OLYMPIA BROWN, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

In respect to your new proposals, I am sure I shall like the Quarterly. At present we have nothing in the shape of a periodical publication which represents the best ideas—the underlying truth of Spiritualism unmixed with humbug and various clap-trap.

FROM A. EISWALD, PROFESSOR OF LANGUAGES, SAVANNAH, GA.

Permit me to express the most fervent wishes for the success of your grand enterprise. I am very glad to know that you are going once more to wield your forcible pen in combating error and eluci-

dating truth. I congratulate the cause of Progress upon this resolution ; and I hope, nay I am sure, that with your long experience as a writer, your tact as a debater, your erudition and influence as one of the literati of the century, and with your keen insight into the laws of Nature as a scientist, you will be successful.

FROM H. S. WILLIAMS, BOSTON, MASS.

After perusing your Definite Proposals, I cannot refrain from a few congratulatory words, expressive of my hearty sympathy with your views, and ardent desire to realize the inauguration of the important movement contemplated. Your propositions are clear and in my judgment practical. Please consider me a subscriber. Rest assured that whatever I can do to further the ends in view, shall be done with a will.

FROM HUDSON TUTTLE, BERLIN HEIGHTS, OHIO.

I am impelled to write you a brief note, expressive of the deep interest I feel in your plans, as expressed in a late number of the *Banner of Light*. Your proposition for a scientific organization, and accumulative centers, is just what is demanded, and I pray for every success which must attend it. In my next letter to "Human Nature," I shall speak of it in the high terms of praise I think it deserves.

FROM GEORGE A. SHUFELDT, JR., ESQ., CHICAGO, ILL.

Your Definite Proposals. I am greatly pleased that you have taken this inaugural step toward the accomplishment of so desirable a result. Your remarks are wise and just, and exhibit a scope of thought which, I regret to say, but few appear to reach. I know of no one better fitted to manage such an enterprise, and I only hope you may succeed in your effort. The day may not be distant when I can give you a helping hand. My disposition in these directions is strong, and I am always ready to aid in anything which promises to result in good.

FROM A. H. MCFALL, M.D., HUNTER'S RETREAT, TEXAS.

Your Definite Proposals thrill my very soul with joy while I read, and I hail them as marking a new era of great promise, and a de-

sideratum of momentous magnitude. I have no doubt they will meet with hearty responses from every lover of progress. . . . Situated as I am, what a treasure would be the consummation of your proposals! May God and his Angels speed the glorious work. . . . You may count on my subscription to the extent of my ability, while I shall use my every effort to secure others. Again I bid you God-speed.

FROM C. A. REED, SALEM, OREGON.

I have just read your Definite Proposals, and am much pleased. The ideas are grand, and the plan I believe practical. I have longed for the time when some man should strike as you propose to do. If I can help you in this undertaking I am at your service.

FROM FRANK L. BURR, EDITOR DAILY TIMES, HARTFORD, CONN.

I am glad you have taken this matter in hand. . . . I know of no periodical at present published in the interest of what is called Spiritualism, which discusses the fundamental laws of Life and the Spiritual Phenomena in any adequate way. I believe you are the one to do this in a manner which will not discredit the great and glorious truth whose cause you espouse.

FROM MISS E. L. BUSH, BELVIDERE, N. J.

Your Proposals have been frequent subjects of discourse by our little band, composed of friends in the form and those who are beyond the veil. At one of our conversational entertainments, a few evenings since, great faith was expressed as to the result of your present enterprise. What you desire to accomplish is purely educational—hence a part of our work. We all feel that the time for action has come, and that the angel-world will aid in carrying forward the enterprise. All that my hands and means will permit shall be cheerfully given to aid in the advancement of this cause.

FROM J. WINCHESTER, MONITOR, ALPINE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

MY DEAR BRITTAN :—The Spirit of the Lord is upon you, and you cannot wait for me. I have devoted years of my maturer life to open up the treasures long hidden in the bosom of mother earth,

for *the very object*, among others, which you have marked out in your Proposals. From this mine I still hope to draw, as from an inexhaustible bank, the material resources needed. . . . We must found institutions upon our philosophy, and enter prisons and asylums with reforms that shall obliterate whatever yet remains of Levitical and Draconian laws and sectarian theologies. . . . I have looked to *you* for coöperation, as you know, these many years, to carry out the really grand purpose that has burned in my soul, and given the incentive to my efforts in these mountains. . . . Let me hear from you, and if you set the ball in motion I may come in to accelerate its movement.

We have not the space for further extracts, and hence many eloquent testimonies—to the importance of the objects we have in view—cannot here be placed upon record. But they are carefully preserved, and their influence is not lost. True, so far as they admit of a personal application to the writer, he may have reason to feel humbled by an oppressive sense of unworthiness; yet as words of honest encouragement, expressed for the truth's sake, and in the common interest of us all, he has a right to rejoice, reason to be resolute and strong, and an occasion to greet the gathering hosts—visible and invisible—with a cordial welcome. Welcome to the contest of Right against Wrong! Welcome to this new and honorable field, where shining warriors smite down the powers of darkness! Welcome to the hopes and joys inspired by immortal companions, in whose name I salute you!

ALL HAIL, BRAVE FRIENDS!

S. B. BRITTAN.

OUR POSITIVE PHILOSOPHERS.

THE little circle of positive philosophers who sparkle from the common dust of their materialism, and coruscate the *World*—and who are determined there shall be no other world than this—can see nothing in this JOURNAL to fix their attention but its motto—*The Trumpets of the Angels are the voices of the Reformers*. That an angel should speak, or pour forth inspiration through a mortal's voice, is to these positive gentlemen utterly incomprehensible, for they are sure no angel ever came near them or found expression in their utterances. It may be so, since angels may be presumed to select their company and have a choice of instruments; and we think the angelic influence would get into a very wrinkled and withered condition if it should attempt to wind its way through the dark and crooked passages of some of their positive philosophy—such, for example, as the following, which we extract from the *Modern Thinker*—an effusion of irrepressible philosophy, in prismatic colors, from the gentlemen who have not been able to relieve themselves fully of the pressure of their earthly and sensuous wisdom by ejecting it through the *World*.

“Attempting to bring them by this comparison into conformity with each other, the mind is led to study relations, and comes to *abandon in preponderance* (! !) the question of causes. It now pivots its attention upon the notion of laws, (!) the *analogue of which is the lines so extended* between the system of points and the lines discovered in the objective impression, and the counterparting system discovered in the objective apprehension and analysis of the outer impression. And, finally, these *laws are disengaged* from the idea of accompanying force or cause. *This, then, is the arrival at the Positive State.*”

Shades of the philologists, come to our aid! In the mean time, if any of our more eminent positive philosophers would translate the above paragraph into intelligible English, we would undertake to show them in return how the angels may find an impression of their sentiments in the clear, ringing English of some of our pages. But until they do this we shall continue to regard the foregoing passage as the most remarkable imitation of the English language that we have ever seen. After some effort we are enabled to so far apprehend its meaning as to discover what is the "positive state" of a positive philosopher of the latest French-American pattern.

There is one thing in which these gentlemen are positive to the last possible degree, namely, that *they have no souls*; and it is just possible that, as they can discover nothing of the kind, Nature may have made them exceptions to the immortal rule of human development. Call them knaves, and they smile serenely; call them fools, and they pity their assailants; but tell them they have immortal souls, and they are as vehement in scornful retort as the fisherwoman whom Daniel O'Connell called "a hypotenuse."

In noticing this JOURNAL the *World* evidently thought it discovered something extremely absurd or very funny in our motto. We may readily account for its taking this view of the subject. Its reviewer, at that time, was a young man whose early education had apparently been sadly neglected. And here we will venture to say in confidence that a member of the same editorial staff—with more culture, a larger experience and less egotism—felt it to be necessary to apologize to us in a private note for the weakness and stupidity of their reviewer, comparing him to an individual of the genus *Equus*. In the time of Balaam one of this genus suddenly became an angel (messenger or speaking-medium) and preached—in the Hebrew tongue, we suppose—against cruelty to animals; and from whose lesson we will try to profit in any mild chastisement we may have occasion to inflict on any one of the species. Probably the young man of the *World* was fishing, or he may

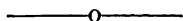
have been playing *whist* in the barn when the neighboring children went to Sunday-school and learned something about angels. This may possibly account for the present ignorance of this flippant reviewer, who evidently does not so much as comprehend the meaning of the word. The reference to angels suggests to his juvenile mind nothing better than the old mythological conception—a monstrous creature in the form of womanhood, with huge wings, such as the heavier specimens of the feathered tribes require to raise their ponderosity into the upper air. If the positive philosophers ever dream of any angels it must be presumed that they answer this description.

In the reference to *trumpets*—in our motto—the young man of the *World* can of course see nothing at all but a plain wind-instrument in the shape of a long tin horn! If you tell him that some great messenger of God is sounding his trumpet in the earth, he being a positive philosopher looks out for the literal horn and nothing more; he expects to have his ears bored; and he waits for the blast until every flower of imagination, and the very germs of all rational ideas are *blasted* by his ignorance. With such a reviewer the opinions of the *World*, on literary subjects, must be chiefly valuable to those complacent beings who write and appreciate them; who live in mutual admiration of each other—in studying the embryology of the little ideas they are able to generate among themselves—and in microscopic demonstrations of the anatomy of their own soulless conceptions.

We may be allowed to inform the *World* (we mean the metropolitan newspaper) that the word angel, primarily and literally, means *messenger*, without having any necessary reference either to a human or supra-mortal constitution. In the early Church the apostolic teachers were called angels. Indeed, whoever, or *whatever* either serves as a bearer of intelligence, or is employed as an operative agent in the achievement of any divine or human purpose, may properly be called an *angel*. Hence, figuratively speaking, the elements are God's angels for the accomplishment of his purposes in the

natural universe. With even greater propriety we may apply the term to the grand moral forces of the world, displayed in the growth of religious ideas ; in the overthrow of despotic governments and the progress of civilization ; and in the enfranchisement and elevation of nations and races. In this high moral sense SPIRITUALISM is a mighty angel come down from heaven to roll the stone away from the world's vast sepulcher ; to uncover its secret iniquities ; to demolish its polluted shrines, and the rotten institutions of mediæval ages. To-day a mystical handwriting appears in the palaces of kings, and on the walls of the Church and State. In the significant demonstrations of invisible intelligence and irresistible power, we hear the blast of a trumpet, and recognize the sublime presence of the great Messenger whose polyglot embraces all the tongues of the world.

We have only to add, that the trouble with our positive philosophers is their real scorn of the Humanity which they ostensibly honor with a large capital. They care nothing for the testimony of wiser and more capable investigators than themselves, and readily trample in the dust the reputation and the characters of the ablest men who have ever lived, if by so doing they can maintain their cold philosophy, and the unprofitable dogma that there is no soul in man.



DIGNITY OF FREEDOM.—Man is not free when he is given over to the foul dominion of base desires and vicious pleasures. Even ignorance is slavery ; every vile habit is a chain ; a depraved appetite is a bar in the way of our progress ; and the bosom, heaving with excess of passion, is the dungeon of the soul. How many dwell in this darkness and attempt to hobble through the world with these shackles ? If it be an outrage against nature to fetter a horse, why will human beings endure a bondage that is immeasurably more degrading ? O Man, thou art a child of God ! created in his image, "but a little lower than the angels, and crowned with glory and honor." If even the brutes spurn their chains, be admonished to rise, in the conscious dignity of thy Manhood, and be FREE !

PROFESSOR BUCHANAN'S LECTURE.

CAN GREAT SOULS BE PRODUCED BY EDUCATION?

THE old saying, "*poeta nascitur*," implies that the more delicate accomplishments of the human soul, and its capacity for inspiration, depend on nature and not on culture. Educators have generally and tacitly accepted, as their proper sphere, the culture of the purely intellectual powers, and felt proudly satisfied when they gave a large stock of knowledge with ready capacities for thought and expression.

But now a new theory is put forth, that the soul can be educated as well as the intellect, and Professor BUCHANAN has the honor of announcing this new doctrine. No small honor will it be, if the doctrine be as practical and available in education as it seems to many of those who have read Dr. Buchanan's remarkable lecture on education, delivered at Syracuse in May.

We have seen nothing so original and so full of promise for humanity as the inculcations of this very remarkable lecture. It is full of the most interesting and practical suggestions for the improvement of intellectual education, many of which have been fully realized and carried out in the schools of Pestalozzi, Fellenberg, and Prof. Henslow of England, of whom the *Popular Science Monthly* for June has a very interesting sketch. These ideas have been heartily commended by some of the most distinguished educators in our country, and in time they must be universally adopted. Dr. B. also presents a system of *practical education* in the industrial arts, which is the most revolutionary plan that has ever been proposed for giving *useful* education. This subject is too extensive, however, to be discussed in the present brief notice.

But what has interested us most deeply in this lecture is

the possibility which it illustrates of giving to education an entirely new character. Not only does Dr. Buchanan propose to reform intellectual education, making it almost entirely oral, demonstrative, interesting, attractive, and animated, but to carry on, at the same time, *moral* as well as intellectual education.

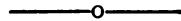
The fundamental principle of the new system is, that the emotions are controlled by the *ear*, while the *eye* is the proper medium for addressing the intellect, and that *the voice of the pupil* is the most powerful agent in his own moral or emotional development. As the lion roars himself into a fury, or the dog barks until he attacks, so does the singer inspire himself with martial fervor or with tender sympathy by the tones of his own voice, which are more impressive to himself than to any other individual.

Moral education, therefore, must be effected by vocal exercises—by singing, declamation, and reading under proper direction. A school conducted on this system would need no discipline by punishment. A gay and loving cheerfulness would make all ready for duty. By properly adjusting the exercises, the school could be kept under the influence of any sentiment which it was desired to cultivate. Dr. B. maintains that it is entirely practicable by this method to elevate the moral character of the very lowest classes of society, and to take the culprits of the House of Refuge and the Penitentiary, and restore many of them to the paths of virtue. Nor could any one well deny the possibility of this who has seen the sudden transformation of character when the organs of the brain are excited, or when mesmeric and other psychological processes are brought to bear on the susceptible.

Looking to the consequences of this new system of educating the soul, it seems to open up a glorious future for humanity. If the virtues can thus be cultivated in the young, as systematically as the intellect, then education is a mighty power indeed. The teachers of the new education will do that work which the university and church combined have

failed to accomplish heretofore—to lift man out of his animality into a higher and nobler life; not only the chosen few, but the millions whom history does not condescend to notice. If Dr. Buchanan is right (and no one can deny the truth of his fundamental doctrine), education is perfectly competent to banish war and crime.

The enunciation of such a doctrine marks a new era in education; and it is eminently appropriate that the *new education* should be brought forward by the founder of *the new anthropology*—a profound thinker, too far in advance of his contemporaries to be fully appreciated in his own time.



INFLUENCE OF IDEAS ON CHARACTER.

THE life of a man is his own practical exposition of his principles and ideas. In other words, it is the illuminated record of the conception he entertains of himself, his personal relations and pursuits, and the common destiny of the race—all translated into the emphatic language of resolution and action. Thus the inventor lives in his art, and the man of science in his discovery; while the founders of new religious and political systems live in monumental remains and authentic history. But there are comparatively few among the historic personages of any period who can be safely selected as models by those who would fashion a character in consonance with Nature and Reason. True, the lives of some men are golden promises of what shall be thereafter; but others are earnest exhortations and stern reproofs; while others still are solemn warnings or fearful anathemas.

Pope says, "It is the misfortune of extraordinary geniuses, that their most intimate friends are more apt to admire than to love them." The reason for this is obvious, since most men of genius present an incongruous union of great powers and melancholy defects. The strange contrarieties in their

lives inevitably spring from a discordant blending of the elements of human nature. Certain faculties are abnormally developed; appearing suddenly and assuming vast proportions, as mountains are thrown up from the deep by the force of volcanic fires. They remind us of cloudy summits whose bold, irregular outlines and striking features are only softened and rendered comely when

“Distance lends enchantment to the view.”

If we attempt to reach them, they seem to recede, and a close inspection shows them to be rugged and barren.

Nature is prolific in figurative suggestions, and there are some men that excite our astonishment by the momentary splendor of their transits. To say nothing of the ordinary *ignes fatui* of the intellectual world, there are minds that like splendid meteors shoot suddenly through the moral heavens and disappear in a blaze; or like strange comets they pursue their eccentric and lonely orbits far from the realm of the common mind. Men who live to sing the songs, write the philosophies, fight the battles, and establish the thrones of the world, are generally unequal in their development, and seldom properly adjusted to the sphere of their outward relations. The career of the most brilliant mind among them—in its influence on the world—may resemble a biting frost, a sirocco, a tempest or a conflagration. Indeed, a life encompassed by storms and exposed to fierce and fiery ordeals is often the very cradle and nursery of Genius.

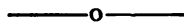
The chief characteristics of the individual may be discovered in the things that either excite his ambition or minister to his pleasure. In like manner the common ideal of a community or State, involves the evidence on which the political philosopher must form his judgment of the national character. Men who believe in the innate nobility and inalienable rights of man will generally be the last to form base alliances, and the national integrity and life may be regarded as secure so long as the People cherish the sacred memories of their wisest

men and purest patriots. We cannot too frequently contemplate the noblest examples, for the

“Lives of great men all remind us
We may make our lives sublime.”

Nor is it a vain idolatry that prompts the living to preserve the expressive memorials they have left behind, since these may serve to inspire others with a desire to emulate the lofty virtues and heroic deeds that made their names illustrious.

It is not by the graves of the martyrs of Liberty, that we feel the promptings of an unhallowed ambition ; it is neither on fields rendered memorable by great public services, nor by the sculptured marbles of risen heroes, that the citizen feels indifferent to the claims of his country. On the contrary, it is then and there that the true man must realize the priceless value of Liberty, Religion and Law, and learn to hate the sacrilegious vandalism that derives no impressive suggestions from such silent monitors. It would be treason to forget the founders and defenders of the Republic, who “being dead yet speak” from their silent urns. It is a becoming thing for the living to walk with light footsteps and hushed voices above the ashes of their fathers ; and only those who respect the memories of the just are likely to be worthy of this vast inheritance of individual and national freedom. He is indeed a political infidel who will not reverently pause and mark the spot where the ethereal flame of a great life was extinguished.



M. FOISSAC was accustomed to manipulate liquids magnetically, and Paul Villagrand, a sensitive subject, would at once detect the presence of the magnetic influence by the sense of taste. The most surprising effect of medicine on a delicate patient may depend on such an influence emanating from the practitioner.

SECTARIAN DEGRADATION OF CHRISTIANITY.

POSITIVE.—The independent press criticises, with some asperity, the decision of the Presbyterian General Assembly at Baltimore, “That the Presbyterian Church of the United States shall take part in celebrating the centennial anniversary of American Independence, not as Americans but as Presbyterians.” If sectarian bickering and alienation cannot be suspended in our great political Sabbath, could there be any harmony in heaven if such warring sects were admitted to each other’s presence ?

COMPARATIVE.—As the death of Dickens elicited the scurrilous language of a Fulton in this country, the death of John Stuart Mill has elicited from the *Church Herald* in England the following ebullition of antichristian sentiment, that needs only political power to express itself by the gibbet and the auto da fé :—

“His ‘philosophy,’ so-called, was thoroughly antichristian ; his sentiments daringly mischievous and outrageously wild. As a member of Parliament he was a signal failure, and his insolence to and contempt for the great conservative party was well known. His death is no loss to anybody, for he was a rank but amiable infidel, and a most dangerous person. The sooner those ‘lights of thought’ who agree with him go to the same place, the better will it be for both Church and State. We can well spare the whole crew of them, and shall hear of their departure, whether one by one or in a body, with calm satisfaction.”

All this, however, does not prevent the most eminent persons in England from meeting to do honor to Mill, but it helps to strengthen that public sentiment which will ere long disestablish a church which adheres to the barbarism of the dark ages.

SUPERLATIVE.—If neither the American Sabbath nor the death of Mr. Mill can soften or humanize the wolfish spirit of sectarianism, surely we might suppose that it would be awed into peace at the *birthplace of Christ*. On the contrary, the recent *riot at Bethlehem*, at the very Church of the Nativity, among the monks who represent the so-called Christianity of France and of Russia, shows that sectarianism is utterly destitute of the spirit of Christ; for these monks are representative men, under the protection of their respective governments.

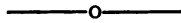
The old Church of the Nativity stands at Bethlehem on a hill six miles from Jerusalem. The Greek, Latin, and Armenian Churches stand near, and each of the rival sects has a chapel for its own use in the Church of the Nativity, while the central nave of the church is occupied in common. Underneath this is a limestone grotto, containing a recess in which is supposed to be the manger in which Christ was laid. The Greeks hold one passage leading to this recess, and the Latin monks, under French protection, hold the other.

Their miserable wrangles in the past about their time-worn hangings and emblems are not worth narrating. Latterly they have each kept a guard of able-bodied monks to watch and restrain any undue liberties in hanging up a piece of canvas or a lamp, etc., and have been on the verge of a breach of the peace, which at last has occurred, and is reported by the daily press as follows:—

“A few weeks since, in April, the Greeks lighted a lamp too much, and the Latins displayed a hanging of silk in an unauthorized way. The long-restrained animosities of the parties could no longer be calmed, and from insults they came to open blows, and finally to a bloody and fatal fight. Arms were freely used, and eleven of the combatants were killed or dangerously wounded. The combat was only stopped by the arrival of Turkish soldiers on the scene of slaughter.”

If such an outbreak had occurred at a spiritual séance, with

what rapidity would it have been published throughout the civilized world, under flaming head-lines, as an evidence of the diabolic tendencies of the faith that produced it. But as it is, there will be no sensation—but little will be said; nobody will be astonished that the representatives of churches upheld by armies and bayonets should themselves handle bayonets or daggers as a religious duty.



WISDOM OF THE LEADERS OF THOUGHT.

THE vigorous intellect of the present age seems to concern itself in physical science and in political or historical questions—leaving the higher sphere of psychic science unoccupied. We can find very readily vigorous and really able discussions of political and social questions, animated debates on historical subjects, and earnest if not profound disquisitions on the great questions in which physical science has touched the borders of biology—the origin of life and development of species.

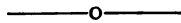
But above this, all is barren—the science of the soul is unknown and wilfully ignored. No fact, however well authenticated, concerning the independent existence of mind as it is now demonstrating itself from the Spirit-world, and has been for ages, can gain admission to a fashionable quarterly, except as a mere target for scurrility or ridicule.

To ignore the mind, which is now acting independent of its ordinary relations to matter, it is necessary also to ignore the science of the brain, for that science, fully explored, reveals the most decisive evidence that mind *is not* entirely dependent for its existence upon a living brain.

Hence we find, in everything that relates to the brain and the mysteries of mind, a pitiable ignorance of what the most advanced researches have proved, continually displayed by reputable periodicals. The last *Edinburgh Review* contains

a rather brilliant and caustic criticism upon the doctrines of Darwin and the zeal of his followers, which evidently proceeds from a vigorous thinker who understands the progress of science in the matter of evolution. But the same number of the *Review* contains an article on Sleep and Dreams, in review of a work by M. L. F. A. Maury, a Member of the French Institute, which borders upon that tabooed territory where fashionable scientists seldom venture, or, if they do, seem to lose both the power of observation and the power of reasoning upon facts gathered by the observation of others.

Having read through the whole article of seventeen pages with indomitable patience, without finding a single new idea or interesting piece of information—finding nothing, in fact, but a copious flow of commonplace matters, such as a mere penny-a-liner might furnish extemporaneously, we could only wonder how such trash could gain admittance to a *Review* which usually exhibits so much ability. We can account for it only by the dense ignorance which prevails on all subjects relating to the human soul, and the profound aversion to true psychological and cerebral science of those whose minds have been filled with the voluminous chaff of mediæval metaphysics.



BUSINESS.—A California paper says the Japanese “will win universal respect by a sort of heathenish habit they have of minding their own business.” This is good news, and we respectfully solicit the Japanese to send a few missionaries to this benighted country. This part of the moral vineyard presents a large field for their operations, and there is a demand for earnest work. Many will subscribe liberally with a view of having several impertinent and meddlesome Christians converted to this Japanese form of heathenism.

BAPTIZED MATERIALISM.

THE living spirit of a faith once majestic in its power, and beautiful in its influence over the heart and life of the believer—the faith that filled the ancient church with the manifestations of spiritual presence and power—has declined, and nearly lost its hold on the religious institutions of the time. The nature of the opposition to Spiritualism, and the modes of resistance adopted by the church and the world, show how almost faithless men are in the vital principles of Religion. If faith in the invisible and immortal be not dead or sleeping, why are its requirements everywhere practically denied? That its chief claims are virtually disputed, and that the popular faith—the formal acknowledgment of the truth of a greater or less number of dogmatic propositions—exerts but a feeble influence over the lives and conduct of men, is quite too manifest to require elucidation.

It is worthy of observation, that the accredited expounders of sacred realities proceed upon the assumption that the fundamental proposition of the Spiritualists involves an impossibility. The ministers of popular Christianity assume that there is no intercourse between the two worlds—that Spirits do not and can not either demonstrate their presence or reveal their thoughts to mortals. The departed millions are dumb, and paralysis is presumed to be epidemic in heaven. Thus the old Materialism is true to its instincts and affinities. Though it has been baptized in the name of Jesus, it still clings to all earthly forms, and its dusty images flit like phantoms of the waning night, in “the dim religious light” of the outward church.

Authors, Art, and Education.

BIBLE OF THE AGES.*

WITH so wide a field before him, the industrious gleaner could not fail to discover and gather many excellent things worthy of a place in the world's common storehouse. The golden grain finds its way from the field to the threshing-floor, where it is freely handled, smitten by heavy blows and then winnowed, that the pure grain may be separated from the worthless chaff. In the department of ideas, these offices are performed by calm, fearless, but honest criticism. The process may seem to be severe, but assured that our real interests are realized in the result, we here drop the figure.

If our author has been influenced, in any degree, by either undue partiality or possible prejudice, these incentives and restraints must, in his case, have relation to persons rather than to principles and ideas. Here he exhibits a princely hospitality—so generous, indeed, that it may be sometimes exercised at the sacrifice of a wise discrimination. And here—if influenced by merely personal considerations—we would prefer to pause, leaving room for the inference that the work before us realizes our highest anticipations. But such a treatment of the subject would be unjust to all parties, and could in no way promote the interests of our literature. From all we had learned of the accredited ability of the compiler, we were prepared beforehand to be pleased with this book ; but its perusal has somewhat disappointed our expectations. The contents of the volume—excepting Mr. Stebbins's Preface, which occupies three pages—are almost entirely derived from other writers, the selections being unaccompanied by notes, either critical, historical, or exegetical. To say nothing of the economy of labor, displayed in the preparation

* Chapters from the Bible of the Ages ; compiled and edited by
Stebbins, Detroit, Michigan. Boston : Colby & Rich.

Steb-

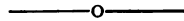
of such a work, it is not always easy to comprehend the reasons that govern the author in his choice of materials, particularly in the selections from modern writers.

Let us illustrate the grounds of our chief objection by personal and particular references. For example, we have extracts from Spurgeon, who is not much of a writer, but see nothing from Martineau, who writes well. The real quality of the one as compared with the other is as the sudden effervescence of small beer to the clear amber hues and sparkling life of the wines of Champagne. Mary Fletcher fills a page, and three pages are devoted to Mr. Edward N. Dennys, of London; but we have only nineteen lines from Buckle, a little from Herbert Spencer, and nothing from Shakspeare. The selections from American writers are in some cases equally inexplicable. T. W. Higginson occupies some sixteen or eighteen pages, and we have three extracts from Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, while George William Curtis, Parke Godwin, Dr. Bellows, Dr. Dewey, and others of similar rank are totally suppressed. Herman Bisbee takes rank with Horace Bushnell; C. D. B. Mills has two pages on "Quietism and Work;" but we find nothing from Horace Greeley, who, if he did not understand quietism, certainly did know a thing or two about work. We have one extract from the immortal Channing, and three from Henry C. Wright; but we look in vain for the beautiful psalms of Whittier, Longfellow, Harris, Belle Bush and Lizzie Doten.

Perhaps all this does not materially detract from the substantial merits of Mr. Stebbins's book. But the reader who is familiar with the history of our people, and the progressive thought of the Nineteenth Century, will doubtless be surprised to find that a work bearing the comprehensive title of the "Bible of the Ages," prepared by an American and a Spiritualist, and containing extracts from the writings of persons quite unknown in literature, should yet find no place to record the names of Dr. J. R. Buchanan, Abraham Lincoln, Thomas L. Harris, A. E. Newton, W. S. Courtney, Hon. N. P. Tallmadge, Hon. John W. Edmonds, Hon. Joshua R. Giddings, Hon. Thomas R. Hazzard, Prof. Robert Hare, Joel Tiffany, Rev. James Richardson, Rev. John Pierpont, William Fishbough, Frances Harriet Green McDougall, Sarah Helen Whitman, and others, whose free thoughts and brave words are worth remembering.

But these objections to the Scriptures already published, Mr. Stebbins may easily remove by some New Testament compiled under his hand ; or by calling a Council to determine what shall be canonical in the New Bible ; also what particular things shall go into the department of modern apocryphal writings, and how much is best fitted to enlighten the world by the simple process of combustion. As may be inferred from previous observations, the work under review consists of selections from a large number of authors, ancient and modern—Pagans, Jews, Christians, Mohammedans, and writers of no recognized religion. The compiler is a gentleman of liberal principles and acknowledged ability. He does not find the limitations we have noticed in any want of the largest toleration of all sorts of views and opinions. In this respect he at once demonstrates his own freedom from sectarian shackles and exhibits a truly catholic spirit. In our judgment this is an excellent feature of his work and worthy of the highest commendation. The author's purpose is certainly good, and the moral tone of his book above reproach. Having really accomplished so much in the right direction, we cannot but regret that Mr. Stebbins did not give his book wider scope, and devote more time to the selection and classification of his materials.

A facetious spirit at our elbow suggests that, after all, perhaps friend Stebbins was prudent in not loading the new *canon* too heavily at first.



THE NAPOLEON DYNASTY.*

MORE than twenty years ago the first edition of this work made its appearance, and attracted general attention in this country and Europe. The author's name did not transpire, and hence the judgment of the critics was not warped by any personal considerations. The rare merits of the Book were widely and cordially acknowledged. The intelligent reader could not fail to recognize in the author a capacity for independent thought and vigorous

* The Napoleon Dynasty : a History of the Bonaparte Family, brought down to the Present Time. By the Berkeley Men (C. Edwards Lester). With twenty-three authentic portraits. New York : Sheldon & Company, No. 677 Broadway. 1873.

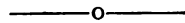
expression ; a fine appreciation of the relation of words to ideas—a masterly grouping and graphic delineation of historical characters ; and the impressive movement of the imposing drama presented in the life and times of this most remarkable family.

Very much that passes for history largely consists of the dry details of ordinary events, public documents and legal enactments ; the struggles of ambitious aspirants for place and power, and the rude conflicts of political parties. It is not surprising that the constant recurrence of the main features of this programme should have elicited the observation that "history repeats itself." This is not strictly true in the most important sense ; but it is true in the more superficial aspects of the world, and in the judgment of those who lack the capacity to translate the deeper mysteries of individual, social, political and religious life and progress. To write the biography of an original character, or a true history of the people, the author must not stand without and merely contemplate the superficial phases and momentary aspects of his subject, but he must come near and make it a part of himself. He must penetrate the profoundest depths, and his feeling and thought must blend with the vital elements of his theme. Then there will be motion, life and dramatic power in his narrative. The very elements of speech will become flexible and incandescent at the touch of his genius. Moved by his volition, events will fall gracefully into line ; great thoughts will wake and clothe themselves, and his story become a living creation.

Such a work is the Napoleon Dynasty. From a commanding position the author sweeps the wide field of observation, and at once grasps events with their relations and causes, as an experienced general, standing on an eminence above the objects he is to inspect, covers the long line with his glass ; at a glance surveys the vast theater of operations, and interprets the movements of the most distant objects. The work combines the varied excellences of several eminent American, English, and French historians. The language is chaste, vigorous and sonorous ; the style is remarkably sententious, and the disposition of persons and events highly dramatic. And yet nothing of fact or truth is either sacrificed, overlooked or obscured in the changing lights and rapid movement of this panoramic exhibition of great characters and remarkable events.

In the new edition, just published, the same hand continues the

work down to the solemn termination of the closing scene in the act on which the curtain has so recently fallen—the death of Napoleon III. Now that the press has recorded its impartial verdict respecting the peculiar merits of this record of the Napoleon Dynasty, the author appears without his visor. Those who are personally acquainted with C. EDWARDS LESTER long since recognized the striking characteristics of his mind on every page of his book.



THE ORPHANS' RESCUE.*

THIS picture is a suggestive and beautiful illustration of the interposition of Spirits in the perilous conditions and circumstances of human life. We are presented, in the middle and foreground, with a swelled and rapid river. The turbulent waters are dashing wildly over and through the cavernous rocks that rise, here and there, from the bed and above the surface of the stream, and in still bolder outlines that define the precipitous shores.

In the midst of the boiling and foaming waters, already within the powerful attraction of the cataract, is a little boat containing two children—a Girl and a Boy, representing, respectively, the ages of perhaps ten and six years. The drawing and action of these figures is life-like and otherwise admirable. The boy expresses apprehension, and with one hand seizes the side of the boat while with the other he fondly clings to his sister. The little girl feeling the mysterious influence of a superior power, with an air of confidence stands erect in the center of the boat, holding the rope in her left hand, while the other is raised and extended above the head of her little brother, as if in blessing, or to shield him from an impending evil. The expression of the face is calm and sweet, and altogether undisturbed by the slightest emotion of fear.

The immortal guardians enveloped in light, flowing draperies, are near and active at the critical moment. The spirit of the Father is outlined against the dark background of an overhanging rock, whilst

* This is a beautiful line and stipple plate, engraved on steel by J. A. J. Wilcox, from the original painting by Joseph John, and published by R. H. Curran & Company, Boston.

the Spirit-mother, with open and extended arms, hovers gracefully in the illuminated atmosphere, directly over the objects of her deathless love. The critical eye may detect some minor defects in the drawing of the spirit forms, but the general effect is altogether agreeable. We extract from the publishers' circular the following descriptive passage :

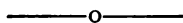
'Twas near the close of a summer-day ;
 The clouds had wept their grief away,
 And left a sky so bright and clear,
 It seemed that Heaven itself drew near.
 A boat, in which two children played,
 By swollen waves was gently swayed ;
 Till, loosened from the stake that bound
 And held it to the beach aground,
 It floated quickly from the shore,
 As though the cataract's deep roar
 Had charmed it, by a magic power,
 To hasten to its doom that hour.
 The frightened children saw the fate
 That must their little bark await ;
 The boy, accustomed to her care,
 Turned to his sister, in despair.
 But through her veins what impulse thrilled,
 And all her sensate being filled
 With such a wild, resistless hope ?
 She seized, with steady hand, the rope,
 And, standing with one arm upraised,
 With calm, heroic face, she gazed
 On foaming rapids, rock and fall,
 Prepared to bravely meet them all.
 But suddenly she felt a power,
 Born of the danger of the hour,
 Turn, quietly, the boat aside,
 And land it just beyond the tide,
 Where rocks a niche of safety made,
 And they could wait for human aid.
 She did not see, with spirit eye,
 Her parents' outstretched arms so nigh,
 But *felt* the strong magnetic thrill
 Of love, which danger changed to *will* ;
 When she that subtle power obeyed,
 The hand of Death the angels stayed.

The Artist's conception of Guardian Spirits makes them human

beings still, etherealized in substance and exalted in character by the superior conditions of the immortal life. His angels involve no base compromise with the animal kingdom, such as is seen in the winged monsters of ancient mythologies and in the art of all nations. A rational Spiritualism is rapidly redeeming the human mind and the Fine Arts from the vague and false conceptions of Pagan, Jewish and Christian mystagogues.

It is worthy of remark that in its finest creations Art has always depended on the realities of the Spiritual Life and World for its subjects, and on its inspiring agency for the ability to handle them effectively. Virgil, Dante, Milton, Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Mozart are conspicuous examples among the Poets, Painters and Musicians.

In 'The Orphans' Rescue the engraver has reproduced the painter's conception with commendable fidelity and fine artistic effect. The picture will have a large sale, especially among Spiritualists. We are pleased to learn that the publishers propose to issue other artistic illustrations of our beautiful philosophy, which is eminently prolific of suggestions to the highest art.



BELVIDERE AND THE SEMINARY.

BEAUTIFUL for situation, and the joy of those who dwell there, is Belvidere on the Delaware. Visions of green mountains, fertile valleys and flowing waters; of rugged rocks and sylvan arcades; of green meadows and fields of ripening grain; the lively music of birds and the umbrage of the solemn old woods; crystal springs, cool retreats, and sheltered nooks on the hillsides and by the river—all rise before us at the mention of its name.

And then the Italian Villa on the hill—the FEMALE SEMINARY, with its surroundings and its occupants—very much resembles "A thing of beauty and a joy forever." There, under the tuition of teachers, quiet but wise and strong, the daughters of its patrons are conscientiously put through the several courses of gentle and vigorous sprouts, such as are best calculated to save them from the

fashionable follies of the times, and to develop the latent elements of a brave and true womanhood. The purest and noblest incentives to an earnest life of honorable endeavor, are here brought to bear upon the young. A firm purpose and rigid discipline, softened by every manifestation of maternal and sisterly affection, invests this Seminary with all the charms of a well-regulated, refined and elegant Home.

Our recent visit to Belvidere—on the occasion of the late Commencement—not only confirmed the very favorable opinion we had already formed of the peculiar merits of this school—and the high claims of the Misses Bush and Professor Ewell as educators—but at once determined us to send our own daughter to the Seminary from the beginning of the ensuing term in September. We hazard nothing in saying that all Spiritualists and Reformers, who have daughters to be educated, will best promote their most sacred interests by sending them to the Misses Bush, Belvidere, Warren County, N. J., where they are sure to develop their minds and bodies, and to grow in womanly graces and useful accomplishments.



STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.

GENTLE READER—It is necessary to fill this small remaining space, and with an eye to business we propose to take you into our special confidence. You may now estimate the character of this JOURNAL, and its value as a means of public instruction. It is proper for you to know that it has been published at a sacrifice of money, to say nothing of the labor bestowed upon its pages. What we need, and have a right to expect, is *active co-operation in efforts to extend its circulation*. A few noble souls who promised little have done much, whilst the many who were most affluent in promises have done nothing. (Why not?) Read the Critical Opinions of the Press and you will perceive that—in the public estimation—our labors deserve a far more general and tangible recognition on the part of American Spiritualists.

It is quite possible that our judgment may be slightly warped—the reader may not agree with us—but we think this JOURNAL is of more consequence, just now, than a dozen sectarian pulpits, two theological seminaries and a tract society. Why then is it not endowed at once, or put on a self-sustaining basis? We shall continue this work if we live among mortals; but it is for *you* to determine this important question: *Shall it be adequately supported?* If every one who reads this will spend but six hours in soliciting subscriptions, *and do it now*, this question will be decided affirmatively in one week.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.



D. D. Home

Engraved for *Britton's Journal*

is guiding the ship of our destiny,—
Vol. I.—28



J. D. Home

Registered for British Journal

BRITTAN'S JOURNAL.

SPIRITUAL SCIENCE,

LITERATURE, ART AND INSPIRATION.

Vol. I.

OCTOBER, 1873.

No. 4.

DANIEL DUNGLASS HOME.

BY BELLE BUSH.

THERE are marvels unseen at our very door,
There are richest hearts that the world calls poor,
There are lives so true and so dutiful
That men see not they are beautiful,—
There are lowly ones whom the proud despise,
And yet to watchers with angel eyes
They are heirs to wonderful destinies.

There are "still small voices" that greet the ear,
At times when no visible forms are near,
There are nameless sounds in the raindrops falling,
And silvery tones to the spirit calling;
There are visions of joy and of glad surprise
Through which to mortals with watchful eyes
Are revealed life's wonderful prophecies.

There are "echoes that come from a far-off shore,"
There are gleams of light from a noiseless oar
That tracking the sea of humanity
Is guiding the ship of our destiny,—

There are numberless things in the earth and skies
That are signal-lights to the spirit's eyes
Revealing life's wonderful harmonies.

There are frail barks drifting away to sea
With no hand to point where the shoals may be,—
There are rosy lights through our windows streaming
When stars in the robes of night are gleaming,—
And odors of flowers 'neath wintry skies,—
All these to mortals with watchful eyes
Are revealing life's wonderful destinies.

There's the breath of a kiss on brow and cheek
When the lips that give them we vainly seek,—
There are depths of love we can ne'er express
By the tender touch or the fond caress,—
There are flashes of light in the sunset skies
That seem like the beaming of friendly eyes,—
All these are wonderful prophecies.

There are hearts that open like flowers in June,
There are some like harps that are kept in tune,
There are others that long with hate hath striven,
Yet on to its desolate shores are driven,—
All these, and the hearts that the proud despise
Are *sacred* to watchers with angel eyes
Who read life's wonderful harmonies.*

DANIEL DUNGLASS HOME, "one of the most remarkable mediums for spirit manifestations of a physical order" that the age has produced, was born near Edinburgh, Scotland, March 20, 1833. His father was a son of Alexander, tenth Earl of Home. His mother was gifted with what is called in Scotland the second sight, as were also her uncle, Mr. Mac-

* The foregoing lines but feebly express the thoughtful and reverent feelings with which I turn from the perusal of a work bearing the modest title of "Incidents in My Life," to the pleasing task of preparing for the readers of the JOURNAL a brief sketch of its author.

kenzie, and her great uncle, Colin Urquhart. It was doubtless from this source that he inherited the peculiar organization that rendered him subject to the strange phenomena which have attended him, and which commenced even before his remembrance. When he was about a year old he was adopted by an aunt with whom he lived till near his maturity.

He was very delicate as a child, and of a temperament so extremely nervous that serious doubts were entertained of his being reared, but, like some of the kings of whom we read in ancient history, he was favored, even in his infancy, by strange events and omens that seemed to portend a remarkable destiny. According to the testimony of his aunt and others, his cradle was frequently rocked by an invisible power, as if some kind guardian spirit was tending him in his slumbers. And why not? What is there so improbable in this thought of angel ministrations, performed at the couch of slumbering innocence, that we may not accept it as the accredited solution of a mystery that is otherwise unexplained?

To the present writer there is something far more wonderful in the common-place fact that our spirits have the power to move our bodies, that we can at the will of an indwelling force go up and down stairs, eat, drink, labor, rest and sleep, and exhibit through physical organisms the still higher manifestations of an intelligent and orderly life. But, to return to the subject of our sketch. In his fourth year it is stated, again on the authority of his aunt, that he had a vision of the circumstances attending the passing away of a little cousin. He was then at Portobello, near Edinburgh, and she was at Linlithgow. His description of this event proved to be entirely correct.

In his ninth year Daniel was brought by his aunt and her husband to this country. Owing to his delicate health he was, he says, unable to join in the rude sports of other boys of his age, hence he was forced to spend his time in reading, or seek the companionship of his seniors. Being of a religious turn of mind, he early found enjoyment in devotional

exercises and in the study of the Scriptures. In this quiet manner the current of his life flowed on until his thirteenth year, when he was favored, he says, with the first vision he distinctly remembers. It occurred as follows: He had made the acquaintance of a boy who was possessed of an organization and a character somewhat similar to his own. They were in the habit of reading the Bible together, and on one occasion, in the month of April, they had been reading it in the woods, and were both silently contemplating the beauties of the springing vegetation, when his companion began relating a story he had recently been reading of a spirit's return to earth, and concluded by asking the boy Home if he thought the story could be true. He answered "that he did not know, but he had heard of strange things of that kind." They therefore agreed that whichever one of them should first be called from earth, would, if God permitted it, appear to the other the third day after. They then read another chapter and prayed that so it might be to them.

About a month after this, the subject of our sketch went with his family to reside at Troy, N. Y., a distance from Norwich, where his friend Edwin lived, of nearly three hundred miles. In the latter part of the following June, a strange phenomenon attended him which he thus graphically describes:

"I had been to spend the evening with some friends, and nothing had occurred during the visit to excite my imagination, or to agitate my mind; on the contrary, I was in a calm state. On my return, the family having retired, I went at once to my room, which was so completely filled with the moonlight as to render a candle unnecessary. After saying my prayers, I was seated on the bed, and about to draw the sheet over me, when a sudden darkness seemed to pervade the room. This surprised me, inasmuch as I had not seen a cloud in the sky, and on looking up I saw the moon still shining, but it was on the other side of the darkness, which still grew more dense, until through the darkness there seemed to be a gleam of light. This light increased and my attention was drawn to the foot of the bed,

where stood my friend Edwin. He appeared as in a cloud of brightness illuminating his face with a distinctness more than mortal. His features were unchanged except in brightness, and the only difference I saw was that his hair was long, and fell in wavy ringlets upon his shoulders. He looked on me with a smile of ineffable sweetness, then slowly raising the right arm, he pointed upward, and making with it *three* circles in the air, the hand began slowly to disappear, and then the arm, and finally the whole body melted away. The natural light of the room was then again apparent. I was speechless and could not move, though I retained all my reasoning faculties. As soon as the power of movement was restored, I rang the bell, and the family, thinking I was ill, came to my room, when my first words were, 'I have seen Edwin,—he died three days ago, at this very hour.' This was found to be perfectly correct by a letter which came a few days afterwards, announcing that after only a few hours' illness he had died of malignant dysentery."

In his fifteenth year the young Seer united with the Wesleyan Church to the great disapprobation of his aunt who was a member of the Kirk of Scotland. Her opposition to him on this account became, at last, so violent that he left the Wesleyans and joined the Congregationalists. When he was seventeen years old his peculiar gifts were once more called into exercise and in a remarkable manner. He was again residing at Norwich, Ct., while his mother was living at Waterford, near New London, twelve miles distant. One day he suddenly felt a strong impulse that she wished to see him, and he walked all the way in consequence of this *impression*. When in his mother's presence he felt further impressed that she had something particular to communicate to him, and as soon as they were left alone he turned to her and said, "What have you to say to me, mother?" She looked at him with intense surprise and then a smile came over her face and she said, "Well, dear, it was only to tell you that four months from this time I shall leave you;" and after telling him—in answer to his incredulous questioning—about a vision she had, foreshadowing her death, she added,

“and I shall be quite alone when I die, and there will not be a relative near to close my eyes.” This apparently impossible prophecy was literally fulfilled, though when it was given she was in the midst of a large family and surrounded by many relatives. On the evening of her death her son, being alone in his room, heard a voice at the head of his bed which said to him, solemnly, “Dan, twelve o'clock.” He turned his head, and between the window and his bed he saw what appeared to be the bust of his mother. He saw her lips move and again he heard her say, “Dan, twelve o'clock.” A third time she repeated this and then disappeared. Extremely agitated, he summoned his aunt, and when she came he said “Aunty, mother died to-day at twelve o'clock, because I have seen her and she told me.” “Nonsense, child,” said the aunt, “you are ill, and this is the effect of a fevered brain.” It was, however, too true, as the father of the young medium informed them. His mother had died at twelve o'clock, and without a relative near to close her eyes.

A few months after this event, one night, as he was about to retire, he heard three loud blows on the head of his bed as if struck with a hammer. His first impression was that some one must be concealed in his room to frighten him. The sounds were repeated, and then the impression first came to him that they were not of earth. He passed a sleepless night, and on going down to breakfast in the morning his aunt, observing his wan appearance, taunted him with having been agitated by some of his prayer-meetings. They were about to seat themselves at their morning meal when their ears were assailed by a perfect shower of raps all over the table. The youth was almost terror-stricken to hear again such sounds coming from no visible source or apparent cause, but he was soon brought back to the realities of life by his aunt's exclamation of horror: “So, you've brought the devil to my house, have you?” And, as if expecting to get rid of his Satanic Majesty by an exhibition of *passionate anger*, she seized a chair and threw it at him. Knowing how entirely innocent he was

of the cause of her rage, his feelings, he says, were deeply injured by her violence, but at the same time he was strengthened in a determination to *find out* what caused the disturbances that seemed to attend him.

There were then in the village where they lived three ministers, one a Congregationalist, one a Baptist, and the other a Wesleyan. In the afternoon of the day that witnessed the strange manifestation at their breakfast-table, his aunt, in her anger, losing sight of her strong prejudices against those rival persuasions, sent for these three ministers to consult with her, and to pray for her nephew that he might be freed from such visitations. The Baptist minister came first, and after having questioned the young medium as to how he had brought those things about him, and finding that he could give no explanation of them, he proposed that they should pray together for a cessation of them. Whilst they were thus engaged, at every mention of the names of God and Jesus, there came gentle raps on the minister's chair, and in different parts of the room; and at every expression of a wish for God's loving mercy to be shown to them and their fellow-creatures there were loud raps, as if the invisible powers causing the sounds joined in their heartfelt prayers. Mr. Home says: "I was so struck, and so deeply impressed by this, that there and then, upon my knees, I resolved to place myself entirely at God's disposal, and to follow the leadings of that which I then felt *must* be only good and true, else why should it have signified its joy at those special portions of prayer?" "This," he adds, "was the turning-point of my life, and I have never had cause to regret for one instant my determination, though I have been called on for many years to suffer deeply in carrying it out." Of the other two clergymen, the Congregationalist declined to enter into the subject, saying, much to his credit, "that he saw no reason why a pure-minded boy should be persecuted for what he was not responsible to prevent or cause;" while the Methodist attributed the phenomena to the devil, and gave him no comfort.

Notwithstanding the visits of these ministers and the aunt's displeasure, the rappings continued and the furniture began to be moved about without any perceptible agency. Of the latter manifestations he writes: "The first time this occurred I was in my room, and was brushing my hair before the looking-glass. In the glass I saw a chair that stood between me and the door moving slowly towards me. My first feeling was one of intense fear, and I looked round to see if there were no escape: but there was the chair between me and the door, and still it moved towards me as I continued looking at it. When within a foot of me, it stopped, whereupon I jumped past it, and rushed down stairs, seized my hat in the hall, and went out to ponder on this wonderful phenomenon. After this, when sitting quietly in the room with my aunt and uncle, the table, and sometimes the chairs, and other furniture, were moved about in a singular way to the great surprise and disgust of my relatives. Upon one occasion, as the table was thus moved about, my aunt brought the family Bible, and placing it on the table, said, 'There, that will soon drive the devils away;' but to her astonishment the table only moved in a more lively manner, as if pleased to bear such a burden. Seeing this she was greatly incensed, and determining to stop it, she angrily placed her whole weight on the table, and was actually lifted up with it bodily from the floor. My only consolation at this time was from another aunt, a widow, who lived near, whose heartfelt sympathy did much to cheer and console me. At her house, when I visited her, the same phenomena occurred; and we then first began to ask questions to which we received intelligent replies. The spirit of my mother, at her house, in this way communicated the following:

"'Daniel, fear not, my child. God is with you and who shall be against you? Seek to do good, be truthful, and truth-loving, and you will prosper, my child. Yours is a glorious mission,—you will convince the infidel, cure the sick, and console the weeping.' This was the first

communication I ever received, and it came within the first week of those visitations. I remember it well. I have never forgotten it, and can never forget it while reason and life shall last. I have reason to remember it too, because this was the last week I passed in the house of that aunt who had adopted me, for she was unable to bear the continuance of the phenomena which so distressed her religious convictions, and she felt it a duty that I should leave her house, which I did."

The strange panorama of this young man's life moved rapidly after his expulsion from the home of his childhood, and we find him at the early age of eighteen fairly launched on the *then* tempestuous sea of mediumship. At the house of a friend, residing in Willimantic, Ct., where he found his first resting place after leaving his aunt's, he was attended by the same phenomena as before, and those present investigated them in the most determined manner. In the spring following, an account of these wonderful manifestations was published in a newspaper, and speaking of this fact Mr. Home says, "On seeing this article which made me so public, I shrank from so prominent a position with all the earnestness of a sensitive mind." But regardless of his fears, and the frowns of his relatives, the manifestations continued, and we soon find the youthful subject of our sketch in New York, Brooklyn, and other cities, submitting to the most searching investigations by some of the best literary and scientific minds of the age.

In Brooklyn he met Professor George Bush, the eminent Swedenborgian, who took a deep interest in the mental phenomena attending him, and who assured him that the communications received were of such a nature as to leave no manner of doubt on *his* mind as to the real presence with them of those gone before. So strongly impressed was Professor Bush by these manifestations that he desired the medium to live with him for the purpose of studying for the Swedenborgian ministry. Mr. Home went to his house with the intention of so doing, but within forty-eight hours after he saw, in his waking state, the spirit of his mother, who said to him: "My

son, you must not accept this kind offer, as your mission is a more extended one than pulpit-preaching." He communicated this spirit message to the Professor, who expressed regret, but no surprise. They parted friends and remained so ever afterwards. In May, 1852, Mr. Home went to New York, and was at once cordially received by earnest and truth-loving investigators of the phenomena. There he met Judge Edmonds, Dr. S. B. Brittan, Dr. Gray, Dr. Hallock, Dr. Hull, Prof. Hare, Prof. Mapes, Mr. W. Taylor, and others, many of whom furnished the newspapers with interesting and instructive reports of the manifestations, and openly avowed a firm belief in their spiritual origin.

In August Mr. Home went on a visit to Mr. Ward Cheney, at South Manchester, Ct., and it was at his house that he was first lifted into the air by spirit power, a manifestation which, he says, has since occurred to him frequently both in England and France, and concerning which he speaks in substance as follows :

"I usually experience in my body no particular sensations other than an electrical fullness about the feet. I feel no hands supporting me and since the first manifestation of this kind I have never felt fear. I am generally lifted up perpendicularly ; my arms frequently become rigid and drawn above my head, as if grasping the unseen power which slowly raises me from the floor. At times, when I reach the ceiling, my feet are brought on a level with my face, and I am held in a reclining position. I have frequently been kept so suspended four or five minutes, an instance of which occurred at a château near Bordeaux, in the year 1857. I have been lifted in the light of day upon only one occasion, and that was in America. I have been lifted in a room in Sloane st., London, while four gas-lights were brightly burning, and five gentlemen were present, who are willing to testify to what they saw if need be. On some occasions the rigidity of my arms relaxes, and I have with a pencil made letters and signs on the ceiling, some of which now exist in London."

The year 1850 Mr. Home spent under the guidance of three friends, and during the summer he resided at New-

burgh, on the Hudson, where he passed his time in study. He was a boarder at the Theological Institute, but in no way included in the theological classes. While there he had an extraordinary vision, in which he heard the voice of a dear spirit friend, that said to him, "Fear not, Daniel, I am near you; the vision you are about to have is that of death, yet you will not die: your spirit must again return to the body in a few hours. Trust in God and his good angels and all will be well." Here the voice became lost, and the medium felt as if passing out of the material form, in which state there came rushing upon him with a fearful rapidity memories of the past. His thoughts, he says, bore the semblance of realities, and every action appeared as an eternity of existence. A benumbing and chilling sensation then stole over him, and finally feeling and thought ceased and he knew no more. How long he remained in that state he says he knew not, but his awakening from it he describes in the following language:

"I felt that I was about to awaken in a most dense obscurity; terror had given place to a pleasurable emotion, accompanied by a certitude of some one dearly loved being near me, yet invisible. It then occurred to me that the light of the spirit sphere must necessarily be more effulgent than our own, and I pondered whether or not the sudden change from darkness to light might not prove painful, for instinctively I realized that beyond the surrounding obscurity lay an ocean of silver-toned light. I was at this instant brought to a consciousness of light, by seeing the whole of my nervous system, as it were, composed of thousands of electrical scintillations, which here and there, as in the created nerve, took the form of currents, darting their rays over the whole body in a manner most marvelous; still, this was but a cold electrical light, and besides, it was external. Gradually, however, I saw that the extremities were less luminous, and the finer membranes surrounding the brain became glowing, and I felt that thought and action were no longer connected with the earthly tenement, but that they were in a spirit-body in every respect similar to the body which I knew to have been mine, and which I

now saw lying motionless before me on the bed. The only link which held the two forms together seemed to be a silvery-like light which proceeded from the brain ; and, as if it were a response to my earlier waking thoughts, the same voice, only that it was now more musical than before, said, 'Death is but a second birth, corresponding in every respect to the natural birth, and should the uniting link now be severed you could never again enter the body. As I told you, however, this will not be. You did wrong to doubt, even for an instant, for this was the cause of your having suffered, and this very want of faith is the source of every evil on your earth. *God is love*; and still his children ever doubt him. Has he not said, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you ; seek, and ye shall find?" His words must be taken as they were spoken. . . . Be very calm, for in a few moments you will see us all, but do not touch us ; be guided by the one who is appointed to go with you, for I must remain near your body.'

"It now appeared to me that I was waking from a dream of darkness to a sense of light ; but such a glorious light ! Never did earthly sun shed such rays, strong in beauty, *soft in love*, warm in life-giving glow ; and as my last idea of earthly light had been the reflex of my own body, so now this heavenly light came from those I saw standing about me. Yet the light was not of their creating, but was shed on them by a higher, purer source, which only seemed the more adorably beautiful in the invisibility of its holy love and mercy—thus to shower every blessing on the creatures of its creating ; and now I was bathed in light, and about me were those for whom I had sorrowed. One whom I had never known on earth then drew near and said, 'You will come with me, Daniel !' I could only reply that it was impossible to move, as I could not feel that my nature had any power over my new spirit-body. To this he replied, 'Desire, and you will accomplish your desires, which are not sinful, desires being as prayers to the Divinity, and he answereth the every prayer of his children.'

"For the first time I now looked to see what sustained my body, and I found that it was but a purple-tinted cloud, and that as I desired to go onward with my guide, the cloud appeared as if disturbed by a gentle breeze, and in its movements I found I was wafted upward until I saw the earth as a vision, far, far below us.

Soon I found that we had drawn nearer, and were just hovering over a cottage that I had never seen ; and I also saw the inmates, but had never met them in life. The walls of the cottage were not the least obstruction to my sight ; they were as if constructed of a dense body of air, yet perfectly transparent, and so with every article of furniture. I perceived that the inmates were asleep, and I saw the various spirits who were watching over them."

Deeply interested in all that he saw, the spirit of the medium was permitted for some time to watch over the silent sleepers and observe the various ways the blessed immortals take to impress their presence and their thoughts on the mind in sleep. Then his guide said to him, " We must now return." " Why must we return so soon ?" he asked. " It can be but a few moments I have been with you, and I would fain see more, and remain near you longer." The guide replied, " It is now many hours since you came to us ; but here we take no cognizance of time, and as you are here in spirit, you too have lost this knowledge ; we would have you with us, but this must not be at present. Return to earth, love your fellow-creatures, love truth, and in so doing you will serve the God of infinite love, who careth for and loveth all. May the Father of Mercies bless you, Daniel!" On returning to mortal consciousness the medium found that this vision had lasted nearly eleven hours.

In the autumn Mr. Home returned to New York, with the intention of beginning a course of medical studies, as his friends advised, but of this he says,

" A chain of untoward circumstances seemed strangely to link themselves together and to prevent my carrying out my intention. At that time I could not well comprehend why this should be ; but since then I have often had occasion to thank God that it was so ordered. The kind friends who were doing what they thought best, in preventing others from seeing the manifestations, did not take into consideration that the phenomena which had been a source of information and consolation to them, were God-given, and that we had no right to conceal their light from any."

Submitting himself again to the guidance of his spirit friends, Mr. Home went next to Hartford, thence to Springfield, where he met Dr. Gardner and several others at the house of Mr. Rufus Elmer. At a séance there held, of which a published account was given by Dr. Gardner, the manifestations assumed a new and most interesting character. Not only were heavy articles of furniture moved by the unseen powers, but as the persons present were singing the hymn, "Whilst shepherds watch," a bell that was in the room was raised from the floor and rung in perfect time with the measure of the tune, after which another tune was drummed out by the bell against the underside of the table, the sound resembling the roll of drumsticks in the hands of a skillful performer upon a tenor drum, and yet no human hand touched the bell. Other remarkable phenomena followed, and at last, many beautiful and sublime teachings were given by the heavenly visitants.

Mr. Home next went to Boston, "where the power," he says, "increased in a manner which surprised me not less than other witnesses of it." On several occasions the spirits were seen distinctly by all present, and more than once they kissed persons so as to be at once felt and heard. During the summer his health improved and he once more thought of pursuing a course of medical studies, but again unforeseen circumstances combined to prevent, and he returned to Springfield and to the house of Mr. Elmer, where séances were again held, at which the materialized hands of spirits were distinctly felt by all persons present, as was declared by a Mr. F. C. Andree in an article of his published in the *Republican*. Early in Nov. Mr. Home returned to New York and resumed his medical studies, but continued to hold séances at his rooms, and amongst the poorer classes, "for the purpose," he says, "of speaking to them of these most cheering truths." And in this connection he adds, "I have always found them to be the most candid and thorough in their investigations, and when they were in reality *convinced*,

they were the most thankful to God in allowing such proofs of spiritual beings and forces to exist. I have seen many a poor heart-broken mother consoled with the thought that the fair young child, given to cheer her as she toiled for her daily bread, but who had pined and gone forever from her sight, was still living and loving her, and was her God-sent ministering angel." "I well remember," he continues, "a poor man being present one evening and the spirit of a little girl coming with the following message: 'Father, dear, your little Mary was present last Wednesday, and God gave her power to prevent you from doing what you wished. If you were ever to do that, you could not come where your own Mary and her mother are. Promise me you will never think of such an awful thing again.' We all looked astonished, but could not understand to what she alluded. Still it was evident the poor father knew too well, for, throwing himself upon his knees, he said, as the tears rolled down his cheeks, 'Indeed, it is but too true, that on Wednesday last I decided to cut my throat, but as I took the razor to do it, I felt that, had my child been alive, she would have shrunk from me with horror, and this very thought was the saving of me.'" The writer would here ask, what wrong or evil influences can there possibly be in a guardianship which has power to produce such results? In January, 1851, Mr. Home's health again failed, and all idea of completing his medical studies had to be entirely abandoned. The physicians whom he *consulted* all decided that the only hope of having his life prolonged, was a visit to Europe. This was to the weary medium a hard struggle, but his spirit guides also told him he must go, and these counsels, he says, could not be unheeded. Accordingly, he started to pay a series of farewell visits to friends, feeling as did they that in all probability it was the last time they should meet "in the flesh."

On the 31st day of March, 1855, Mr. Home sailed from Boston for England. "On the ninth day of the voyage," he observes, "we neared shore, and the signal cannon was

fired." The train of reflections awakened by the occasion he thus describes :

"I never can forget my feelings as I looked around me, and saw only joy beaming on the faces of my fellow-passengers. Some were there, who were about to reach their home, and the thought of kind friends waiting to welcome them brought the smile of joy on their countenances. Others were travelers who saw the Old World with all her art-treasures spread before them, and the monotony of a sea voyage near its termination. I stood there alone, with not one friend to welcome me, broken down in health, and my hopes and fairest dreams of youth, all, as I thought, forever fled. The only prospect I had was that of a few months' suffering and then to pass from earth. I had this strange power, also, which made a few look with pity on me as a poor deluded being, only devil-sent, to lure souls to destruction, while others were not chary in treating me as a base impostor. I stood there on the ship's deck amongst the crowd of passengers, and a sense of utter loneliness crept over me, until my very heart seemed too heavy to bear up against it. I sought my cabin, and prayed to God to vouchsafe one ray of hope to cheer me. In a few moments I felt a sense of joy come over me, and when I rose I was as happy as the happiest of them."

The health of this poor exile from home and family was restored, and he was welcomed and honored in all his wanderings in Europe in a way that made manifest his providential mission. It is not within the limits of this brief sketch to follow him through all his career abroad. It must suffice to say that he has been the honored guest of the most distinguished personages, before whom his extraordinary powers have been manifested, convincing them as well as thousands of people of the grand truths of immortality and the heaven-ordained power of an angel ministry and spiritual communion. Emperors and Kings, Lords and Ladies, and people of all the superior ranks in Europe—Savans, authors, artists, orators, in many nations, have all paid homage to his gifts and learned to admire and to love him for his own worth of character. Though hated by some, and misunderstood and slandered by

many, his life in the Old World has been a glorious triumph for the truths of the Spiritual Philosophy,

That like a morn new-born on earth
Hath filled with light, hearts *sick* from birth,
And called divinest beauties forth.

Of the many séances held by Mr. Home with eminent persons whom he has met in Europe, and whose friendship he has since enjoyed, suffice it to say that at nearly all of them the manifestations were of a most extraordinary and astounding character, and frequently there were new developments of spirit agency of such a nature as almost to surpass the power of human belief. Flowers were brought from unknown sources, wreaths were formed, musical instruments were made to give forth celestial strains, voices of unseen visitants were heard, bells were rung, pianos were made to vibrate and keep time to the music called forth from them by skilled fingers sweeping the yielding keys ; there were materializations of spirit hands, and veiled forms seen passing from one to another member of the circles formed, giving a blessing, or a token of love to each ; there were levitations and prophecies, there were signs and messages to the living on earth from the living and loving ones within the veil of the spirit realm. To all these manifestations there were witnesses whose testimony as given it would be the presumption of folly to dispute. The writer grants that one may *reasonably* and properly have doubt concerning them who has never witnessed anything of the kind ; but to assume a thing to be absurd or false simply because it has not come within the narrow range of our own experience, is to subject our intelligence to impeachment by yielding to the dicta of ignorance and prejudice.

In March, 1858, Mr. Home went to Rome, where he was introduced to a Russian lady, the Countess de Kouchcleff, to whose sister he was married the following August. He speaks of their first meeting, which was at a supper given by the Countess, to a large party of friends and distinguished guests, as follows :

Vol. I.—29.

“At twelve, as we entered the supper-room, she introduced to me a young lady, whom I then observed for the first time, as her sister. A strange impression came over me at once, and I knew she was to be my wife. When we were seated at the table the young lady turned to me and laughingly said, ‘Mr. Home, you will be married before the year is out.’ I asked why she said so, and she replied, that there was such a superstition in Russia when a person was at table between two sisters. I made no reply. It was true. In twelve days we were partially engaged, and waiting only the consent of her mother. The evening of the day of our engagement a small party had assembled and were dancing. I was seated on a sofa by my fiancée, when she turned to me and abruptly said, ‘Do tell me all about spirit-rapping, for you know I do not believe in it.’ I said to her, Mademoiselle, I trust you will ever bear in mind that I have a mission entrusted to me. It is a great and holy one. I cannot speak with you about a thing which you have not seen, and therefore can not understand. I can only say it is a great truth. The tears came welling into her eyes, and laying her hand in mine she said, ‘If your mission can bring comfort to those less happy than ourselves, or be in any way a consolation to mankind, you will ever find me ready and willing to do all I can to aid you in it.’”

To this promise, Mr. Home says, “his wife was true to the last moment of her short life,” and he adds, “She is still my great comfort and sustainer since we have been separated in this earthly sphere. She was my own true, loving wife, for, oh! too short a period for my happiness here, but for hers, I was content to lose her for a time, till it shall please God that I too pass away to join her.” Such fidelity to a trying, but exalted mission, such true affection for a pure and noble woman, and above all such child-like trust in and submission to the will of God as are here expressed, do not bespeak the impostor, nor was Mr. Home ever so regarded by those who had the best opportunity to know him well and to test his wonderful powers. He was received and entertained for a week by the Emperor of Russia at his Palace of Peterhoff, and through the kind influence of this gracious Sovereign all

obstacles to his marriage were removed. Of this event Mrs. Mary Howitt, one of the sweet singers of England, writes :

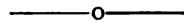
“The marriage took place at St. Petersburg, and was celebrated in the presence of M. Alexandre Dumas, who went from Paris on purpose to be present, and to officiate as god-father to the bridegroom, and the Emperor presented to Mr. Home a diamond ring of great value On the birth of their only child, a son, the Emperor expressed his continued friendship for Mr. and Mrs. Home by presenting to them a ring of emeralds and diamonds. Thus commenced their married life with all the outward accessories of station and wealth, together with hosts of friends, while the measure of their happiness was completed by that calm domestic bliss which is the purest source of earthly enjoyment. They could not but be happy, for their affection was pure as it was sincere, and when their union was blessed by the birth of a son, there was no more to hope for but to bring him up worthily to be a partaker in their happiness *Mrs. Home was a deeply believing Spiritualist.* God's love had made known to her the reality of the spirit world, and so loyal was she to this knowledge that she was ready to attest it in life and death.”

To this latter test she was soon called, for she passed from earth in the twenty-second year of her age, and Mr. Home was left with his little son, then only three years old, to look with longing eyes up to the celestial heights to which the pure spirit of his beloved Sacha, as he called her, had been called. After this sad event Mr. Home, who had not in his happiness forgotten or neglected his great mission, continued to give *séances*, and through his gifts hundreds were comforted. He is still in the field a laborer for the glorious truths of the new Gospel.

It is true that, in the course of his remarkable career, he has frequently been assailed by enemies, slander has been busy with his name, the hand of the assassin even has been raised against him, he has been called a disturber of the peace and banished from Papal dominions, but from every trial, and

through every danger, he has been brought unharmed, and with garments undefiled.

With a candor worthy of admiration he has published even the slanders of his enemies, and then with a patient charity that seems inexhaustible he has clearly shown, without any spirit of retaliation, their falsity, and in this position he has been sustained by the most reliable testimony. The writer of this sketch has never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Home or of witnessing any of the more important physical manifestations attributed to spirit-power; but the unwritten lives of many whom she has met, as well as her own more humble experience, have a voice in them that whispers of what he has recorded, *these things are true*; and with such persons as William and Mary Howitt and the hosts of others in this and the Old World who have been favored witnesses of his powers, and who have given testimony of their faith in him and in the Philosophy of Spiritualism through their own noble and well-ordered lives, she fears not to say of this faithful minister of a New Gospel, thou hast done well and most signally have the angels blessed thee, raising thee up from thy poor and lowly estate, and placing thee before princes and kings in spirit and power. Heaven prosper thy onward journey even as thou art true to thy God-given mission.



DRIFTING OF THE STARS.—We talk of the fixed stars because they do not appear to us to move. Owing to their amazing distances, as compared with the planets of our own solar system, their movements are rendered inappreciable by the sense of vision, with the aids that science and art have hitherto furnished. It is more than probable that the stars, apparently fixed, are all moving with velocities that are quite inconceivable around solar centers beyond the possible reach of the most powerful telescopes.

S. B. B.

SOUL AND BODY.

BY PROF. J. R. BUCHANAN, M.D.

Failures of Carpenter, Spencer, Wagner, Flint and other materialistic Naturalists.

ALL enlightened modern physiologists are familiar with the truth that the interaction of mind and matter is effected through the nervous system. It is also generally recognized as indisputable that the hemispheres of the cerebrum, at least in man, are the organic apparatus by which the mind influences the body and the reaction from the body affects the mind.

Hence when we inquire as to the special seat of the soul in the human body, the inquiry would seem to be limited to this—Does the soul occupy the entire cerebrum as a unit—a single office, or organ—or has it a special seat in some portion of the cerebrum, rather than in the whole?

But the inquiry practically is much broader than this. We are met at the outset with the inevitable preliminary question—Is there such an *entity* as the soul, distinct from the brain, and capable of acting through it or upon it—or is the soul nothing more than an abstract expression to signify the intelligent and emotional results of cerebral action?

Common opinion and universal language recognize the soul as an entity, capable of acting either through or by or upon the brain—more certain as to its *role* in human existence than the brain itself, of which the average consciousness of mankind has no very clear or positive idea. But common opinion and universal language, even though they lie at the very foundation of religion and of social order, are of little weight among scientists. The question whether there is or is not a soul is made as debatable a question to-day as the newest

doctrine in science or sociology, and the bearing of the soulless party toward their opponents is as haughty and supercilious as if they were the sole representatives of science and missionaries of wisdom to a very benighted world.

In a lively discussion among the members of the London Anthropological Society, it was remarked by a distinguished member that to speak of the mind acting upon the brain or manifesting itself through the brain was very objectionable phraseology, as it implied that there was something distinct from the brain that operated upon it—a supposition which he entirely repudiated.

It might be said by way of retort, that to call the Society an Anthropological Society would be a still greater solecism, as it implies that they have a science of Anthropology, for the cultivation of which they have combined, whereas it is notorious that they are but collecting the fragmentary facts of Ethnology and Palæontology, as materials to assist in organizing or building up an Anthropology in the far future, if the Society should live through the long years or centuries of hope deferred. A society which has not yet ascertained the great fundamental fact of Anthropology, that man has a soul as well as a body, has but slight claims to be called an Anthropological Society, however high it may rank as a society for holding scientific debates upon questions that mankind have irrevocably decided, or for gathering the crude materials of induction which some philosopher may hereafter find useful, but which are mere lumber until they are properly used.

There is a strong disposition among many modern scientists to advance in the direction of Buchner's materialistic speculations and quietly take possession of the world of consciousness with material forms and correlated physical forces, leaving no place whatever for the soul in their "system of nature."

To this end the Positivists are advancing boldly, and the philosophy of Herbert Spencer, notwithstanding its dubious aspect, evidently tends toward the same conclusion—a conclu-

sion which makes it needless to seek the seat of the soul in the body, by denying its existence in any other sense than that in which we recognize the existence of the rainbow, as a transitory and beautiful apparition disappearing at the moment when the fortunate conjunction of raindrops and sunlight has ceased.

That this delusion should have so nearly taken possession of the scientific world is indeed the most remarkable fact in the philosophy of the Nineteenth Century—a fact of which many are not yet fully conscious.

The most recent and elaborate American System of Physiology, from the pen of Prof. Austin Flint, but expresses the sentiment of his contemporaries in recognizing the soul or mind as a mere transient phenomenon of matter. His language is as follows :

“ At the present day we are in possession of a sufficient number of positive facts to render it certain that there is and can be no intelligence without brain-substance ; that where brain-substance exists in a normal condition, intellectual phenomena are manifested with a vigor proportionate to the amount of matter existing ; that the destruction of brain-substance produces loss of intellectual power ; and finally that exercise of the intellectual faculties involves a physiological destruction of nervous substance, necessitating regeneration by nutrition, here as in other tissues in the living organism. *The brain is not, strictly speaking, the organ of the mind, for this statement would imply that the mind exists as a force, independently of the brain ; but the mind is produced by the brain-substance ;* and intellectual force, if we may term the intellect force, can be produced only by the transmutation of a certain amount of matter.”

That psychic action and nervous waste do generally proceed together in man is undeniable, but it does not justify the hasty inference that the former is nothing but an effect of the latter, which is here distinctly stated. The above is a sufficiently explicit declaration that matter generates mind, and

consequently that mind is but a transient phenomenon, disappearing with the disorganization of the brain.

The palpable absurdity into which this shallow philosophy plunges at its first step—the doctrine that molecular movement evolves mind and consequently that *motion is mind*, would seem sufficient to repel any one accustomed to philosophical reasoning, but it does not repel scientists who ignore philosophy and shut their eyes to facts which are familiar to the million.

The existence of mind independent of brain-substance has been demonstrated a thousand times within the reach of medical professors, who, like Flint and Hammond, take a pride in ignoring facts and turning away their eyes as proudly and stubbornly as Horky, when he refused to look through Galileo's telescope.

It is not to such that we should address an argument. If they prefer to remain ignorant of facts which are fast becoming the common property of all cultivated, intelligent men, they have an unquestionable legal right to remain *as ignorant as they please*. We need only place them on record as they have expressed themselves—nail their flag above their heads, and see that they do not stealthily withdraw it when their mediæval stubbornness becomes too conspicuously ludicrous. When they take down that flag, let their surrender be frank, manly and honorable, recognizing their own error and the credit due to those who have been wiser than themselves.

Who will be the parties to surrender—whether the leading scientists of to-day will die in their stubbornness, refusing to look through the telescope to the last, and leaving the duties of candor and common sense to be performed by another generation, time only can tell. That they are sufficiently benighted at present is shown abundantly by the reviews and systematic treatises which are poured forth from the press in overwhelming profusion.

WAGNER, the eminent German physiologist, looks upon the search for the location of the soul and the discussion

between Lotze and Fichte on this subject as very irrational. He agrees with Ludwig in considering all psychic phenomena as the "results of a certain number of *conditions of the blood and the brain.*" This Wagner says is "a theory of the soul identical with that of *the scientific materialism of the school of modern naturalists.*"

The arrogant attempt to enlarge the sphere of the "modern naturalists," and to build up physical science until in its higher departments it shall comprehend mind as the highest phenomenon of matter, is a bold assault upon the laws of nature, made in utter defiance of the fact that mind, independent of matter, has for centuries made known from its higher sphere, its positive existence to all who were willing to observe its manifestations.

Had the builders of the tower of Babel affirmed that the moon and stars were but functions or phenomena of the clouds of the upper air, and proposed to carry up their tower until it should hold the stars in its spire, their labors would have been no more ambitious and preposterously hopeless than those of our ambitious scientists.

CARPENTER, the leading physiologist of England (at least so far as authorship is concerned) and President of the British Scientific Association, led by the seductive doctrine of the correlation of forces, suggests that animal heat may be and most probably is a direct product of the *transformation* of nervous force. As nervous force and psychic force are convertible terms among such physiologists, he evidently means what others have more plainly affirmed, that mind is correlative with heat and other imponderable forces, and is in its nature substantially the same. In other words, mind is but a higher form of force and motion, which is by implication the doctrine of Spencer.

Attempting to display a higher wisdom than his contemporaries, and lift himself above the classification of materialists and spiritualists (or perhaps to evade the responsibility of a definite position), Carpenter, in his very labored yet very in-

definite treatise upon the mind and brain, endeavors to comprehend in his system both the material and spiritual doctrines, yet evidently fails to make a consistent whole of his heterogeneous materials.

To avoid the doctrines of a pure, simple and honest materialism—he claims that although the cerebrum and sensorial ganglia (structures at the base of the brain) are really the sources of our ideas and emotions, there is still something else in man—an independent power of will, voluntary and uncontrolled by causation—which regulates these operations of the brain, and that this will-power is *the best evidence that we have* of the existence of anything in man higher than cerebral action. He does not distinctly affirm that man possesses a soul which can ever act independent of the body; on the contrary he says that science cannot take cognizance of any such fact or doctrine, but he suggests that the will-power gives *some evidence* of the existence of *something* mysterious, above the ordinary action of the brain. But if our ordinary mental processes, our ideas and emotions, and especially, as he mentions it, specifically, the operations of reason, are but “functions” of the brain, or, as he expresses it, “reflex action of the cerebrum,” what need have we for any higher power? There is nothing more subtle and remote from materiality than reason, imagination and love, and if cerebral action or “nervous force” produces these, surely it was entirely superfluous to bring in a new agent to explain volition, which is much more obviously governed by the laws of causation, and more nearly akin to muscular and physiological actions than the subtler powers which he concedes to the cerebrum, and especially to the optic thalamus.

If his superadded agent was introduced, as it appears, only to escape the difficulties of a bald materialism, it fails to escape any difficulty, for it leaves the *highest powers of the mind* as the product of material action, and thus his philosophy tumbles into the old pit—the doctrine that *motion is mind*. It has all the absurdities of the grossest materialism, and

utterly fails to satisfy the imperative demands of psychology. If the higher power introduced (which he does not name or define) is only a will-power, it is not an intelligent being—not a spiritual entity that can survive the dissolution of the body, but simply an unintelligible conception—a fungous outgrowth of skeptical materialism, as incompatible with the rigid logic of materialists as with innumerable facts of the Spiritualists.

We may speak of the rigid logic of the materialists, while discarding their absurdities, for he who knows nothing of the facts of spiritual science must, in logical honesty, be a materialist, and he who, in consequence of constitutional narrowness of mind or dogmatic skepticism, rejects all such facts and all human testimony, must also become a materialist by honest reasoning.

We may say, therefore, that Carpenter's position is neither that of honest dogmatic materialism, nor that of a practical and rational psychology. His deformed soul-power with only one faculty, and that faculty an embodied absurdity, the arbitrary will-power of certain old metaphysicians, lawless and independent of causation, is the invention of Prof. Carpenter alone, and might well be labeled "Pneuma-Carpenterii," and left to its fate in the lumber room of unprofitable inventions.

And yet, defaced with these glaring absurdities, Carpenter's treatise is the leading text-book of the day in physiology. Nor is there any escape from such absurdities when writers on physiology attempt to discuss the higher questions of Anthropology, except by a frank recognition of the existence of the human soul, and of the fact that no species of medullary *neurine* can possibly, by any chemical process, originate the reason, the will, and the emotions which form the psychic character of man.

No acute thinker can fail to discover the absurdity of a purely material hypothesis of the mind—and then to escape the *reductio ad absurdum*, he must either frankly accept the

truths of pneumatology or employ a vast amount of ingenuity in evading the issue, or in constructing some illusory hypothesis by which to give an appearance of verbal consistency and rationality to unthinkable absurdities.

HERBERT SPENCER,* perceiving very distinctly that neither matter nor motion could be identified with mind, and yet unwilling to recognize the objective existence of the soul, or even to take cognizance of the highest facts of psychology, boldly assumed that matter and mind might be one and their ultimate reality or substratum the same, being but different manifestations of the same ultimate existence or power. The natural inference would be that if matter and mind are substantially the same, then the mind is material, or is at least a form of force or motion; but he earnestly repudiates the inference of materialism, and affirms that the identity of which he speaks is only in their ultimate nature, not in their apparent reality or mode of being, as presented to us.

What then does Spencer mean? He recognizes the palpable difference of mind and matter, but in consequence of their analogies and correlations he is led to suppose that in some mysterious way they proceed from a common cause or substance. But these far-fetched hypotheses as to the ultimate and undiscoverable or unknowable basis of all existence, being nothing more than conjectures about the unknown, have no place in the presentation of science, and no bearing upon the recognized facts.

The meaning of Spencer is, that the problem presented in man's existence is, from his stand-point, an inscrutable mystery, and as an honest inquirer he is not willing to assert anything more than just what is apparent from his peculiar position. Ignoring all spiritual facts—ignoring even the investigations of Gall and Spurzheim—he excludes himself from

* Notwithstanding the signal failure of Spencer as a psychologist, and his lamentable disregard of Anthropology, the writer would not withhold the tribute of respect due to his candid investigations, his vigorous philosophic thought and his eminent ability as a sociologist.

the knowledge of Psychology, and can do nothing more than look at the psychic relations of Physiology. He is in the position of a savage who studies a watch, but, lacking the ingenuity or enterprise necessary to open it, is content to study from day to day its outside appearances, and concludes that the fundamental principle of its action is the succession of little shocks which he perceives when he examines it, and which constitute the limits of his knowledge, as the successive psychic shocks in man recognized by Spencer, from which all human mentality is constructed, constitute for him the ultimate limit of human wisdom, in studying the constitution of man. This repetition of the meager and barren speculations of Condillac and Hartley so near the end of the nineteenth century, by one who might have made himself the leader of rational philosophy, is much to be regretted.

The philosophy of Spencer, though called a Psychology (*lucus a non lucendo*), is but a truncated cone—a mass of Physiology rising to the height of Psychology, where it is abruptly cut off. The physical being, with his physical functions, is recognized—but the spiritual being, superimposed on the physical, is utterly ignored, while the attempt is made to analyze and explain the psychic manifestations of the ignored soul—the play of Hamlet with Hamlet omitted.

It would be as rational to take the human constitution for study, and after surveying its functions from below upward, cut off the head and proceed to trace and describe the various innervations, proceeding down the spinal cord, the phrenic and pneumogastric nerves, without reference to the absent encephalon from which those nervous influences proceeded—and finally declare that the singular power exercised by these nerves (the brain being ignored) was in some mysterious way the same as the physical properties of the bones and muscles, and was the immediate product of their action.

Spencer's Psychology is therefore a blank—a failure to develop a Psychology. He halts at the very threshold of the science, and is content to stand outside of the temple.

His mode of evading the inevitable issue of a proper inquiry, and terminating his investigations in a little preliminary question, a mere *foramen cæcum*, is ingenious though incomplete. He reduces mind by analysis to its elementary constituents of psychic impressions or shocks, and by connecting these with the material undulations which make the impression on our senses, hints that the psychic processes so closely parallel to the physical, are, though not identical, so closely analogous as to justify the belief in their basic unity of nature.

If this succession of psychic movements of matter be all, and there be no spiritual entity, no unitary conscious existence, of which these psychic phenomena are manifestations, we have annihilated the idea of a soul as effectually as the old Greek philosopher annihilated the idea of motion. Zeno denied the existence of motion, even more explicitly than the modern speculators deny the existence of the soul; and even when Diogenes gave the practical refutation by walking before him, the theory was not hurt by such a fact: that of modern materialism totally ignores the contradicting facts, but Zeno did not need to deny the facts of the motion exhibited, as he maintained that the motion was only apparent, not real—that the apparent motion was but a series of successive positions, occupied by the body, in each of which, *while it was occupied*, the body was at rest!! Motion, therefore, was an unreality—a mere expression of the series of *states of rest*. Just so in the Spencerian philosophy, the soul is but a series of states curiously combined, which lead to the delusive notion of a soul. Nevertheless, these two things, SOUL and MOTION, though pronounced delusions by abstract speculators, are recognized by the unclouded intellect as the two greatest realities with which we are concerned.

To those who fairly reason upon all the established facts of science (established by human testimony and by critical investigation), it is as needless to prove the existence of the human soul as to prove the existence of motion. It is as

easy to prove the one as the other, and to annihilate any representative of waning metaphysics, who may be disposed to stand in the way and provoke a controversy. But in such a matter as this we may properly feel as Cæsar did, when in taking possession of the government he was confronted by an officer at the door of the treasury to dispute his passage. With his hand at the hilt of his sword, Cæsar significantly menaced the life of the officer, and with the expressive words, "Know, young man, it is easier to do this than to say it," he found no further argument necessary. If the old custodians of human opinion, however, are not as prompt and sensible as the young guardian of the treasury, it may be necessary to make them feel the sharp edge of argument.

In approaching the question of the nature of mind or soul, from which the modern school of skeptical speculators is disposed to recoil, we cannot and should not evade the question whether mind be anything more than matter, or the forces by which it is moved. If with Carpenter we suppose that mind is not material in the grossest sense, but is in some way correlative with force, we make no progress beyond the sphere of mechanical science, and do not relieve ourselves from the intolerable absurdities of that position which admits of no higher conception than that *motion is mind*. Carpenter, at the head of the materialistic school, stands on the brink of the fathomless chasm which separates conscious existence from unconscious matter. Standing there, he and his followers are utterly unable to enter the realm of psychic science.

If mind be something fundamentally distinct from matter, it is not to be obscurely hinted at, as by Carpenter, and pronounced outside of the sphere of science, if it exists at all. Its magnitude and importance, so far as we are concerned, are equal to the magnitude and importance of *all other sciences*.

The spiritual and material, though not correlative in the sense of correlation of forces, are correspondential and analogous, and the utmost claim that can be made for physical

science is that it is the half—the lower half of the sphere of universal science.

The majestic realm of psychic knowledge is not to be merely glanced at as a remote island on the ocean horizon, so lost in mist as to suggest a doubt whether it be not a mere passing cloud, when we have reason to know that it is a larger territory than the continent on which we stand.

Nor can the subject be rationally approached as by Spencer with downcast eyes, fixed on material vibrations and psychic shocks. When the whole subject, in all its height and breadth, is open before us, the soul should be studied not only in its complex connections with the body, but in its independent existence; and this independent existence of mind becomes the great and overwhelming fact of psychology, before which the metaphysical speculations of those who have not yet learned this great fact—the greatest scientific fact in the universe—sink into mere irrelevant dreamings of ignorance.

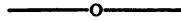
Soul and matter are as distinct as the new world discovered by Columbus from the older and larger continent. Their intercourse and relations may be studied, but they cannot be identified. The ingenious suggestion of Spencer, that the psychic, though palpably and unquestionably distinct from the material as he is compelled to admit, may perhaps, after all, in some mysterious sense be the same in its essential nature, is but the last subterfuge of a baffled philosopher to give his exhausted and dead theory an honorable burial, after its truth has disappeared in the shadow of the unknown.

The Psychology of Spencer bears the same relation to a true psychology as the diary of a scientific hermit in a cavern might bear to a system of astronomy. There may be a treatise of *ingenious speculation* on psychic phenomena, but there can be no Psychology which does not embrace the existence of the human soul as it lives apart from the body after death, and as it lives with the body, occupying the brain, influencing and being influenced by all the processes of life.

The evasive subterfuges of Spencer and Carpenter, when they confront the great problem of Anthropology with half-closed eyes, are miserable representations of the philosophic capacity of the nineteenth century, and it is very apparent that the school of scientists who cannot emancipate themselves from the fetters of materialism, and cannot agree to recognize the facts of spirit-life established by legions of witnesses and by the most careful scientific investigations, must in time pass into that oblivion which has overwhelmed their predecessors, the metaphysicians.

A new class of investigators of nature must arise, unencumbered by hypotheses or prejudice, willing to welcome all facts, and competent to bring the rich philosophy and moral teachings of psychology into the daily life of humanity.

Thus shall the scientific and the religious elements of humanity be brought into their natural predestined coöperation, and the divine harmony of all truth be clearly perceived from the highest position that science can attain.



THE GOSPEL OF FREEDOM.

BY THOMAS L. HARRIS.

I SAW a Spirit, Godlike, vast and glorious
 Upon the summit of the Ages stand ;
 His countenance of light, his brow victorious,
 Shone with a Love no mortal might withstand.
 His voice went forth, in vast reverberations
 Over each isle and continent and sea,
 Waking, enrapturing earth's down-trodden nations,
 With God the Father's great command—" **BE FREE !** "

And there was silence for a space in Heaven,
 And the mute Seraphim gazed far abroad,
 And saw earth's ancient darkling stillness riven,
 And the wide nations hear the voice of God.

And as the mandate of that mighty Angel
 Fell sunlike on the hearts and souls of men ;
 The Seraphs echoed Freedom's great evangel,
 And the vast concave sounded back—"AMEN !"

Thus came in my vision adown the swift years,
 The voice of the Angel to me—
 "Be Free !" saith the Spirit who ruleth the spheres
 That circle eternity's sea.
 Like light to all worlds from the Infinite Sun
 Flows the Word to all natures that be,
 And it moveth and waketh all Nations as one,
 And their hearts all reëcho—"BE FREE !"

From the pleasures that woo with their azure-veined arms
 But fetter the soul in its sleep ;
 From the Sirens that lurk in the wine-cup's red charms,
 Like sea-snakes far down in the deep ;
 From the sloth that doth eat and the vices that tear
 The strength and the splendor from thee,
 Arise ! as the lion springs forth from his lair,
 In the strength of thy Manhood, "BE FREE !"

From the Creed, whose red leaves are all blistered with lies
 That teach thee to fear and to hate ;
 From the shrines that have rung with the martyrdom cries
 Of the Pure, and the Good, and the Great ;
 From the Priest who sits throned in the Juggernaut car
 And launches out curses at thee,
 As he rides on his ruin-spread path from afar—
 Arise ! in thy Godhood—"BE FREE !"

From the wolfish Ambition that prompts thee to rear
 O'er thy Brother's crushed spirit a throne,
 From the thirstings for gold that would teach thee to sear
 Thy warm heart till it hardens to stone ;

From the darkling distrust that would drive thee afar
From the Natures all kindred to thee,
Come forth, as from Night comes the Morn's golden star,
In thy Holiness come and "BE FREE !"

Be Free in the Truth that comes down from above
As glory flows down from the sun,
And shows the wide Universe dwelling in Love,
And God and Humanity one.
A Spirit art thou in thy garments of clay,
The Heavens are open to thee,
And Angels look on thee with eyes like the day—
Lift thine eyes, and behold, and "BE FREE !"

Be Free in the Love that eternal pours forth
From thy spirit's divinest profound,
As the infinite ocean encircles the earth,
Let its billows Humanity bound.
With a heart and a hand, and a smile and a tear
And a blessing for all things that be,
In beauty move on through thy Duty's wide sphere,
From envy and hatred "BE FREE !"

Be Free in the Strength that the Hero puts on,
When he tramples the thrones in his wrath ;
Let the Nations rejoice in the way thou hast gone,
Let the dungeons fall down in thy path.
And stay not thy footsteps and sheathe not thy brand,
Till Love reigneth over each jubilant land,
And each heart clings to heart, and each hand joins to hand,
And a voice, like the voice of the sea,
"IT IS FINISHED !" responds to the Father's command,
And the Earth, like the Heaven, is FREE !

THE FLUIDIC ACTION OF MAN.

ON PLANTS AND ON THE AIR.

(Translated from the French for BRITTAN'S JOURNAL.)

BY MRS. EMMA A. WOOD.

THE subjoined translation of an article that recently appeared in the *Revue Spirite*—established by M. Allan Kardec, the great teacher of Spiritism in France—will give the reader some idea of the prominent question at present under discussion among his disciples in Europe. Our own limited knowledge of science and the general results of personal investigation prompt us to discredit some of the views expressed; at the same time this disquisition contains much that is strictly rational, and confirmed by the observations of those who have the most intimate knowledge of the dynamics of subtle agents.

So long ago as 1849 an experiment was made in Paris and Berlin—and reported to the French Academy of Science—by which deflections of the needle of a sensitive galvanometer were produced by volition—the oscillations of the instrument varying from *thirty to fifty degrees*, according to the power of the experimenter. This curious experiment was repeated in this country by the Editor of BRITTAN'S JOURNAL. Do we not every day witness, in one form or another, the demonstrations of the power of mind over matter? Do we not also know that the most potent agents in Nature are invisible? The power that rides on the winds and beneath the waves; the force that pulsates in the earthquake and kindles the volcano—that throws up islands in the midst of the sea, or causes them to disappear beneath its surface—is it not invisible—electrical—and, in the last analysis, must it not be *spiritual—the Divine Mind operating through natural agents?*

Who shall presume to measure the extent of this power? Jesus is said to have calmed the winds and waves, and he affirmed that true men who should come after him would perform still greater works. We do not believe in the infallibility of history, and the statement may have been exaggerated. But instead of forever disputing the alleged fact, it may be profitable for the skeptic to consider whether such a power may not after all be latent in the human soul. The thunder storm that destroyed the Philistines at Mizpeh is said to have been produced by spiritual agency; and we have teachers now—widely known and respected—who confidently believe that a congress of spirits may so act on the atmospheric elements as to condense the aqueous vapors and thus produce rain. We do not know, and can not affirm, that these things are contrary to the laws of Nature. Superficial minds may dogmatize, and those who know the least will be quick to deny and the first to ridicule the idea, while wiser men veil their faces and confess their ignorance.

We find, throughout the works of Kardec, a distinction made between Spiritualism and Spiritism, the former being defined as the theoretic and dogmatic, the latter as the manifest demonstration. So the words Spiritism and Spiritist are constantly employed by foreign authors when writing on these subjects. The word *périsprit*, given to Kardec by the Spirits, is used to designate that semi-material body—the body of the soul—substantial, as Swedenborg tells us, though not material, but invisible except to those whose interior sight has been opened.

The present article is in part an answer to a letter written to the *Review* enumerating the doubts of some Spiritists in Tours, who fear that the enunciation of a doctrine so new and so open to ridicule will furnish arms to the enemies of Spiritism. Those who may be pleased to regard it as merely a curious philosophical speculation will yet find it to be highly interesting.

A group of sincere and thorough Spiritists, like ourselves desirous of seeing the continued progress of our beloved doctrine, the first steps of which were sustained by the regretted master Allan Kardec, are moved by certain theories exhibited in the *Review* touching the fluidic action of man on plants and on the atmosphere. They appear to fear that the development of such doctrines will alienate all "sincere and deliberate thinkers," and, to establish their opinion, say that "the study of this question is, at least, premature, since, if not simply utopian, it is as yet supported by no well proven fact." Then they think that the fluids being essentially volatile could not "be settled in a permanent manner upon any given point of the soil." They conclude by begging us to "leave material actions—rude business—in the domain of Matter, spiritual and fluidic things in that of Spirit."

We shall try to answer our brothers, not with the view of raising a discussion which will bring dissension among the members of the great spiritist family, but for our common enlightenment, and that we may coöperate in obtaining the end we all desire—the interests of the doctrine, and the diffusion among the masses of its consoling teachings and moral principles.

First, how can these new studies alienate serious and deliberate minds? All Spiritists know that the *Review* is, so to say, a trial ground, where the master himself has very often exhibited points of doctrine still uncertain, to attract to them the attention and provoke the reflections of adepts; so that in concentrating the result of their labors, the true teachings—based on the agreement of the communications obtained, would be brought out. He, himself, has said that this publication is, as its title indicates, a journal of psychological *studies* destined to elucidate the questions of the day. It should not then be a matter of astonishment that we here set forth doctrines that appear to be making attempts to live, but which will certainly increase in strength if they are born with

vital power, that is to say, if they are based upon data admitted by the general teachings of the Spirits. Each one among the experts in Spiritism can make such objections as are suggested to him by his personal studies and labors: these observations will always be carefully studied and answered in a manner as satisfactory as possible—with the help of our invisible guides—if their author is inspired by the desire to instruct himself and enlighten his brothers.

Spiritists sincerely desirous of elucidating their doubts will not be turned aside from the doctrine by the exhibition of those theories that may at first glance seem strange to them. On the contrary they will examine them conscientiously, making it a duty to communicate to their brethren the reflections such examination may have suggested. From this coöperation of individual labors will result, for all Spiritists, the salutary habit of admitting no new point of doctrine without having studied it under various aspects and maturely weighing the reasons for and against its adoption. Thus all obscurity will be gradually removed, and each one will have the satisfaction of knowing that he has, to the extent of his strength, contributed to the construction of the new edifice. As to the *serious* persons who make it a duty to deny all spirit phenomena, we must not expect to bring them in so easily. It will only be by the sure and incontestable services that Spiritism may render to humanity, be it from a moral or material point of view, that we can hope to reduce them to silence. They will no longer dare to cry out against our doctrine for fear of inciting against them the unhappy who have profited by it. Our duty is to pray for them that they may allow themselves to be affected and come to us, to use for our cause the talents they have hitherto employed to decry the doctrine and to throw ridicule upon its defenders. My thought is, evidently, not addressed to our honorable brethren of Tours, whose observations prove a great solicitude for the doctrine, but to those adepts who have not understood it, who are governed by prejudice and for whom the intellectual labor is toilsome.

Let us then address ourselves to sincere and earnest Spiritists, and try to elucidate with them this still obscure question of the human fluidic action on plants and on the atmosphere.

A principal point, and one admitted by our brethren as beyond cavil, is that the fluids exist, and, in a certain measure, obey the will. But in what manner do they obey? How are they put at the disposal of that imperfectly known agent, the human will? Thus, from the first step we are treading an obscure path on which we are permitted to grope our way. But before going further we must thoroughly understand in what consists the will. It is like the electric fluid, we see its effects but are ignorant of its nature. We know that when we intentionally raise our arm it is the will that makes us raise it, and that if we would keep it motionless the will would still be there to command it. It is, then, the will that makes us move that organ of the body. But how can it act on matter? This is the principal question, which if cleared and solved satisfactorily will put us in the road to the solution we seek to know: the influence of the fluidic action on the fluids of the atmosphere.

We will define will: a movement impressed by the soul on the périspiritualic molecules which lie nearest to it, and transmitted to the grosser fluid, thence to the tangible matter that constitutes the corporeal organs. When, to retain the example already employed, we wish to execute a movement of our arm, the soul gives an impulse to the spiritualized atoms that surround it, and which serving as a vehicle of thought, puts the entire fluid in motion and by it the designated organ. Such are, if we are not deceived, the essence and exercise of the will in our fluidic and corporeal domain; it is by the commandment of the soul that all is moved, it is by the medium of the périsprit that the corporeal organs execute its orders.

But the experimental studies made by scientific specialists show us that the will does not pertain to man alone: animals also are endowed with it, and this fact is established by so many experiments that we should be wanting in sincerity,

or at least it would be ill manners not to recognize it. Let us go further and, drawing a strict conclusion from observations made in Mr. Ziegler's note, let us say, that the existence of will has been verified in some plants. But then they must have a soul: truly we are obliged to acknowledge it, if we hold as exact the definition we have given of the will. Having a soul they must, of course, have a périsprit, since it is acknowledged that the soul can act on matter only by the interposition of a semi-material fluid as medium between tangible matter and the extremely subtile fluid which constitutes its inmost essence.

Thus the vegetable soul prepares a périspritaltic fluid which serves it to organize the material structure of the plant, the same as our périsprit aids us to construct the body. Served by that instrument, it attracts to itself the ambient fluids, to decompose them, retaining in its périsprit the principles like unto it, and fixing in its material body the grosser elements. It is thus that for a long time science has verified the fact that certain plants appropriate the carbon, others the azote, two volatile gases which are found mingled in various proportions with the other fluids of the atmosphere. Another point equally well established by science and now beyond dispute is, that the phenomenon of vegetation brings always as its result a greater or less abundant disengagement of electricity. From whence proceeds this fluid? It is, incontestably, from the intimate combination between the first matters absorbed by the plant, and the gases that serve to organize them. To our knowledge the gases and the material substances are the sole elements that enter into the composition of plants, and electricity being, as many have supposed, an extremely subtile fluid, we must then admit that certain gases, such as carbon and azote, are mingled or combined with a principle much more subtile than themselves, which the plant being unable to assimilate allows to escape when it accomplishes its work of vegetable organization.

As we know of no fluid in the atmosphere more subtile than

the electric fluid, and that, on the other hand, the human périspritaltic fluid has, as yet, escaped analysis by the instruments that have verified the presence of the electric fluid, we are naturally induced to think that this last, although a degree more gross, is not without having a certain analogy with the périspritaltic fluid. Let us go a step further and say that the human fluid has some affinity with the electric fluid, and that it can, in certain conditions be combined with it, in such a manner as to retain the purer principles, to assimilate them and reject the grosser. Such is the conclusion to which we have been led by a strict concatenation of arguments which it seems to us difficult not to admit, if we recognize the existence of the soul served by the périspritaltic fluid.

Since a certain quantity of electricity is disengaged from the aërial molecules as soon as they enter into combination in the organisms of plants, it is evident that they must possess each one a given quantity. We believe that their constituent atoms are bound together and held in cohesion by this fluid; our guides have given us this explanation. This principle being admitted, the human action on the atmospheric fluids ceases to be a mystery, but becomes the simplest thing in the world. By the will, that is to say, by the movement impressed on our fluid, we call to us the atmospheric molecules; we grasp them by the aid of our fluid more subtile than they, and once mingled with our fluidic mass, they are quickly decomposed. The electric fluid which surrounds them enters into combination with our périsprit which retains the more purified atoms; the grosser particles, azote or carbon, which constituted the material part, properly so called, of the molecule, become lighter and more tractable in consequence of their disintegration, easily obey the impulse which the soul communicates to them individually by the interposition of its fluid, and are projected towards the plants whose périsprit retains them for assimilation.

This, it seems to us, is the rational explanation of this action of man on the fluids, an action that has been intuitively

affirmed by our brother and friend Marc Baptiste. But before we examine if it be possible for man to act on the atmospheric agents in such a way as to foresee and prevent the ravages they so often cause to our harvests and to the lives of men and animals, it will be proper to inquire into the nature of these agents and of the way in which they produce storm and tempests. If we may believe the affirmations of science, affirmations based on serious and multiplied experiments—the results of which it is impossible not to admit, electricity is the principal cause of the phenomena we are examining. It is electricity that ascends with the vapor in the atmosphere and there forms lightning, thunder, rain, snow and hail. But how can so light a fluid, the most subtle of all, whose existence we have, as yet, scientifically verified, how can it so overturn and metamorphose the fluidic masses of the atmosphere? How can a cause so feeble in appearance produce so powerful effects? This is the point we shall first endeavor to clear up.

We have said that we shall consider electricity as a fluid of very great subtilty, surrounding the constitutive atoms of the different aërial molecules and holding them in cohesion by its individual action on each. It is, if we may use the expression, like a will moved by an unconscious spring, which maintains the molecular elements in a forced aggregation as far as it is in contact with them. As soon as this exterior action ceases the molecules are naturally disintegrated and each one of their atoms is joined to the nearest of its kind. Such, in our opinion, are the inmost relations of electricity with the various principles composing our atmospheric fluid.

Science does not contradict this theory: on the contrary seems to lend it the support of its authority. In fact, from its deductions the electrical phenomena, occurring in the atmosphere, such as thunder, lightning, hail, would be called forth by the reciprocal action of clouds charged with opposing electricity. If we thoroughly grasp the explanation given by scientists, this is the way things work. When two clouds

charged with different electricity approach sufficiently near to be influenced by each other, the more subtile penetrates the molecules of the less and dissolves them by its action. In this combination each of the atoms of the dissolved fluid is grouped according to its affinities with the atoms of the dissolving fluid in such manner as to form new molecules whose aggregation constitutes a fluid essentially different from the two principles which gave it birth. It is a kind of purification of the two fluids, one by the other, the grosser elements of each uniting and setting at liberty a fluid sensibly purified, which, on its part, is combined according to its natural affinities.

The hypothesis we have exhibited appears to us to account for the effects that accompany the shock of two electrical clouds. We perceive first the sudden light that bursts out under the form of lightning, and taking account of the distance over which the luminous fluid passes in a given time we can determine the precise moment in which the combination is effected. According to the explanations we have received from our guides, this light is produced by the atoms of phosphorus which are ignited by coming together, they are combined with each other and with the oxygen of the air when the electricity, which surrounds them and prevents their immediate contact, is withdrawn, leaving them at liberty to follow their reciprocal attractions.

After the lightning comes the detonation, which we perceive later though it is produced at the same instant, because sound is slower than light in its passage through the atmosphere. In pursuing the development of our hypothesis and referring to the observations already made, we shall say that the thunder is caused by the shock of the mineral atoms in the atmosphere in the state of volatile particles, and which are thrown against each other with a crash when they are suddenly freed from the electric fluid: if we may be allowed a coarse comparison, it produces an effect analogous to that observed when the parts of a machine requiring oil to soften

the friction, produce a characteristic creaking and end by heat and spontaneous ignition.

Before going further, and to facilitate the understanding of the considerations that follow, we think it will be useful to present some observations on our mode of regarding the atmospheric fluids and their inmost composition. According to our ideas, all the simple bodies existing in the atmosphere, oxygen, hydrogen, azote, are but one and the same substance, made different solely in its properties by the subtile fluid which surrounds each of its atoms. We have derived this conviction in a series of communications recently obtained, and which will be given to the public when the proper moment shall have arrived. Let us add that the atmospheric fluid is constituted by the grouping of elements absolutely similar to those whose union, under given conditions, with other simple bodies, forms the organized beings of the different kingdoms of nature; with this difference, that these last principles have been separated from the electric fluid, which kept them in a state of volatilization; in other words, they have been fixed in consequence of the elaboration they have undergone in the organs of the plant and animal. The atoms that have not passed through this transformation, blindly subjected to the influence of the electric currents, wander in space at the caprice of chance, or rather (for chance is but a word) at the will of the various natural affinities, waiting until the occasion is presented to enter into a living organism to assist in the development of the individualities that can grasp and assimilate them.

Thus the atmospheric fluid holds in suspension a certain quantity of mineral matter, whose shock produces the fearful crash we hear in thunder. The electricity being withdrawn from these atoms abandons them to their natural affinities, and they can be grouped in molecules and form agglomerations of certain volume, which are precipitated towards the earth by virtue of the laws of weight. It is thus not impossible for the thunder to fall in stones, as some country people

have truly and simply related. We have seen those who, after violent storms, have gathered broken pieces of stone in the places struck by the thunderbolt, where no such thing had ever before been seen. Science has not yet, that we know, verified the fact, and has contented itself with answering that these fragments are but ordinary meteorites.

Another consequence of the combinations of electricity with the atmospheric fluids, and one that has the most disastrous influence on the productions of the soil, is the formation of hail. We know that this terrible meteor owes its origin to the vapor congealing in the air under the influence of electricity. Our theory applies equally to this phenomenon. The atoms, hitherto maintained at a certain distance by their fluidic envelope, approach each other and unite in the most intimate manner as soon as the obstacle that held them apart has disappeared; and the electric fluid, after having momentarily left these atoms to be combined, as has already been said, returns with a more powerful energy, drawn from its increase of subtilty, encloses the new molecules, grouped in its absence, and holding them firmly united, forms of them the hailstones whose fall brings ravage and desolation to our fields.

There now remains to be explained but the last phase of this series of mischievous phenomena; the thunderbolt that destroys the life of men and animals with such terrifying rapidity. How can a combination of elements taking place at a limited distance and entirely foreign to an organic individuality, react in so terrible a manner on its existence? And, more particularly when a man or an animal is in question, how explain the proverbial promptitude of death? If the death by sideration were the consequence of asphyxia determined by the want of respirable air, the elements of which have been decomposed by the electric fluid, as one would, at first, be tempted to believe, even then the terrible instantaneousness of the fatal end could not be comprehended. For in certain cases of asphyxia, notably by immersion, persons have been called to

life four, five, and even eight hours after the accident that had deprived them of respirable air. Here, however, things happen in an entirely different manner, and we reckon very few examples of subjects having been reanimated after having been struck by lightning. From the difference of the effects we can logically conclude the disparity of the causes, and say that death of this kind does not result from the oxygen not reaching the lungs in sufficient quantity. And what confirms us in this idea is the experience that has been a thousand times repeated, of two persons shut up side by side in the same apartment, and consequently breathing the same air: one has been struck and the other felt only a more or less violent shock.

We must, then, seek elsewhere the true cause of death by lightning. In going over what we have said, we think we can give a more satisfactory solution. We have said that the electric fluid has a certain analogy with the human, périspiritual fluid, and can, to some degree, be combined with it. This is precisely what happens in the phenomena we are studying. The electrical combination of the ambient fluids being effectuated by the side of an animal or a man, can not fail to exercise some action on his périsprit, and in this wise: the fluidic molecules elaborated by the nervous system having some affinity with the electric fluid, are attracted by this mass of molecular elements whose force of attraction easily overcomes their resistance. In consequence of this sudden deviation the périspiritual fluid ceases its direct relations, and the soul beholds the tie that attached it to the body rudely broken; it escapes into space and death is instantaneous. All remedies are henceforth superfluous, for nothing can renew the link that is broken. When we succeed in recalling to life a person struck by lightning, which is exceedingly rare, it is because all the molecules elaborated by the nerve machinery have not been turned aside by the electrical combination; in such case the tie of the soul has been only relaxed, but not positively broken.

Here the same objection may be made that was mentioned in speaking of asphyxia, and it may be said : " How is it according to your hypothesis, that when the lightning falls in the midst of several persons in the same room, some are struck and others spared ? While the electrical combination to which you attribute the death has taken place at an equal distance from them all ; how has the fluid of some resisted, while that of others has been turned aside and dissolved by its action ? " We can but recognize the gravity and propriety of this objection, and should have imperfectly developed our theory should we leave it without reply.

It has been seen above what is the first cause of the molecular combination of the two clouds charged with opposing currents of electricity, it is that the subtile fluid surrounding each of the atoms leaves them to be united in a homogeneous compound. Thus, inasmuch as there exist in the molecules constituting the human fluid, atoms enveloped in electrical fluid, it is easy to comprehend that these atoms solicited by a greater number of their kind united in space, will be drawn towards the point where such combination takes effect and will be forcibly moved to take part in it. That it might be otherwise it would be necessary that the atmospheric elements absorbed by the corporeal organs should have been, in consequence of the elaboration in the nerve centers, freed from all the electric fluid that held them in cohesion, and, consequently, of all atoms purely material which entered into their composition : in other words, it would be necessary that the human fluid should be entirely spiritualized at the moment it leaves the brain to be joined to the soul to form its fluidic envelope. When the périspiritual current, which ascends from the brain to the soul, is thus purified, we can readily imagine that the electric fluid has no longer any hold upon it, since there is no longer in it any like principles that might facilitate the combination and absorption. We do not know if we have succeeded in giving our thought a perfectly intelligible form ; we shall be pardoned for insisting on this point

in the beginning, because here is the knot of our demonstration, and also because of the subtilty of the matter that occupies our attention. This is what we wished to say : The human fluid, to become inaccessible to the influence of the atmospheric electricity, should have eliminated all the electrical particles it may have contained ; it is necessary that the purification be complete, that each atom should have been transformed by the will, in a word, that the fluid should be spiritualized. This metamorphosis is accomplished in the various corporeal organs, and in the last place in the nervous system, as in an alembic where are deposited all the material principles, such as carbon, azote, hydrogen, phosphorus, etc., so that the fluid reaches the soul purified of all the elements that have any affinity with those that compose the atmosphere. Then electricity is powerless to grasp this fluid, and it is thus we explain how of two persons together one is struck and the other spared by the thunderbolt, because the p erisprit of one is more spiritualized than that of the other. It may thus be seen why the driver of a team escapes the blow that fells his animals to the ground.

But the deductions of our theory do not stop here. Not only does electricity lose all influence over the human fluid that has reached a certain degree of spiritualization, but it is reduced to submit to its power. This is the way we justify this affirmation, and these developments will be as the end of our labor. It is given to man to succeed by his intellectual labor and constant efforts in regard to his moral amelioration, to communicate to his fluid the necessary degree of subtilty, which we characterize as follows : all the material molecules absorbed by the organs of the body have been disintegrated by a preliminary trituration. Each atom, taken separately, has been examined by the spirit which has admitted positively into its fluid only those atoms found to be sufficiently elaborated to serve as a vehicle to the thought and to obey perfectly the will : naturally these atoms end by being penetrated by the good inclinations of the soul with which they are con-

stantly in contact. If then, in the interest of good, the soul sees fit to throw out these atomic principles that they may accomplish a useful mission, by virtue of their subtilty, they are put in vibration at the least movement of the will and fly towards the designated point. Intelligent like the soul (I would willingly say intelligented by the soul, were the word usual) and good like it, though in a far inferior degree, they would not fail of their aim, nor do aught but what they are commanded.

To return to our hypothesis: every time the soul may direct some of its spiritualized atoms towards an electrical cloud, with the intention of penetrating its molecules to dissolve them, and, after the disintegration, to throw out again each element upon a designated order of creatures, this operation will be spontaneously effected for the reasons already given. But to act on the great mass of storm-clouds the fluid of one single man is but a small thing; it might dissolve some molecules, but would be powerless to avert the catastrophe. At the same time, if instead of a restricted number of atoms, thousands, millions, are projected at the same time towards the cloud, parting from the fluid of incarnated and disincarnated Spirits, all animated by the same intentions, the result will, evidently, become greater in direct ratio to the multiplicity of agents employed. All the mischievous molecules will be dissolved at the same time, if the spiritualized fluid arrive in sufficient quantities; all the electric fluid will be penetrated by pèrispiritual atoms, and its principles, hitherto isolated and thrown, by the fluidic action, towards living organisms, will no longer be able to combine with their affinities and produce disastrous consequences. The power of association between spirits supporting each other will have overcome the blind imagination of Nature—man will be master of the thunderbolt.

since ' apply ourselves by constant study to penetrate
 facilit' of creation; let us follow with ardor and per-
 if we progress of science that we may appropriate its
 ligit ve all let us make serious efforts to advance

morally. It is at this price, only, that we can hope to see speedily verified on our regenerated earth this intuitive affirmation of our brother and friend Marc Baptiste, which we will call a prophetic promise: "Good thoughts purify the air: the love of God and of the neighbor give the greatest powers over the fluids."

CÉPHAS.



PROGRESS IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

BY GEORGE SEXTON, M.A., M.D., LL.D.

WHEN Mr. Connybeare first employed the term Broad Church, as a description of a few latitudinarian clergymen in the Church of England, no one dreamed that it would ultimately become so generally accepted a term, nor that those thus designated would numerically increase to such an extent as to be recognized in a few years as a great power in the Establishment. The High and Low Church parties were alone known before this time. One of these was generally supposed to be fast merging into Roman Catholicism, and the other into Dissent. The former, then called Puseyites—the idea being that they were disciples of Dr. Pusey—or sometimes Tractarians, from the famous "Tracts for the Times," issued from Oxford, have now approximated still nearer to Popery in their ritualistic services, and also in the gaudy robes with which they decorate themselves during worship. And the latter—now as then—preach extempore sermons; they advocate the doctrines of salvation by faith, spiritual conversion by the grace of God, etc., and in other ways resemble closely the so-called Evangelical Nonconformists. These two parties have, as a matter of course, ever been in violent opposition, each looking upon the other as a chosen instrument of Satan for the promulgation of damnable heresies and the destruction of the Church of Christ.

The Broad Church comprised, when first so designated, simply a few clergymen who, looking upon the whole affair of Ritualism on the one hand, and faith and grace on the other, as insignificant when compared with the great principles of love and human duty, preached what were termed good moral sermons, but entirely destitute of the saving truths of the gospel, and with a very strong tinge of Rationalism in them. These have increased so rapidly in number within the last few years, and have come to include within their party so many of the most influential men in the Establishment, that they have now become a great power in the Church, and one which is hereafter likely to influence her destinies very considerably. The Church of England must be looked upon as being now in a transition state. The present is a critical moment for her. She must either advance with the age, or be swept away as so much useless lumber, no longer capable of serving mankind. With the Ritualists and their mummeries and fooleries, playing at Popery before God Almighty, as though he could be pleased with the mere acting of religious rites—and such acting as would not be tolerated by an intelligent audience in a regular theater—and bowings, and genuflections, and millinery, and robes of all the colors of the rainbow, and wooden crosses and images, and processions of adult men resembling charity-school boys going to a funeral, and such wretched worn-out tricks, the world at large has no sympathy. These belong to a past age, and are out of place amidst the civilization and science and advancing education of to-day. Popery itself feels that it is out of harmony with the progress and enlightenment that is taking place around us, and therefore losing its influence over the minds of men; yet it has antiquity and a history, and *prestige* to recommend it, whilst this sham gingerbread thing called Ritualism has nothing but its hollow pretensions and idle mockeries to bring itself into notice. We may pass it by, therefore, without further discussion of its claims.

Of the Evangelical party in the Church little need be said. It breathes the old Puritan spirit of zeal with like Puritan intolerance. It assumes a superiority of a Pharisaical character which is ill compatible with the humility that forms the stock in trade of its pulpits. Low Church clergy and Low Church hearers look upon themselves as the elect of heaven, and in their hearts thank God that they are not as other men. They are hard-cruised on the outside, and what little goodness there may be in their hearts is completely hidden by a thick outer covering of sanctimonious demeanor. They have little sympathy with human weaknesses—less with human faults, and none with human errors. *Humanum est errare* they hold to be true enough of the unregenerate, but in no way applicable to the believer; whilst the addition of the poet, that “to forgive is divine,” they look upon as so essentially true that they leave such mercy to be shown by God, but will have nought to do with it themselves. They are somewhat numerous in the Church, as orthodox Dissenters are outside, but can only comprehend a certain order of mind. In their conduct they are, as a rule, moral; but there is a stiffness about them that makes them disagreeable to those with whom they come into contact. They are fearfully deficient of sympathy and kindness—two qualities most of all needed in the Reformer.

The Broad Church party is every day becoming more numerous and more influential. It clings to one truth, of all the most essential—the inherent goodness, or at least sinlessness, of human nature. It subjugates revelation of the past to man’s conscience in the present, and holds that goodness and virtue are higher words than faith and grace. “Love is the fulfilling of the law” it looks upon as a divine truth; not because an apostle said it, but because it is in keeping with the teachings of God’s inspiration in the soul of man. The Broad Church clergy by no means display that uniformity of belief to be met with in the High or Low divisions, simply because they hold this to be to a great extent non-essential.

Creeds and dogmas may, they maintain, serve a useful purpose, but can not form the basis of salvation, or stand—in the presence of God—before noble deeds and generous actions. Hence we should class in this division such men as the late Dr. Rowland Williams and Professor Maurice ; the late Baden Powell and Professor Kingsley ; Dean Stanley and Bishops Colenso and Temple—men in whose writings will be found a great difference of opinion, but an agreement on the great principles of toleration and freedom to think. Mr. Voysey is no longer in the Church, and therefore can not be classed with the party. He has much more freedom where he is, and is likely to do a vast amount of good ; but we are dealing here simply with the Broad Church party in the Establishment. Many years since Mr. Maurice was deprived of his professorship at King's College for doubting the monstrous doctrine of eternal torment—a dogma in which all the intelligent men of this age have lost faith. This was really the commencement of the recognition of the division in the Church, since called Broad. Later, there came into the field the outspoken authors of “Essays and Reviews ;” and still more recently have been published the ponderous but valuable volumes of Bishop Colenso.

No one who knows anything of the modes of thought—prevalent at the present time amongst the more thinking classes of the community—and the advancing tendency of religious opinion, can for a moment doubt that the Broad Church party—as it is termed—is destined hereafter to occupy a most conspicuous position amongst the religious teachers of the age. In the Church or out of it, these men will become a great power in the country. Should the narrow-minded and dogmatic Evangelicals, or the shallow-brained Ritualists, or both combined, succeed in expelling many more, as they have done Mr. Voysey, then the Church is doomed. She will not only lose her influence, but—what will perhaps be considered of far greater importance to many of those who read her liturgy every Sunday—her

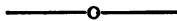
revenues and endowments. A clergyman of some position wrote the following not very poetic lines :

“The good old Church of England !
 She alone hath power to teach,
 'Tis presumption in Dissenters
 When they begin to preach.
 You may take away her church,
 You may take her lands away ;
 But she will be the true Church,
 And base intruders they.”

It is very doubtful, however, whether very many of those who now boast of her as the true Church would not lose some of their faith in her pretensions were her temporal endowments taken away and her lands appropriated to other purposes.

The only hope for the Church of England is, to open wide the doors of her ministry to talented men of all shades of thought—men who can teach God's truth from the outpourings of their own souls, regardless of sacred books of the past, or stereotyped creeds framed in a dark and benighted age—men with great hearts and lofty aspirations—men who will tell the truth as it appears to them, and will not lie “even for the glory of God.”

17 TRAFALGAR ROAD, OLD KENT ROAD,
 LONDON, S.E., August 23, 1873.



PRELATES ON THE POLKA.—The *Gazette d' Italia* some time since mentioned the fact that Cardinal Borromeo danced the “Tremblante Polka” in grand style and with uncommon enthusiasm, in the great hall of Castelgandolfo, having for his partner Monsignor Pacca, at the time Papal Chamberlain. Liszt played in a fiery spirit and with such an impetuous movement that—to keep step to the music—the two prelates were in such rapid motion, and so mixed, that the separate individualities were scarcely distinguishable. The Pope has taken a dislike to Liszt, because the latter permitted his daughter to withdraw from the Roman Catholic communion for the purpose of obtaining a divorce.

MOSAIC COSMOGONY AND MODERN SCIENCE.

BY I. DILLE.

A YEAR or two ago a learned Christian friend in Cincinnati, to whom I had given the outlines of this paper, replied that he "preferred to rely upon what the Lord saith." That is the question at issue.—What has the Lord said? Shall we repose a blind faith in translators, holding them to be inspired, or may we inquire whether they were equal to their work, or whether it was possible they were not sometimes mistaken? Many learned men, among both clergy and laity, have pointed out gross mistakes and errors of those translators, and comparing Bibles in several modern languages we find they differ materially. They can not all be right.

Thirty years ago there was a bitter controversy between theologians and geologists. The former charged the latter with irreverence, skepticism and blasphemy, while the latter threw back the charge of ignorance and bigotry. But as time advanced the contest assumed a milder phase; many earnest Christians stood in the front rank of the geologists, and several leading geologists met the question in such a gentle spirit, as to disarm their opponents of much of their asperity. Hugh Miller, an orthodox Presbyterian, took the geological view of the facts, and imagined that the Cosmogony of Moses was revealed to him by a series of visions. Tayler Lewis, as a philologist, in a volume of 400 pages, argued that the six days of creation were not natural days; and Dr. Buckland, a distinguished English divine and eminent geologist, urged that the word and the works of God could not conflict, and when one seemingly opposed the other, the difficulty was in our understanding; and Albert Barnes, a Doctor of Divinity but no scientist, admitted "It is not to be held that the past in-

terpretations of the First Chapter of Genesis are necessarily true." On the other hand, Cuvier, after much and patient research, found that the Mosaic order of Creation was strictly true.

Meanwhile new speculations both in Science and Theology were advanced, and the two great contending parties split up into numerous factions, raising new questions, so that now, the old feuds are nearly forgotten, being overslaughed by other conflicts of opinion, in which opponents treat each other with greater kindness and candor, each acknowledging the other is honestly seeking after truth, and is not to be denounced for following the honest convictions of the mind.

But so long as the faith of three great religious systems of the world, the Christian, the Mahomedan and Jewish are founded upon the Hebrew Scriptures, it is a matter of no secondary interest to have a proper understanding of the teachings of those ancient books, and if it can be shown that the Cosmogony of Moses can be brought into harmony with the discoveries of modern science, that they elevate our conceptions of an Almighty, All-Wise and Beneficent Creator, another argument will be adduced in favor of the authenticity of his books. To do this, within reasonable limits, I propose to call the attention of your readers to the long-neglected work of Fabre D'Olivet.

The beginning of this century found this distinguished linguist engaged in the study of the Origin of Speech. Disdaining to follow the path of his numerous predecessors, whose speculations burdened the shelves of the libraries of the day, he qualified himself for the task by mastering all the languages, ancient and modern, within his reach. Then he ascertained First, what sounds or words of similar import were common to all languages ; Second, what sounds or words, of similar meaning, were common to a distinct family of languages ; Third, what are peculiar to any distinct language ; Fourth, the ethnological conditions of the peoples speaking the different primitive languages. This analytical method opened a

wide field of research and gave him great advantages in prosecuting his inquiry.

The next step was to choose an original language by which he might test the value of his process. There were but three before him, from which to select, the Chinese, the oldest living language, abounding in a most voluminous literature of all ages; the Sanscrit, which he found was derived from one still older, that was lost; and the Hebrew, which had been a dead language for twenty-five centuries, and only preserved through a translation into the Greek 400 years after it had ceased to be spoken. He adopted the Hebrew for the test, and strengthening himself by all he could gather from the most learned Jews, who preserve the sacred institutions of their race as a secret, he brought out, in 1815, his great work—"The Hebrew Language Restored and the Cosmogony of Moses." Perhaps no time could have been more inopportune for the appearance of such a work. Europe just then ceased from one of the greatest struggles in human history; the Bourbons were just beginning to restore their ancient dynasty; the priesthoods, with all their bigotry and bitterness, were too busy in strengthening themselves in their old positions, to look into anything that might trench on or invade the prejudice of ages; and the learned among the laity were skeptical, rejecting not only the Hebrew religion, but also its literature. The book was not to the taste of either clergy or laity. Professed Hebrew scholars were unwilling to unlearn what they had been taught, and the skeptic was indifferent whether the translation of the Scriptures was correct or not.

D'Olivet's theory is that the organs of speech are from the Creator, and he agrees, with Court de Gebelin, that the origin of speech is divine. Not that words were imparted from above, but that emotions, thoughts, affections, and wants of an intellectual being sought and found expressions from the articulate organs. The first murmurings of infant lips are articulations which enter into all languages, with words of similar meaning: as aM— Ma— Ba— aB— or aP— Pa— the

M sound in all languages signifying maternity, the female, and the B. or P. the paternal or the male, and words naturally or fancifully connected with those relations. Thus words expressed a single idea, at first, and were each a nucleus or primitive stock from which others sprung, in which the primary sound continued. Take, for example, the word *Run*, an action common to all animals, in which motion is the leading idea. The sound of *R* would enter into any other word implying motion, as in our own language, it is curious to see how many of our words expressive of movement have the prominent sound of *r*.

When alphabetic letters were invented, a letter for each primitive sound in speech was required. Our author calls these letters *signs*, because they relate to the original idea expressed by the primary word. These signs are more obvious in the earliest languages, and more concealed in the modern. At the risk of being considered prolix I will give, in English letters, a few of his signs for the Hebrew.

Aleph, A, is the sign of power, and is found in the beginning of words signifying power.

Beth, B, of paternity, following the same rule, also the virile, interior action.

Gimel, G, of organic being.

Daleth, D, of division, or abundance from division.

He, H, of life, or all abstract idea of life.

Teth, T, of protection, resistance.

Resh, R, of direct motion.

Samech, S, of circular motion.

Mem, M, of maternity, the female, local and plastic.

These examples will suffice to give an idea of the sign.

Two or at most three signs united constitute a Hebrew root, which takes its force from the combination of the signs, and the roots united, with affixes and prefixes, constitute words. He gives a grammar and a radical dictionary by which the language can be studied.

The second volume contains the cosmogony of Moses, in

which he evidently does not solely rely upon his synthesis of the elements, but draws from other sources, as the cognate Shemitic tongues, and more especially from the Essenes, who alone retained the language of their fathers, and claimed to be the custodians of the law of Moses, with its figurative and hieroglyphic meaning, which was transmitted to them by *Kab-bal*, a Hebrew word signifying passing from hand to hand. The sect was too insignificant to be disturbed by conquerors or factions, for they lived in caves or in tents and subsisted on fruits, roots, herbs, locusts and wild honey. The novitiates were required to take the most solemn vow to preserve inviolate the secrets committed to their keeping, and the most fearful judgments of Heaven were denounced against any one who revealed their sacred mysteries. When Ptolemy required a copy of the Hebrew Scriptures for his library at Alexandria, there were no Jews capable of performing the work, except from the Chaldaic Paraphrases, but the Essenes; who, in obedience to the Sanhedrim, undertook to meet the requirement, and not to violate their vows, they rendered the Hebrew words in their lowest and most material sense, and the Septuagint, thus produced, has furnished the basis of all Hebrew lexicons.

He says that the Hebrew is the language of the Thebaid or Upper Egypt, and that Moses wrote the *Scpher*, or *Pentateuch*, in three different senses, expressed by the same words, the common or natural for the vulgar or unlearned, the figurative for the learned in their literature, and the hieroglyphic for the initiated priesthood. In this, Moses, who was reared up in all the learning of the Egyptians, and having acquired all their sacred mysteries, adopted the style and manner of the Egyptian high-priests in the book which contained the religious and civil polity of the nation he was moved by a divine impulse to found; that the Hebrews, debased by a long and cruel bondage, went forth with him an ignorant, rude and turbulent people, were incapable of comprehending the sublime truths of a revelation from Deity, and could only

be led to worship God as their Deliverer and King by the manifestation of his presence and power in the working of miracles and wonders. The alphabetic characters in which Moses wrote were the Egyptian. But as the Jews lost their language in Chaldea, they adopted the Babylonish alphabet, which is the present Hebrew character. So that we have in the Hebrew one of the oldest forms of human speech, the Hamiaritic, preserved in one of the oldest alphabets of man.

He teaches that the first ten chapters of Genesis is a cosmogonical decade, in which all the names of persons, although true in their natural sense, in their higher sense are cosmogonical characters, descriptive of forces, processes and principles, natural, moral and spiritual, and the numbers, so much used in those chapters, are not to be taken in their numerical sense, but conceal high mysteries in the science of numbers, which is now in a great part lost. Hence our chronological tables, founded upon the older Hebrew history, are fallacious. He says when Ezra revived the Hebrew Scriptures, which had been lost, he purposely changed the numbers of Moses, to conceal their sacred mysteries from the Samaritans, and that the Essenes did the same thing in their translation for the Septuagint, to mislead the learned Egyptians and Greeks, who understood the ancient science of numbers.

THE PLAN OF CREATION.

Our author contends that the first chapter of Genesis is not a history of creation in act, but in plan, design, or declaring the principle upon which the heavens and the earth should be developed. This he shows by the analysis of the words used by the historian. It will be observed that we have no account of the creation of the elements of matter, but it is inferable that they previously existed, and they potentially were the heavens and the earth, yet to be developed. The word "Bareasheth," in our version "In the beginning," he expounds to be "In princiipation, at the head, or in outline;" and

"Tohu, bohu," rendered "without form and void," he makes "in a potential state to be developed," for it immediately says, "The breath of *Ælohim* brooded over the face of the abyss," as working the elements into activity by the influence of forces. Then he said "Light be—and light was." He spoke not in words, but willed, and matter and force obeyed.

Let me digress for a moment here. When studying the effect of light, as an efficient agent in meteorology, the thought occurred that in Genesis, light was the first created thing, and I was curious to know what the word was, and what the extent of its meaning. A Hebrew scholar was applied to, who placed D'Olivet's book in my hands. It required no little preparatory study to find an answer to my question. I give his note upon the word.*

I have no words to express my wonder and surprise when I read this note. What! the discoveries of Huyghens, Euler, Young, and Fresnel anticipated and known, not only when Moses wrote, but when the Hebrew speech was invented! A new light broke in upon me. For thousands of years light was not suspected of being a force by all the philosophers of all that time. What was the condition of primeval man, who impressed this profound philosophy upon the simplest word which he used? There was either a revelation, or a state of knowledge far above our conception at the very beginning of that ancient language. Where did this wonderful knowledge originate? Was it of celestial origin, or did it come from the mystic schools of Egypt or Cush Dwipa? Was light not an

* "I can not too often repeat that all the words of the Hebrew are so formed as to show the reason of their formation. Take this word [אור] *aur*, light; it is derived directly from [אור] *aur*, fire. The difference between them is that in the word designating fire, it is the convertible sign [א] *u*, which unites the sign of power [א] *a* with the sign of direct motion [ר] *r*, while in the other it is the intelligible sign [י] *o*. We may go further and take from the words [אור] *aur*, and [אור] *aur* the middle sign [י] *o*, or [א] *u*, there remains the elementary root [אר] *ar*, composed of power and motion, which in all known languages signifies either earth, water, air, fire, ether or light, following the sign which joins them."

efficient instrument in the hands of the Creator for aggregating the elements of matter into the orbs of the universe ?

The plan preconceived the order of creation from chaos up to man. Let us note the order. First, universal darkness, with *Ælohim* brooding and breathing upon matter and energizing it into activity, invoking the potent means of making every atom perform its part in the great work. Light was the means. The succession of light and darkness was provided for—this was the first division, or *Yom*. Those forces in action formed molecules, and water, etc., resulted, which moved toward the great centers of the universe, upward and downward, between which interplanetary space was extended. This was the second division. The waters of the earth were gathered into their beds, dry land appeared, from which primeval vegetation arose : third division. Arrangement and ordering of the stellar universe was the fourth division. Then the waters were fecundated, and animals developed with flying creatures, the fifth division. Then was the earth quickened into the production of animated forms. Hitherto, the earth was called *Aretz*, and dry land, *Iabashah*, but in the latter part of this sixth division a new term is introduced—*Adamah*—which we may understand as a period—as the human period—including man and his cotemporaries, in the vegetable and animal kingdoms. It is the condition prepared for the advent of man. Prior to that, neither earth, nor air, nor food, nor temperature, nor companions were suitable for him. Grains, fruits and sweet grasses did not yet exist. This same distinction is preserved between *Aretz* and *Adamah*, in the account of the flood in the VII. chapter, 23 v. Both were deluged. As we shall see in the second chapter, from this homogeneous matter man was created in the shadow of his Creator. In this chapter it reads, “ We will make man in our shadow, male and female,” to rule our animated nature. Such was the plan.

The second chapter opens in our version—“ Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the hosts of

them." D'Olivet reads, "Thus was accomplished in act, as before designed in power—the heavens and the earth, and the regulating law to direct their developments." He relies upon the terms of the second chapter to sustain his assertion that the first chapter merely indicated the plan of creation, and the days were but efficient epochs or phenomenal phases, which he claims Moses announced with great precision.

Thus we see, v. 4, "Such is the type of the generation of the heavens and the earth, in the days when Ihoah displayed his creative power and designed the heavens and the earth, (v. 5) and the entire conception of nature before nature existed, and its vegetation before it had vegetated in the earth, because *Ihoah* had not caused it to rain upon the earth, and Adam [mankind] did not exist to cultivate the Adamah. (6) But a virtual emanation arose with energy and bedewed that element. (7) Then Ihoah having formed the substance of Adam (mankind), by the sublimation of the most subtle parts of the Adamah, inspired into his intellect the exhaled essence of lives, and Adam (man) became the similitude of a living soul, formed for eternity." The next verse repeats that man was created for eternity. The duality of man in the sexes had not yet existed, though in the first chapter it is said, "he was created male and female." Thus it would seem that the terms of the second chapter sustain his position with regard to the first. It has been objected that Moses nowhere intimates the immortality of the human soul, or a future state, but the etymological rules which make Ihoah an eternal Being make man created for an eternal existence. Ihoah is rendered into "which was, and is, and is to come," from eternity to eternity. Man begins in time for an eternal existence.

THE DELUGE.

The Noachian Deluge is another point of controversy between science and theology. I shall not quote consecutively the Mosaic narrative, but select passages where our

author differs materially from our version. The great degeneracy of the whole human family induced the Divine interposition to put an end to a corruption that had become universal, the contagion of which extended to all earth-born nature. Sixth chapter, verse 5: "Then Ihoah considered that the perversity of Adam (the human race) increased more and more upon the earth, and that universal being only conceived evil thoughts from the corruption of his heart, throughout his day, entirely renounced the preserving care by which he had brought them upon the earth, withdrew from him the kindness of his heart, and rendered himself severe. Saying, "I will efface Adam (the human race) which I have created upon the Adamic, both man and beast, with the reptiles and the birds that fly in the air, for I have renounced altogether the preserving care with which I made them." This is the passage which in our version reads, "It repented the Lord that he had made man upon the earth, and it grieved him at his heart." And again, verse 7, "For it repenteth me that I have made them;" language that seems improbable from the lips of an all-wise and omnipotent Creator. (Verse 8.) "Noah, the repose, or rest, of elementary nature, alone found grace in the eyes of Ihoah. These were the characteristic generations of Noah, the intellectual head manifesting virtue and justice at that age of his life, ever employed in walking in the ways of Alohim. Shem, the brilliant elevation; Ham, the dark and hot tendency, and Japheth, absolute extension." These are the cosmogonic characters, physical, moral, civil, and spiritual, that are to regenerate the world.

"Then he said to Noah, Make thee a Thebah, a sympathetic protection."—This Thebah is translated ark in our version. D'Olivet says of this word, that it nowhere signifies a vessel which floats, and shows that the sense was first perverted in the Samaritan version, which was followed by subsequent translators. He says it was a word extensively used by the ancients, applied to a great variety of things. The earth was a Thebah, the universe also. A walled city was especially

one. The sacred city of Egypt, Thebes, which Homer celebrates for its hundred gates of brass, and Thebes, in Beotia, of Greece, are examples.

Noah's Thebah was designed to preserve the hope of the world from the terrible catastrophe that was approaching. After the animals that were to be preserved were gathered into the Thebah, on the day named, "were opened all the sources of the mighty deep, and were unloosed in the heavens the manifold forces of the waters, delivering them to their sweeping movement and upheaving; and the descent of a watery atmosphere continued to pour down forty days and forty nights."

In a note he says, "I call the reader's attention to the fact that the Deluge is not expressed by a single word in Hebrew, as the common translations express it, but by two, Maboul Maim, the great boiling up of the waters, or dilatation of the waters." And in another note, "This is that great deluge, that terrible event, the memory of which is retained by all people traced upon the whole face of the earth. If I would consult the annals of the world, I could prove from China to the Scandinavians, from the Syrians to the Iroquois, that there does not exist a people without a knowledge of this catastrophe. If I would appeal to natural history, I could scarcely take a step without meeting convincing proofs of that physical verity. But I have interdicted myself from being a commentator."

The Thebah rested upon Ararat, which he renders, the course of reflected light. In a note he says, "Here is a word which offers a vast subject of commentary, if I had not limited myself to translating. All people who have preserved the memory of the Deluge, and nearly all have preserved it, have not failed to report the name of the mountain upon which the mysterious Thebah rested. Nicolas of Damascus, cited by Josephus, calls it Mount Barris, where the Assyrian King prepared for the Deluge by depositing the archives of the world. The Greeks called their mountain Lukorius, the

luminous mount, where Durcalion rested. The Aztecs called it Olagmi. All these names have some relation to light." *

FROM HIS PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE.

"By the translation I have given of the Sepher [a book], Moses is no longer shown as the quicksands upon which Reason must founder, or the terror of the Natural Sciences. We do not see in his Cosmogony those shocking contradictions, those incoherences, those ridiculous images which furnish trenchant weapons to his opponents. He is not before us a narrow-minded man, conceiving Deity possessed of the lowest passions and purposes, ignoring the immortality of the human soul, and only speaking of the soul as flowing in the blood, as ignorant translators have represented ; but we must respect him as a sage, initiated into all the mysteries of Nature, uniting the positive lights which he had drawn from the sanctuaries of Thebes with the lights of his own inspiration. Should the naturalist inquire, he will find in his work the accumulated observations of an incalculable succession of ages, and all the physics of Egypt summed up in a few words. He may compare those imposing physics with ours of modern times, and judge wherein they resemble, which surpasses, and which is inferior. . . . In short, he will there find what the philosophers have deemed most correct and most sublime, from Thales and Pythagoras to Newton and Kant."

GEOLOGICAL PROGRESSION.

It is interesting to trace from the first the progressive forms of development, from the time when light first acted upon atoms and disposed them to concentrate into molecules, and thence into aggregations, until finally the orbs were formed and cooled, so that the minute combinations might work out organic types. The simplest of course was the first, the highest form of the plant is below the lowest form of the

* Want of space compels me to close my quotations here, though there are many other passages I hoped to include, and I have translated largely from his notes to support his rendering of the text. But I must withhold them.

animal. Much water, a little carbon, a little earth with a little metalloïd, was probably the primal type of the earliest plant. It must have had an earthy base and a local home, for plants are fixed organisms. A low type of animals followed. Their origin must have been aquatic, for there were no conditions to sustain animal beings on the land. For a long time they must have concealed their heads below the waters, to avoid the poisoned air, filled with all deathly combinations. The little moss germs, however, fed voraciously upon the mephitic air. What was death to the animal was life and prosperity to them. But in that early condition of the earth, when its crust was thin, convulsion succeeded convulsion, as the plastic crust yielded to the violent forces within and to the immense pressure without. But each convulsion was a generative period. The active forces then operative evolved new types of organisms, and new dynasties came forth, unknown to the previous regimes, at each revolution of terrestrial conditions. As the change progressed, types of the coming forms are mingled with departing dynasties, until the final crash arrives, when cemeteries of older animals are imbedded in the rocks, with some avant-couriers of the new, to tell of the progress of creation.

The Silurian was long supposed to present the first remains of animal types upon the earth, but the Cambrian type proved to be earlier, and now the Laurentian lays claim to greater antiquity. From these low and simple forms, the world progressed by slow gradations up to Man. Nowhere do we find outgrowths from one class of beings up to another, but each stage seems to have been independent of its predecessors, retaining some organs of the last, but introducing others wholly new, adapted to the new conditions of life and the surroundings of its period. Between each stage there was a transition period, as the physical conditions of the world, in the new combinations of its constituent elements, in the change of temperature and the action of molecular forces became favorable for higher developments and fatal to many of the

lower. During the transition, which was one of fierce elemental strife, in which islands and continents were submerged and the seas changed places, the older types remained in some places to witness the throes of Nature in the pangs of parturition, as she labored to bring forth the new sovereign of her domain, and nurture upon her bosom the new lord of creation. When the air was sufficiently purified, Neptune yielded his sceptre, and Pluto, with fire and storm, took his throne upon the land. Huge saurians were succeeded by monstrous land mammalia, until the combinations of air and earth, plants and animals, temperature and moisture, led to the last grand transition of the Adamic period. Man with a new fauna and flora appeared at the closing of the Pleiocene, to dispute the empire of the northern species of elephants, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, hyena, ancient horse, and other nameless animals, whose relics remain to tell us they once lived.

Man came upon the scene naked, unclothed with hair or fur or feathers, and unarmed with horns or claws or teeth, to contest for supremacy with the existing lords of creation. His brain alone supplied him with capacity to seek means of defense or offense. The caverns of Bruniquel and Perigord, and the drift-beds of Abbeville, in north-eastern France, teach us how he employed his inventive faculties to meet the emergencies of his time. The general temperature of the earth was unfavorable to his high development. When the elephants grazed down to and beyond our polar circle, our temperate zones must have had a tropical heat, with great and perhaps very sudden extremes of temperature, as we find what are now tropical animal remains mixed with those of the Arctic regions. Heat and cold, storm and calm, fire and ice, chased each in rapid succession.

THE SECULAR COOLING OF THE EARTH.

All scientists agree that probably our earth was once a fiery orb, revolving, as a star in space, and that in the eons

of revolving time it has cooled down to its present temperature. When at its highest heat its volume must have been vastly greater than now. The volume of Saturn is 685 times that of the Earth, but its density is only one-twelfth of that of our planet, and its weight only a little over one-tenth greater; so when the Earth was of the density of Saturn, it occupied only one-tenth less of space than that planet. It might then have had a crust that concealed from the spectator without the glowing heat of its internal fires. Notwithstanding all theories to the contrary, it is evident that its crust yielded to the influence of surrounding space, which is the zero of heat. At first its atmosphere was composed of all the water, with many of the metals, and all our permanent gases. No conditions existed in which organic life could develop. The compound envelope of gases, condensing in their upper surface, fell, to be returned in their original state. But in every ascent they carried off heat from the earth, until ultimately a crust was formed. That crust surged upon the molten bil-
lows, until it gained strength and consistence to be firm.

By degrees the atmospheric gases separated, the metals from gas changed to liquid and united with the crust, hardened into new combinations. Water ensued from vapor, and sought its bed in the depressions. Declining temperature increased the density and reduced the volume of the earth. The thin crust yielded to the demands, and repeated convulsions, with readjustments of surface levels, are attested by the geologic history of our globe. How often during the Silurian, the Carboniferous, the Cretaceous, and in all the divisions of the Tertiary have the lands given place to the sea, which each time made new and large additions to the crust, in marine deposits of comminuted rocks, the *debris* of older formations, with the naiada of the great deep. Perhaps, if we were permitted to examine the underlying strata of the seas, we should find the wrecks of engulfed continents, with forms of terrestrial fauna that are entirely unknown to us.

If our planet ever had a density as low as that of Saturn,

which is two and one half less than water, it must have had a diameter of some 65,000 miles, which has been reduced by the contraction of cooling to her present dimensions of about 8,000 miles. Aside from the regular and secular subsidence of heat, by the influence of vapor and air, spasmodic action from time to time has made large drafts upon her high temperature. Every volcanic issue has reduced her internal fires, just as you reduce the heat of your stove by removing the burning brands. If we would set ourselves to count the alternations of sea and land since the Azoic period, the number might amount to thousands, and every one would tell us plainly, "When this was done, the line of the diameter of our world shortened." All these contractions were accompanied, more or less, with a fracture of our earth's crust. Some places went down while others rose up. Every such change must have been attended by some dilatation of the waters. If the change was on a grand scale, the sweep of waters must have deluged large regions.

We have within our memory examples of destructive waves from very local causes. In the month of August, 1868, the volcano of Killaua, in Oahu, of the Sandwich Islands, was in activity. On the 12th, the struggle of the internal forces was unusually violent, and a series of immense sea-waves were impelled forward, which moved, by actual computation, at the rate of 150 miles per hour, thrice the maximum speed of our railroad engines. These waves were felt on our Pacific coast, from Vancouver's Island to Cape Horn, a distance of 10,000 miles, and on the coast of Peru destroyed the town of Arica, with great loss of life, and carried the U. S. war-ship *Waterlee* from her anchorage in the roads, full a mile inland, where she was a total loss. In 1854 a similar wave originated from a volcano near Simoda, Japan, and moved with like velocity across the ocean, and was destructively felt on the California and Mexican coasts. Local changes in the levels of the earth and sea are frequent during the historic period, and not a few notable ones have

occurred in our own times. Combine all these facts and considerations, and we see that a general deluge is neither impossible nor improbable. In fact, we may say that it is provable, for it is still retained in the traditional memory of man in all countries, and it can be traced over all lands and in nearly all places.

Large portions of our mountain systems present evidences of igneous origin ; in some, intrusive rocks came up, partially cooled, in others the liquid mass flowed out and cooled upon the surface. When such action took place upon the land it is very difficult to determine the age of the upheaval, and it is not always easy to settle the age of mountains that emerged from the waters, as recent deep-sea soundings teach us that our tests of time or age of rocks are uncertain. But it is clear that if we find tertiary shells anywhere upon a continuous mountain chain, that that mountain was upheaved after those shells were formed, for they were never formed upon the dry surface, nor did they creep up to where they are found. Now, in nearly all the mountains which have been carefully explored, tertiary reliquiæ have been discovered, and wherever such is the case, it is evident they are of recent origin, and the adjacent uplifts of Plutonic rocks are of a contemporaneous age. Science at present can not say how much of our present dry land was pre-adamic or anti-diluvial, but we know there are many large regions that have recently emerged from the sea. Central Africa is one, including the great Desert of Zahara, where existing shells of the Atlantic are found strewn far inland, among them the *Cardium Edulis*, now so largely used for food in Western Europe. And it is evident that our American continent was divided by a broad strait between its north and south members, and they have been recently united by the uplifting of the land so as to extend the Andes to the north. The whole fauna of South America is entirely different from that of this part of the continent. We have similar evidence to show that this continent was united with the eastern, and most probably with Asia, as

the camel and other animals of that quarter of the globe have left their remains on this.

THE DRIFT.

This great deposit of earth, gravel and bowlders, of every form, extends around the globe, from high latitudes down to 40° , or 39° in many places, and has evidently been transported, as all the material essentially differs from that on which it reposes. In some places it is distinctly stratified, in others but a single mass is laid over, heterogeneously mingling erratic blocks of granitic, gneissoid trap, metamorphic and lime rocks, with occasionally bones of the Pleistocenic period, as the mammoth, the fossil horse, rhinoceros, etc.

There is, to my mind, great probability that the age of this deposit was coincident with the drifts of Abbeville and the caves of Bruniquel and Perigord in France, and of Espiluingues in the Haut Pyrenees, and of Gibraltar, in which so many human relics are found. The two former contain the bones of several distinct species of animals that have not been known to exist since the Diluvial age. There, preserved in stalagmitic breccia, those bones and works of primitive man have lain for uncounted ages, and brought to light during the last decade as witnesses of a great truth. The bowlders carried in by water, and laid over the relics in the cave of Bruniquel and gravel-beds of Abbeville, are most probably of the Drift age. With the bones of the anti-diluvial animals are found those of the reindeer, the horse, the ox, the goat, the sheep, and the dog.

In Tennessee and Mississippi I have traced drift pebbles and gravel, evidently not belonging to the lands on which they were laid, and Agassiz reports that he found evidences of drift in Brazil, which he refers to his glacial forces.

THE GLACIAL THEORY

Was proposed by Mr. Agassiz, who carefully studied the glaciers of Switzerland, and with the quickness of exalted

genius, which is generally too rapid for logic, and the careful deductions from facts, well considered, weighed and balanced, applied the same action and forces to account for all the phenomena of the drift. This theory supposes that at the close of the Pliocene, a high mountain was reared up, far to the north (and another far to the south), on which glaciers were formed, which slid down the inclined plane of 20° to 25° of grade, as they do for a few miles from the summits of the Alps, bearing with them rocks and gravel and earth, which they deposited over so wide a region, in depths varying from one foot to 150 feet; and he and his followers point triumphantly to the numerous collections of those erratic blocks, like the morains of the Alps, which are found on hillsides and on high places, as though any other means of transport, even by wagons, might not produce similar heaps of stones, and which floating ice, bearing such burdens, is much more likely to do. But a more conclusive support for the theory is what they call the glacial scratches in the bed-rocks. Now mark their theory. They assert that these glaciers all come from the north. Well, these glacial scratches point in every direction. At Dayton, Ohio, they are nearly east and west. At Sandusky, Ohio, about $S. 75^{\circ} E.$ At Stony Point on Lake Erie, Mich., they cross each other, one set running $N. 60^{\circ} E.$, the other, nearly at right angles to the first, bearing $N. 60^{\circ} W.$ At Black Rock nearly $E.$ and $W.$ The only glacial scratches I have heard of pointing nearly $N.$ and $S.$ are at Saut St. Mary. Now, I admit that on this Atlantic slope and in Western Europe the drift did come from the north, but in the great Mississippi valley, those bed-rock markings, with many other facts, indicate they came from the $N.W.$ or $W.N.W.$ But another objection meets the theory, which, to my mind, is insuperable. It is this: that if all that mass of material was brought forward by glaciers that press hard upon the ground, how did they cross the great chain of lakes without filling them up and obliterating them from the face of the earth? And how did they climb the high lands

to the south of Lakes Erie and Ontario, and deposit their burdens so profusely so far inland, and at heights of from 500 to 1,000 feet above those lakes? Do you answer, in the intense cold of that period the lakes were bridged with ice to such a height, and so firm, that the glaciers passed over them? Well, a single question will dispose of that answer. How did those glaciers make the scratches on the bed-rock near the present level of the lakes? Besides, it must have been an egregiously high mountain to have made an inclined plane 500 miles wide for such a purpose. No! the theory has to suppose so many improbable bases that it is like a castle in the air. Why, of all the snow-capped mountains in the world, but very few regularly send down glaciers.

THE GREAT STORM.

It is easy to conceive how such a storm as Moses describes could have been produced. It will bear repeating, that a large portion of our mountain systems have been recently upheaved, and that many of them emerged from the sea. In the readjustment of our surface-levels, the shrinking of the volume of our orb would doubtless be unequal. The rigid crust, when fractured, would subside in some places more rapidly than others, for it was too rigid to collapse together and sink equally. An extended plain, like that of the intermontane valley of the west, or the beds of the seas, pressing on the liquid mass, would drive it forward, and force it to seek egress beyond. The pressure would force the liquid through the crust wherever it could find a weak place, be it under the water or on the land. Burning mountains and islands issuing from the seas would throw up such vast amounts of vapor with such force that soon the overburdened air would sustain it, and an atmosphere of water must fall upon the earth. Far to the north, or near the pole, and hail must have come from the upper ærial regions, and would encase rocks and earth in ice, buoying

carried by the mountain waves far and wide over the face of the earth. Such floating masses following each other in quick succession would very soon make all the drift deposits that we can find. The great carcasses of elephants preserved so long, had no time to decompose before they were entombed in frozen earth or encased in icy coffins. The forests on Barings' Island, within 15° of the N. pole, had no time to die and decay before perpetual winter locked them in her firm embrace and fixed them forever.

This was doubtless the close of the last transition, when man and the animals and vegetable substances of his day were generated. It witnessed the extinction of one large family of animated nature and introduced another. Like all its predecessors, this crisis initiated a new class of conditions to sustain a higher class of beings.

EXTENT OF THE DELUGE.

Although the traditions of man in every nation and in every condition agree as to the fact of the great Flood, and traces of Diluvial action are to be found in every extensive region of the globe, yet if we are to be guided by the superficial indications, we must conclude that there are large tracts of country that were exempt from the devastations of the overwhelming cataclysm. The great Alleghany coal-field presents no indications of the Drift of that period, while the hills that skirt the north-western side of the Coal Formation are covered around their bases, and sometimes to their summits, with the *debris* of that invasion.

About two miles to the south-east of Newark, Ohio, is a high conical hill, of peculiar formation, that lifts its head some 200 feet above the surrounding hills, except two of different formation near by. I leveled, for economical purposes, a part of this hill, and, by comparison, estimated it to be at least 800 feet above the bed of the Licking river, making its height some 1,500 feet above the sea-level. This hill is like

the Nilometers in Egypt—a register of the rising of the waters. It is a very instructive column, and records the progress of time from the fucoidal shales up into the coal formation. But its record of the height of the great Flood is useful in this connection. The springs in its sides have worn their water-courses through the hard rock, and show the depths of the ravines when the flood came, by the drift deposits in their beds and sides. There are all the strata of the drift presented, from the blue clay made by comminuting the carbonaceous shales, up through the lime drift to the granitic and gneissoid boulders to the last deposits of golden sands from, as I believe, the Rocky Mountains. The highest range of the drift line around its sides is about 200 feet below its summit, which consists of small white quartz boulders, a very rare rock in the Mississippi valley. I have never found that variety elsewhere.

THE CHINESE LANGUAGE.

This language presents internal evidence of having originated among a rude and ignorant people, who had been separated for long ages from all outside humanity. Its roots, only about 200 in number, were expressive only of natural objects connected with the wants of man in his lowest primeval condition. As numbers increased and arts were cultivated, new words were coined, based upon those original roots, and after Fohi had invented his eight Koua, literary characters, the range of mind widened, language necessarily became more copious and new signs for its literary expression, until it met all the wants of human thought. And yet that language is like a Chinese porcelain statue, which can not be moulded into any other form; it can not receive the addition of a word from any outside speech, nor can a word of its own be taken to enrich any foreign language. When was China separated from the continent of Asia? and when was it reunited?

TRADITIONS OF CEYLON.

Sir Emerson Tenant, in his "Natural History of Ceylon," states that the people of that island "possess dim but numerous traditions and legends, that at a period of infinite remoteness their island was a part of a continent, so vast that its southern extremity fell below the equator, while in breadth it extended to the shores of Africa on the one hand and China on the other." He supports this tradition by enumerating several plants and animals which are peculiar to Ceylon, and are wanting in the Drekkan. Ceylon possesses a third species of elephant, two deer, two monkeys, a number of curious shrews, an orange-colored ichneumon and various other curious quadrupeds not found in the Indian fauna, besides thirty-eight species of birds. "Professor Ansted holds that at the commencement of the Tertiary formation, while northern Asia and a large portion of India were covered by the sea, there was a continent south of India, extending south and west, connecting Malacca with Arabia." It is only necessary to add, that from the fragments remaining of that great continent have come during all the historic ages, our spices, our gums, our frankincense and myrrh, and there only is the indigenous land of the sugar-cane, and of tea and coffee.

ISLANDS OF THE PACIFIC.

Analogous to all this, all the windward islands of the Pacific, known as Polynesia, scattered far and wide over that vast ocean, from 30° N. to 41° S. lat., and from 130° to 180° W. lon., are peopled by man, of the same original ethnological stock, who all speak dialects of the same language, and although they have no tradition of the landing of their ancestors upon their respective islands, they nearly all retain dim traditionary legends of a great and destructive catastrophe by water in the remote past; and yet their dialects have varied so little during the long separation, that the Kanaka

from the Sandwich Islands has to remain but a short time in any other island, even to New Zealand, 5,000 miles from his birthplace, to be able to hold free conversation with the people. To what conclusion does this lead the mind? To one of but two alternatives, either that their remote ancestors were colonized by a nation of better navigators than all their posterity, down to the close of the 15th century, or that during the human period, the bed of the Pacific was submerged from a continental level to the trough of an ocean, and those islands, or many of them, were mountain summits to which a few people fled and survived the catastrophe. I will not undertake to decide which is the truth.

In view of all these facts, it is probable that the Theba of Noah was not the only ark of safety for the preservation of seed to replenish the world during the Adamic period. In all this period we know of no new animal or vegetable creation. The whole present furniture of the world began with man, and with him survived the great cataclysm. Some species have become extinct during the historic ages, either by the destruction of man, or the ceasing of the physical conditions on which their existence depended. So it was in all the past. During the quietude of all the long geologic periods no new type of organic form appeared. It was in the transition from one cosmogonic age to another, in the overhauling of affairs, the time of cleaning up of the old house, casting away the rubbish, remodeling the rooms, that the new furniture was provided and the mansion prepared to receive its new occupants. The cosmogony of Moses is by no means in conflict with science, but it gives to science a sure and substantial basis by referring the origin of the universe to an Almighty and All-Wise Creator.

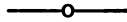
And are we to suppose that his work is complete in the production of man in his present imperfect state? **Mar** the noblest and the basest, the wisest and the weakest—kindest and the cruelest—the most conservative and the destructive of all creatures of all time? **Is this the h**

effort of Infinite Might and Wisdom? No, I can not believe it. Man may be the type of God's most perfect design ; but he is surrounded with conditions unfavorable to the highest development of the type.

But the analogies of the past authorize us to forecast the future. We know it to be a law of Nature never to turn back, never to repeat a dynasty, and that whenever the ruling dynasty exhausted the means favorable to its existence, it came to an end, but the progress went on. What the predecessor consumed and wasted was the life and subsistence of the successor. In our present state of imperfection we are probably in the lower stratum of the Adamic age. It becomes us, then, to measure the resources of the earth for the perpetuation of our race, with its teeming millions. Food and warmth, clothing and protection from the sun and weather, are primitive and indispensable requirements. Have we indefinite supplies for indefinite time to meet those wants? No! The resources of the earth are all inventoried and the report made. We can specify the acres of soil yet to be wasted by improvident tillage—of our forests, that are disappearing as before a conflagration—the extent of our coal measures, the exhaustion of which is but a question of time. Already the complaint is heard that all our fisheries are unremunerative, from the scarcity of commercial fishes, from the mackerel to the whale, and, what is more, desiccation is increasing over large areas of the land. What then? Has the end come? Is God's purpose with the earth consummated? Is our planet to wander, tenantless and inanimated, as a dead star through space?

No! This grand Flotilla of the universe was not launched into the sea of infinite space, without a compass, without a chart and without an admiral. It was not produced by a series of fortuitous events, which, like Topsy, "was a little baby and grewed." But it came into existence under the fiat of Infinite Wisdom, submissive to a law that is certain and for a purpose that is sure. The secret of that sure purpose

is revealed in the geology of our little ship—the earth. The manifest purpose from the beginning was progression, and the end glorious. The upward steps of all the past assure us that a higher destiny still awaits the world. We now waste and destroy, but to prepare conditions for an advanced and more worthy lord of creation—a higher type—one that will not represent his Maker by a mere outline, or the darkening of a shadow, but one that will reflect His image by the brilliancy of his intellect—the loftiness of his soul—the purity of his heart—the skill of his hand—and, withal, the gentleness and benignity of his character.



ANOTHER LIFE REVEALED.

WE have not only the conscious realization of an indwelling principle endowed with vitality, intelligence, and progressive proclivities, a disposing faculty, and an organized identity, but some extraneous evidence from fellow-beings constructed like ourselves, and certain anticipated ideas of our own, together with direct proof observed by ourselves, that our consciousness is not annihilated, not obliterated by a thorough intermingling with the immense ocean of vital and mental principles. However near the verge of actual demonstration the deductions from theory may graze, they have never been able to satisfy all the demands of skepticism, which requires undoubted revelation. That requirement has been developed. It has opened an avenue through the partition-wall of this life and its posthumous continuance; and the manifestations displayed through the same have convinced thousands of doubters and confirmed the confidence of thousands of believers.

THE HEAVENS.

BY HORACE DRESSER, LL.D.

VAST concave ! what deep mysteries are thine—
Canst tell us wherefore into being came,
And how upheld in azure depths thy frame,
All set with beauteous gems that gleam—outshine
The diamond treasures of Golconda's mine ?
Art thou the seat of gods, as ancient Fame
Reports—thou course of spheres and comets' flame ?
What beings dwell in those far worlds that beam
Throughout the wide expanse of endless space ?
Are they Divinities, or, like our race,
Weak men whose lives appear but as a dream ?
Blue canopy ! immeasurable seem
Thy bounds to us who view thy fulgent face—
The empyrean where the stars have place.

The heavens declare thy glory, God—the Sun,
Arcturus, bright Orion, Pleiades,
The starry hosts, the firmament—man sees—
Show forth what glorious works thy hands have done,
And own thou art alone the Almighty One—
Thy Speech forever maketh known, in these,
Through all the realms of space, thy wide decrees.
These orbs are tongues of thine, harps of thy choice,
Whose sound hath made the music of the spheres,
Since Time began his circuit of the years—
They have no speech, nor language, words nor voice,
Yet sound thy praise through earth—the heavens rejoice :
How blest is he who hath the tuneful ears
To catch the harmonies of worlds—who hears !

CHRISTIANITY AND DEMOCRACY.

“ DANGER TO THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC.” *

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

WE are utterly opposed to so much as an implied recognition of any man's religious creed, either in the fundamental law of the land, or otherwise in the statutes of republican States. So far, at least, we are in intimate sympathy with the author's purpose in the preparation of this book. To be true to itself and to the noble principles of its founders the government must accord equal freedom to all classes of persons, and afford the same protection to all systems of religion. This freedom also implies the right of the citizen to discard, *ad libitum*, all the forms of religious faith and worship. Among a people composed of all tribes and nations the ideas of the Divine nature are as various and contradictory as the phases and aspects of the human mind and character. Hence the proposed recognition of God in the Constitution is neither more nor less than a proposal to give legal sanction and authority to the one particular conception of God entertained by those who thus seek to influence and govern the legislation of the country.

Those who are familiar with the history of Jesuitism are quite likely to take alarm at the first attempt to subvert the liberties of a people under the pretext of honoring God and advancing the interests of religion. We should exercise a calm judgment in the discussion of such questions. We should be slow in determining the motives of many who are at the movement Mr. Jamieson so vehemently con-

* “The Clergy a Source of Danger to the American Republic,” Second Edition : Chicago : Published by the author : 18

a grave political heresy is not the less dangerous to the State and to Liberty because it has been baptized in the name of Jesus. The wolf that finds his way into the fold in the disguise of a lamb's skin will not scruple to show his teeth when he is hungry.

Now, whatever may be the motive of those who would have God formally recognized in the American Constitution, it is easy to see that such a proposal is pregnant with mischief. As strict equality of rights is an essential principle in our government, it follows that the Jew has the same claim as the Christian to have his God enthroned in the Constitution. It may indeed be assumed that Judaism and Christianity recognize the same God. Without inviting controversy on this point, at this time, we may remind the reader that the difficulty does not terminate here. Our people are not all believers in Moses and Jesus. The Pagans from the polytheistic temples of all countries have a similar claim to representation, especially the heathen Chinese—now a large element in our population. Where rights are equal Brahma may be worshiped and the religion of Fo must be respected. If it is proper, under our institutions, to have the object of worship expressly recognized in the Constitution, why may not the Chinese worshiper express his god to the Capitol, and there burn the odoriferous goss-stick under the nose of his idol? If there are any Asiatic Tartars among us, they may apply for the recognition of the Grand Lama to finish the Magna Charta of our rights. It is certain that we have in this country a multitude of sciolists—negative savans and “positive philosophers” (?)—whose religion is a kind of hylotheism, their god and worship being nothing better than a hypergalvanic force and a superior function of matter, which would neither adorn nor strengthen the Constitution.

It should never be forgotten that the attempt to govern too much may be as fatal to our institutions as the suspension of rightful authority. It was the imperative demand for rational freedom—for *religious freedom*—that gave this continent to

civilization. We can not believe that the country will renounce the settled policy of a century. Our legislators can never so far misinterpret the national will as to forge for us the chains of a religious despotism. The enthusiasts of the "Young Men's Christian Association" may memorialize the Lord and Congress, but they will pray in vain. The American people have not forgotten the traditions of their fathers; and they are too familiar with the bitter and bloody persecutions of past ages to tolerate any legal or illegal interference with their religious liberty. The inalienable right to worship in one way or another, or not at all, as the individual reason and conscience may dictate, will be preserved, whatever may be the consequences to the bold and insidious enemies of universal freedom.

But we are not so sure that Mr. Jamieson's method of dealing with this question is, in all respects, best suited to promote the object he has in view. Any misstatement, or distorted representation of the views of our opposers, to their prejudice, not only indicates a want of candor and the exercise of a just discrimination in the discussion of important questions, but it imperils our chances of a popular verdict on the right side. No matter what may be the nature of the contest, the spectators—who have no special interest in the issue—like to see "fair play." Even in the prize-ring, where men are not presumed to be governed by a very nice sense of justice, the man who strikes a "foul blow" is ruled out, or the palm of victory is awarded to his antagonist. If the umpire, in a struggle so unworthy of our manhood, is thus governed by a certain principle of honor, verily those who contend in a higher arena, and for the noblest principles, should be careful that they do not tarnish the weapons of their warfare. If we aim at the triumph of truth and justice, our indictment against an offending party will be precisely drawn, in accordance with the facts, and we shall neither allow the imagination, a temporary enthusiasm, nor a passion for victory to pervert the testimony of the witnesses.

In the opening address "To the Friends of Civil and Religious Liberty" the author says:

"Christianity is not only foreign but antagonistic to American liberty. Either Christianity or a people's free government must fall!"

This assumption does not indicate to our mind the possession of any very clear or profound ideas of the Christian religion. There is a spiritual philosophy in the teachings of Jesus, and a divine nobility illustrated in the record of his life, or we have studied the subject to no purpose. These must be comprehended if we would either correctly interpret the one or form a just estimate of the other. The assumed incompatibility of the Christianity of Jesus and the principles of a true democracy is not fairly sustained; nor does the course of reasoning pursued in this book render it even apparent. If we may judge from the manifest spirit of his teachings, and the imperfect details of the evangelical biographies, Jesus was a bold, just man, who took independent views and fearlessly criticised the men and manners of his time. He never recognized the assumed authority of priests and princes, and he counted as nothing but dishonor and shame

"The thrift that follows fawning."

Jesus was a *communist*. He and his disciples had a common purse, and not one of them had exclusive property in anything. He was a more illustrious democrat than Thomas Jefferson. His strong and manly sympathies were with "the common people" who, it is said, "heard him gladly." The rich and pious aristocrats of the time stigmatized him as "a friend of publicans and sinners." So kind, indeed, was he to the inferior classes—without regard to such distinctions as are predicated of individual character—that he fed the poor who were recognized as following him for "the loaves and fishes"—in other words, from personal and selfish motives. So gentle was he—both in speech and manner—to an aban-

doned woman, that he was accused of consorting with harlots; and so manifestly were his teachings at war with all kingly prerogatives and priestly rule, that he was openly accused of disloyalty to the government, and of serving the infernal purposes of foul demons. Jesus was a bold, free thinker, who suddenly came out of the humble obscurity of a manger and a carpenter's shop in a despised province—he came into the temple to argue with men learned in the mysteries of the Jewish law and religion, and to dispute with the Rabbinical masters of the synagogues—and he taught his disciples to “call no man master,” but to recognize all men as brethren. And is this the man whose teachings are alleged to be subversive of “a people's free government”? Yes. This man of the people and servant of his kind, who fed the poor, encouraged the weak and healed the sick; this childless man who yet fondly folded “little children in his arms and blessed them;” this teacher of great moral principles and purposes, who with calm severity reprov- ed the dominant classes; who uncovered saintly hypocrites, demolished old traditions and consecrated shams; and, in the interest of truth and humanity, assaulted every “refuge of lies”—this true patriot and loving friend, who—in the fulness of his compassion—even wept over the doomed capitol of his country, and whose tears of manly sympathy moistened the fresh grave of a poor friend—is here arraigned and his teachings condemned as dangerous to liberty! Yes; this great Commoner whose unselfish virtues are yet matchless in authentic history—this radical Reformer, who was so warm, tender and universal in his sympathies for mankind, that even in the last moments of mortal life and agony he prayed for his persecutors—this man, strange as it may seem, is the teacher whose religion is said to be ‘antagonistic to American institutions’! Those who entertain such views manifest despair of the Republic. If the time shall ever come when the American people, blinded by their ignorance, prejudice and bigotry and infidelity to all rational principles, can

recognize the essential nobility of such a nature and such a life, then there will be nothing left of our institutions worth saving, and even the grave of Liberty will have been desecrated and forgotten.

But it may be assumed that the Bible and the history of the Church contain many things that justify the author in the use of the language we have quoted. On this point we have formed a very different opinion. The Bible may contain much that is intrinsically false; a corrupt church may be pleased to wink at iniquity, and its ministers may sanction many vile abominations; but it does not thence follow that Jesus is an impostor, or that he is any more responsible for the existing wrongs than any other good and true man; nor does it appear that these evils are to be charged to the influence of his religion. We should as soon think of ascribing the frauds of political rings, and the scalping of Christian Commissioners by the Modocks, to George Washington and the Declaration of Independence, merely because these vile abominations occur in this country and under our democratic institutions.

It is also to be observed that the Bible is a miscellaneous collection of historical records, biographical sketches, mysterious prophecies, spiritual experiences, inspired poems, pious proverbs, scraps of sermons, personal correspondence, etc., written by men in different ages, countries and languages—under various forms of government and religion, and with only occasional and vague references to any idea of mutual relation or unity of purpose. By an arbitrary arrangement of councils, translators and publishers these are all printed and bound together; and it is only in this respect that they sustain any intimate relation whatever. In the bond that unites these incongruous elements there is nothing stronger than the fibers of sheep, goat and calf skins, except it may be in the addition of metallic clasps. Naturally enough in such a heterogeneous collection of papers, derived from sources so various, everything good, bad and indifferent, in the tradi-

tions of dissolute and wandering tribes, in national institutions and individual conduct, may not only be sanctioned, but, here or there, both approved and condemned. But do these incongruities determine the character of Jesus and the principles of his religion? No; never. The blameless life, the practical religion, and the spiritual worship of that pure and profound SPIRITUALIST, who came out of Nazareth to be "a light to the Gentiles" and "the glory of his people," must be separated from the cunning depravity of false prophets, the gross materialism and disgusting sensuality of cruel tyrants, hoary polygamists, and princely debauchees who had no respect for either personal integrity or distributive justice, and no faith in immortality.

It must be conceded that the Christian church fosters the prevailing ignorance and keeps up the confusion by recognizing no proper distinctions, in respect to the characters of the different biblical writers, the several degrees of their mental illumination, and the probable sources of their inspiration, respectively. Thus by claiming the same divine sanction and authority for the whole—the Oriental Love Song of Solomon, with its sensuous thought and voluptuous imagery; the passionate and pensive lays of a penitent adulterer; and the pure ethics of Jesus and John—the mind that is imperfectly poised is often led to reject all, and, perhaps, left to wander in the wilderness of a barren skepticism. But must we follow such examples? If Christians are so shamefully ignorant and so sadly warped by prejudice and false education, that they can not exercise an intelligent discrimination in such matters, we, at least, should be capable of forming a more dispassionate and enlightened judgment. Surely, no fair and logical reviewer—looking at the subject from the high stand-point of the Spiritual Philosophy—will attempt to obliterate all such important distinctions. True, they may escape the attention of our "blind guides," but such distinctions are but the recognition in things, of differences fundamental and eternal.

We are the more inclined to give some space to a review of Mr. Jamieson's work, not merely because the author may exercise considerable influence in the direction of popular thought, but rather for the reason that his book serves our purpose as a text for some observations which are intended to have a more general application. We trust that no one will imagine that our strictures are prompted by any personal considerations or unfriendly feeling. It is the duty of a candid reviewer to rise above all such incentives. But we must frankly express the opinion, that we have among us many persons who assume to write in the interest of Spiritualism, but so far miss their aim as to damage the cause they desire to serve. Of course we do not expect any man to do his appropriate work after our method. We appreciate independent thought and recognize the strongly-marked individuality of the author.

But we must also illustrate the independence we so much admire in others by a free and honest expression of our own convictions. We can not afford to be uncandid in our treatment of the subject, since unfairness toward an author is injustice to the public. We write with the more freedom because we know that every really enlightened man prefers severe criticism to indiscriminate indorsement and fulsome praise. We have known several people whose words were not true indices of thought and feeling; who were far less amiable in expression than in fact; and we are all liable to form erroneous judgments of such people. Nor can we always get at the real spirit of an author by our limited psychometric perception. Claiming no divine or infallible source for our impressions, we may here venture the observation that portions of the work under review are characterized by no small degree of asperity. Something like a feeling of hostility shapes the thought and tempers the expression. The author's fiery zeal needs to be modified by sober inquiry and a deeper insight into the philosophy of human nature. His analyses of the views of others are too

impetuous to be always just, and his judgments appear to result from spasmodic action rather than deliberate reflection. Let us cite other illustrative passages from the work before us. The following is the title of the sixth chapter :

“OUR COUNTRY OR RELIGION, WHICH ?

“Religion in general has rendered human nature worse, by everywhere exciting enmity between the members of the human family. It has always been an uncompromising foe to mental freedom. Its blood-stained history shows it to be an infuriated beast. Experience has proved it to be safe only when chained.” (Chap. VI, page 109.)

“From a close observation of facts I am led to believe that more young women are wrecked under the influence of religion than in any other way.” (Page 266.)

If we apprehend the import of the foregoing extracts they distinctly imply, that our Country and Religion can not long exist together ; that the existence of religion is a chief cause and unmistakable evidence of human depravity ; and that religion—especially in the experience of young women—is a principal road to ruin ! We believe this is a fair summary of Mr. Jamieson’s views. If it is not, the reader will be able to correct us by referring to the precise terms of the author, as quoted above. This statement does violence to our reason not less than to our reverence. By common consent Religion is a universal principle or constituent element in the composition of human nature. In all climes and countries ; in the savage state, and in all stages of civilization, man is a religious being. His temples and altars exist in all lands, and in every period of the world’s history Religion has exerted a controlling influence in man.

The author does not appear to distinguish between Religion, *per se*, and those abnormal manifestations of this principle in human nature which naturally occur when it is left to act in conjunction with the selfish and destructive passions. By his sweeping verdict he would have Religion, even in its superior

forms, obliterated from the face of the earth. He treats the subject as if he conceived of it, not as an integral element in human nature, but rather as something unnatural and terrible that has found its way into the constitution of man since his creation. From the foregoing passages it would be natural to infer, that it is regarded as a most dangerous form of eruptive disease, communicated by inoculation from designing priests. If this were really the true view of the matter the author's attempts to eliminate the virus would require no justification. But if, on the contrary, Religion is an important element in man, and absolutely essential to the completeness of his nature, it will appear that Mr. Jamieson is carrying on a controversy with God and Nature, and that if he could succeed in destroying Religion he would disorganize the soul. In this view of the subject he boldly attempts to impeach the wisdom of the Creator in using such mischievous and explosive elements in his noblest work as must inevitably endanger all the interests of society. There is a singular complexity in our author's characterization of Religion. He speaks of it as "an infuriated beast," that must be kept chained; as a seductive influence, that leads "young women" to ruin; and as a modern Titan, come to wrestle with Liberty and to overthrow the great Republic.

It is conceded that in the history of the development of religious ideas and institutions incidental evils occur, often of a startling and terrible character. Mr. Jamieson does not seek a remedy for these wrongs in universal education; in a more complete and harmonious development of human nature, and otherwise in improved conditions of being, moral and material. It does not occur to him as possible that the religious sentiment may ever be tempered by mutual love, and its manifestations regulated by a higher wisdom. He rather looks for relief in an arbitrary and total *suppression* of Religion. An ignorant people, strongly imbued with this very feeling, would inevitably become persecutors. Failing to get rid of religion by any species of medication or evisceration they would soon

find a pretext for securing safety by chaining that "infuriated beast;" and then what would become of the religious freedom of mankind?

In the adoption of the policy of suppression we should at once discount our intelligence and war against Nature and Reason. The suppression of any normal faculty is both unnatural and impossible. Would you palsy the strong arm because it may be used in acts of violence? Will a sane man stop his ears from fear of recognizing a discord in the world; or pluck out his eyes because they may lead the mind to the contemplation of sad scenes and gross deformities? Would you have the world struck dumb because base men utter lies and blasphemies? Shall we sacrifice Reason—that holds the balance of the mind—because it has been abused and perverted by some men, and is still so feebly exercised by the many? And can we afford to dispense with the godlike power of Imagination—the creative faculty of the soul—because some people, in whom it is not developed, are hallucinated and indulge in wild reveries? Such reformers would pluck the plumes from the eagle and make of him a sober dunghill fowl! They would extinguish the fire of Prometheus, annihilate Poetry, Music and all the sublime creations of Genius and Art—merely to

"Scatter the idle dreamers of the time."

These faculties are all essential to the normal constitution of the human mind, and last of all could its integrity be preserved in the absence of the religious principle. The imperfections, errors and abuses which have hitherto characterized the religious life of individuals and nations, neither warrant the assumption that religion is an evil in itself, nor do they diminish our estimate of its immeasurable power and divine importance in the economy of human nature. Were it even possible to separate this mysterious force from the faculties and affections of the mind, we should at once disfigure and

destroy the humanity in man ; interrupt all his higher relations, and forever limit his pursuits and aspirations to the ephemeral interests of time and sense. Indeed, the faculties that chiefly distinguish man from the inferior animated creation are those that make him a religious being. While the religious life of a people can never be reasonably expected to rise far above the average level of human development and refinement, it is still true that the faculties constitute the crowning glory of his nature. They especially occupy the coronal region of his brain. Thus, from the very dome of the spirit's temple, they feel after invisible realities—peer into the opening heavens, and lay hold on immortality.

Let us here select another brief passage from the text of the author's argument.

“Need we be astonished at anything the clergy may do? Their religion licenses them to commit all sorts of crimes. If some of them are good citizens, it is because they are less influenced by their religion than their human nature.” (Page 298.)

It is not without strong provocation that our author handles the clergy with great freedom and severity. The manner of his treatment is bold and aggressive, evincing little respect for the members of the profession and a very sparing reverence for the assumed sanctity of the ministerial office. The reader is neither invited to a dress parade nor a holiday entertainment. It is not a pleasant review, but it is a pitched battle. Moses and the Prophets, unable to stand their ground, disappear in the distance, and we fancy the Apostles have a sorry look. The tents of the modern saints are demolished ; their leaders are pursued into their camp, and the man with the long arm and naked lance strikes with relentless energy.

If this chastisement shall have the effect to humble the false pride of a numerous class among the clergy, and thus render them less dogmatic and arrogant in the exercise of priestly authority, it may be a useful lesson. But our observation

and experience do not warrant the expectation of any such result. We apprehend that the people who most deserve the punishment are too wise in their own conceit to profit by these stern reproofs. They are far more likely to denounce the author of this vigorous indictment as a graceless infidel and bold blasphemer. Whilst they may weep in view of the dark and devious ways of their brethren, they will be more likely to feel the force than recognize the justice of Mr. Jamieson's work. He has fearlessly lifted the vail from whatever was most shameful in their lives. The Nemesis of Grecian story was a woman; but she scarcely pursued the proud and insolent with a more inflexible determination than our author displays in following the watchmen in Zion that he may bring them to judgment. His summons is not syllabled in the air, to be speedily forgotten among men. No; but he has assumed the office and performed the function of the recording angel, (messenger) and so their deeds of darkness are embalmed in his book.

But when our author affirms that the religion professed by the Christian clergy "licenses them to commit all sorts of crimes," we are bound to dispute the statement, and to protest that Christianity—not any form of sectarian theology, but the religion of Jesus—*sanctions no such thing*. By this wholesale method of impeachment the noblest characters are defamed, and the grandest truths unceremoniously buried beneath the *débris* of old systems and mythological traditions. Is this the proper business for the Reformer of to-day? Does not the occasion impressively suggest some nobler occupation, worthy alike of the time and of the great unwritten philosophy of the Spiritual Reformation? We care not whether the truth be taught by Zoroaster, Confucius, Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, Jesus, Paul, Mohammed, Swedenborg, Ch Parker, Davis or some other man. If it be the essence we are equally bound to respect it; we never attempt to determine the value of reference to the name of the speaker or writer.

on its own authority. We settle all such questions by the more scientific method of quantitative and qualitative analyses.

Now while the multitudes must have the truth prefaced by a "Thus saith the Lord," and indorsed by the Christian fathers of the Church, we are, at the same time, unpleasantly reminded that we have a *peculiar people among us* who, on the contrary, prefer to take the truth from ancient Pagans or modern Infidels. They speak very well of Brahma and Vishnu, the first and second persons in the Hindoo godhead; they scarcely object to the whole mythological trimurti; they are in love with the Vedas; at the same time they caricature the Jehovah of Moses, ridicule the Christian trinity, and discount the New Testament. They have only taken the contract to "run a muck" against Jews and Christians; and so they rend the mantles of the Prophets, criticise the Sermon on the Mount, as the impracticable utterance of a pious enthusiast, and poke fun at the epistles of the chief Apostles. They give audience to the teacher who will most loosely interpret their freedom, and seem ready to believe in anybody who does not believe in anything in particular. They suspect the virgin Mary, dispute the testimony of St. John, swear by their own particular medium, and traffic in the

"Fustian of thoughts and words ill sorted."

The author has been industrious in collecting information from many sources, a portion of which possesses real interest and a permanent value. He illustrates the subject of his treatise by the citation of numerous testimonies from politicians, statesmen, and distinguished persons of other classes. He even drafts the clergy whenever he can turn their services to a practical account in his battle against the church. His fierce logic is a kind of broad-sword exercise, that at once impresses the enemy and causes stragglers to fall into line. The Government uses Indians in fighting the Modocs and other savages; and why may not our author employ such natural and obliging ministers as Henry Ward Beecher in his pursuit

of the clerical cohorts? The corroborating testimony of free and easy Christians is very good and ought to have weight, notwithstanding Mr. Jamieson in some measure invalidates that testimony by his rather sweeping denunciation of the whole profession.

It will be observed that portions of this book have but a remote bearing on the main question at issue. More than fifty pages are devoted to a republication of the newspaper evidences of ministerial mischief, illustrated by the numerous cases of seduction of young women by their religious teachers. Those men are not guilty of treason against the State, but against God and humanity. They corrupt the innocent and make hearth and home desolate. Hence it is private virtue rather than the public safety that is imperiled by the presence of these "wolves in sheep's clothing." This part of the work under review is dreary enough, and we can not resist the conviction that the author should have suppressed all such details in the interest of public morality.

The surface of the earth is clothed with beauty and daily illuminated; but the light of day is not permitted to shine into the foul precincts of our common sewers. The guardians of the public health do not allow us to uncover our sinks and cess-pools lest the air we breathe should be contaminated. The dead are buried out of sight that the rapid chemistry of decay may not endanger the living. But we have yet to learn that the moral resurrectionist who perpetually uncovers the sinks of iniquity—who lifts the veil from secret chambers, and exposes the disgusting details of lechery and crime, likewise corrupts the social atmosphere, and thus endangers the moral health of the community. Such work is not at all suited to our taste. There is something in it even more repulsive and hideous than the opening of old graves, and the rattling of the dry bones of the dead.

It must be admitted that both literature and art perform thankless tasks when they only show us deformity. We prefer to take our wife and daughters to the Picture Gallery

or the Opera rather than to the Morgue and the Anatomical Museum, where foul diseases and fungus developments are exhibited in wax to morbid curiosity-seekers. We neither want corpses nor skeletons for our companions; and we would leave the effete remains of the dissecting-room out of the photographic album.

The writer was some years since acquainted with a distinguished American Artist (now deceased) whose pictures were at once so admirably drawn, and shaded with such exquisite delicacy of touch and manipulation, that they were often compared, in their delicate beauty, to the figures of Raphael. It was a peculiarity of this artist that he would never paint a face in which the supremacy of the selfish and destructive passions was apparent. He entertained the idea that every form of grossness and image of sensuality served to corrupt popular feeling and thought, and—by a subtle power of moral assimilation—to lower the standard of human character. So firm was he in the conviction that whatever is ignoble and base in human nature should be kept out of sight, that he would never prostitute his rare gifts for money. He left the poor scene-painters of the world to make clouds and daub the darkness while he dipped his diamond-pointed pencil in the sun, and only touched the canvas that Beauty, in outward forms, might live and be immortal. We honor the name and memory of that man in a degree that we can not express. We accept the reason in his words and the clearer and deeper logic of his love. For why should even the semblance of imbecility and depravity be preserved? Why should coarseness and vulgarity have a perpetual license for exhibition? Why give deceit and lust a place in the cabinet and portfolio, and leave moral deformity to look down from gilded frames on succeeding generations? Rather let their images perish from the world, and be blotted out of human remembrance for ever.

ANTE-NATAL IMPRESSIONS.

BY ELIZABETH L. SAXON.

I HAVE been told by some *modest* people that ideas on such a subject as I have chosen should not be generally expressed, and that observations in this direction should only be made by medical men. I deny this assumption. Women are the builders and creators, under Providence, of the human frame; and until men and women alike learn the laws of Nature and Life—boldly and freely learn, with reverent hearts and a desire for all good, they will continue to send forth monstrosities of mind and body to fill prisons and asylums. Every deep abiding grief; every angry emotion, is in a degree daguerreotyped on the minds of our unborn children. Many a man and woman have sent into the world a thief or a murderer, and all after efforts to fashion a better character have proved futile, and will hereafter until woman's power is known and understood. I go back of the "Line upon line and precept upon precept," and say that the evil begins in the hour a mortal body and an immortal soul are conceived. We dare not longer excuse ourselves under the plea that a just, overruling Providence orders all the details of human conduct, and hence that the most terrible crimes are but the reflections of his will. We will find hereafter that crimes proceed, in many instances, from ante-natal causes, and that individual character is only influenced in some limited measure by the subsequent training.

For over twenty years I have paid close attention to what are denominated "*birth marks*," and I hold that if a woman is capable of marking her child physically she has the same power to influence and determine its mental and moral liabilities. It is absurd to admit that she can mark th

and yet assume that she has no similar power over the mind and character. In this particular direction we should look for the most comprehensive reform. Here is the opportunity to achieve the greatest success. Here lies the power of woman for causing her seed to "bruise the serpent's head"—a figurative and scriptural representation of sin, which is another name for ignorance. Here we discover the meaning of those fearful words—"Visiting the sins of the fathers on the children to the third and fourth generation of them that hate me and will not keep my commandments." The careless look on the surface, but the thoughtful comprehend the deeper meaning of these words.

I knew intimately a cultivated woman who married a man of equal culture and refinement. He was gay and convivial, but not then more dissipated than two-thirds of the men we meet. Their first three children were well-nigh perfect in body and mind; the fourth had a deformity of the cheek. This child was conceived and born after the husband became intemperate, had delirium tremens and was beastly in his habits. The fifth child had no mouth, and lived only two days; the sixth was hideously deformed, and fortunately was still-born; the seventh was blind, but it lived. The time must come when women will discover that the obligation they owe to the children they bear is not less important than fidelity to their marriage vows, and then they will refuse to bring into the world the offspring of drunken fathers.

Whilst our scientific men are studying the habits of fishes and reptiles, and inquiring where these deposit their eggs, and how those produce their young, the grand drama of human conception, birth, life and death is played out unregarded. They spend months and years in finding the age of the remains of organized bodies—shells and bones unearthed or cast up by the sea—while the proofs of infinite realities—the boundless capacity and limitless life of the soul—are lightly treated, and the subject classified with idle vagaries and popular superstitions. While they sneer at the rights of

woman, and overlook her power for good or evil, she is opening her receptive soul either to divine or hellish influences, which must flow from her nature down the stream of life. We now regard lunacy with but little more horror than the measles or whooping-cough, it has become so common ! Is it asserted that children begotten in drunkenness, and conceived and gestated in the delirium of ungovernable lust, are not more liable to be thus afflicted than are the offspring of parents who are pure in feeling and temperate in their habits ? Such an assumption contradicts our reason. Can we wonder at the rapid increase of nervous diseases, when boys of six years smoke and chew, and like veteran toppers call for a "brandy smash ;" and even gentlemen walk the streets with ladies holding a cigar in their lips ? Twenty-five years ago such a sight would have shocked the common sense of propriety.

One can almost excuse the maddened and desperate women, who have turned so defiantly to face and expose the hideous wrongs done under cover of marriage and respectability. Indeed, this very respectability may have sealed their lips, and bade them suffer a living death. Let only the pure, spiritualized nature of woman be free to develop itself, and she will educate men up from the low plane of their carnal life, and thus help to usher in the millennial dawn, of which we hear so much from priests and poets.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

THE FINE ARTS.

THE Fine Arts, in our judgment, constitute one of the chief refining instrumentalities of the age, and, indeed, of all ages and countries. There is a redeeming power in the forms of Beauty, and every great artist is an apostle, whose inspired thoughts live in marble types and pictured symbols. A fine picture is an illustrated commentary on the curious, living and glorious forms of Nature. It is an impressive sermon against all brutality and grossness. Even a Barbarian would blush to think of offering human sacrifices to Venus or Apollo, and it would be morally impossible for a coarse man to look at the Graces every day for one year and remain an awkward clown. An original picture may be at once a painted poem and a fervent prayer for the pure and the perfect. Then let the artist preach his impressive sermons from the silent walls of your dwelling. Give place to his pencil sketches of his ideals, that all who cross your threshold may read in the beautiful language of form, color, light and shadow, his commentaries on the Invisible Perfection.

Such teachers should have a place alike in the cottage and the palace; in the Common School, in the halls of Science and the temples of Religion—wherever children are conceived, born and educated; where young men make up the programme of life, and where the aged sire

“Gathers the drapery of his couch about him,
And lies down to pleasant dreams.”

It is not necessary that every picture should be the artist's *chef d'œuvre* in order that it may exert a refining influence on the common feeling and sentiment of the people. In Painting and Sculpture, as well as in Poetry and Music, the public perception of beauty must be educated by degrees, and the taste formed and corrected by a frequent inspection and comparison of many examples. Whoever furnishes suitable opportunities for the development of the æsthetic sense and judgment is a public benefactor.

S. B. B.

The Editor at Home.

OUR TIMES.

WE must regard the period in which we live as the most remarkable in the history of the world. The best practical philosophers, and the keenest scrutinizers of the times are completely nonplused as to a proper name and analytical definition. The golden, iron, pastoral, and dark ages were terms applied to periods that were soluble—eras distinctly featured by some one, strong characteristic; but ours has none such, and hence does not admit of so easy a solution. Should we call it the progressive age, it might seem to imply that in all past time the world stood still. Nor will the suggestive, inventive or diffusive age answer our purpose, since these are all too narrow to embrace and too weak to express the scope and spirit of the times.

Of this fact, however, we are quite sure—we live in an age of *Rapid Transitions*. The constant changes present us with more than kaleidoscopic variety. Without the aid of Darwin we perceive that, not long ago, we were in chrysalis—in the grub state, in respect to our intellectual development; to-day imagination takes wings and we revel in a higher and more illuminated atmosphere; what or where we shall be to-morrow the day will determine. So rapid and startling are the changes that there is no longer any fixed science, or ultimate results in the specific methods and forms of art. We scarcely wait to let an invention or discovery cool, before it is tossed into the great alembic in which all things are tested; when, suddenly, new and more beautiful shapes and radiant colors are developed. The solid ores and heat-resisting gems are found by our new blasts soluble as wax. Well may the miser tremble for his coins, lest by some rare device they are proved to be counterfeit, or are converted into vapor and spirited

away. "Touch and take;" there is no other safe motto. If we wait to deliberate, we miss the opportunity. A weekly balance-sheet in every man's hands determines what shall be his next step. To the right or left is a chance while we are on one leg. We sleep and wake, scarcely knowing whether the starry heavens have not shifted altitude. We are like rapid travelers, and our lives are as various of incident as though we were on swift revolving wheels.

Not only domestic utensils—our corn-mills and wooden plows; churns and cheese-presses change with the fashions; but the spirits of law, logic, philosophy, and religion all shift their phases almost as suddenly and mechanically. We learn to feel, think, and act mercurially; personal interest is our thermometer. The daily news-record is the rope at whose end we all dangle; or, to change the figure, it is the fulcrum with which, and the strong lever of the human will, Archimedes might have overturned the world. It matters little that he died young—*young*, we mean, in the ages—his levers and capstans, his wedges and screws have been improved by those who *made a place to stand on*; and the small world in which he lived has been quite overturned.

Those were wonderful toils of Hercules; but he wrought only with his hands—with physical force—against lions and monster hydras. We kill off all that brood while we repose in the easiest armed chair. Hercules lived at a proper time and died safely for his fame. Our age, prophesied by Sir Thomas More, would have transcended Utopia itself. Fictions, in the brains of madmen and visionary poets, are statistical as compared with our amazing array of facts. What are the enchanted valleys of Rabelais, with aerial Bucentaurs carrying peasants suddenly transformed to kings, especially in a country like our own? On our broad republican soil we are *all kings*. At the age of twenty-one years every man goes to his coronation, and he is left to put his crown on his head or under his feet, as he honors or dishonors his own manhood.

Where now are those hazy, lazy, midsummer ages, when the world went backward to count its tracks in the sand, and to see if they were all precisely alike? for to have made one wry mark were sign potent of the evil one. Those were days of steady, plodding toil, and nights of sweet repose, when faith was handed down from father to son, when reverence was begotten, creeds transmitted in the blood, and men were guided by infallible oracles—Spirits of the past! where are ye, with your psalms, canticles and incantations—your stern, fixed, and changeless humors.

The times are an imperious tailor, shifting their cut and fit oftener than the approved Paris fashions. An idea must be embraced while it is fresh and warm; a theory pursued in its incipiency; an invention appropriated at once, or it is of no avail. As well put your new clothes away for the moths, as *wait* to enjoy our times. One or two thousand patent washing machines, registered at Washington, the last the best, and utterly annihilating its predecessors, ought to open the eyes of any practical man. To each a day and a night, and then they may as well be transferred to the lumber-yard or to the wood-pile. But what we lose, the World—with its hands full of saws, chisels, screws and hammers—must inevitably gain. We must seize the present hour and play into each other's hands. The only sign of superiority—involving merit, fortune and place—consists in striking oftener, surer, and harder than any other man.

The age is eminently practical, notwithstanding it changes color like the prism. It consults the interests of man; or rather, in it, man consults *himself* and looks after his own interests, it may be in improper directions. Humanity has turned agrarian, and is lifting itself, as it were, by its waistbands, up out of old conditions. Never were men so necessary one to another as now, when our wants are rapidly multiplying, and we are all becoming measurably equal. There must be reciprocity of service, kindness, trust and faith, or nobody will be properly served or well treated. In this

strange and tremendous transition the injustice of the distinctions of caste and color are swept unregretted away by the oblivious tide. How softened and subdued the once haughty tone that made common people tremble! "Come, if you please," is the modified rendering of the old "*go and do.*" The mountain peril that stalked up, dark, grim and threatening, before the betrayal of unwilling obedience, has dwindled to a sand-hill, over which little boys fly kites, and hunt summer swallows.

The boor's face is not so stupid as of old. It lights up, ever and anon, with a dim consciousness that he, too, has more than a tread-mill machine part to play in the curtain tending of this world-moving tableau. An imbecile can not live among wise men, nor can the rudest soul walk among flowers continually, without perceiving, if but through the eyes of others, their worth and beauty. In past times wise conferences were held aloof from diggers and delvers. The images of grace and beauty—still likened to flowers—whether of Art or Nature, were carefully walled in from vulgar eyes by those jailor monks, whose cowls were not blacker than their scowls! Now, the garden-plot is wider spread, and the gates are open; the aromatic odors climb up their airy way, leap over the wall and pervade the common atmosphere. The roll of the curtain requires too many hands and eyes, to keep the heavenly secret of "good things enough for all" any longer pent up. There are no more common men, in the sense of the earlier centuries. Even servants and slaves, clowns and clodhoppers, are pensioned with real or honorary titles of men.

Sad as this change must be, and is, for those who have kept the world's guardianship so long; yet great is the joy of the freed and new-breathing millions, who, while they were bowed down, made little or no complaint. We have the elements now at our will. The wind cannot stay us, nor the sea; the air yields to our tread, and the mountains melt and whirl at our command. Our feet are planted in high places;

our hands are springs of steel ; our breath is steam, and our brain lightning. If we fail to make the elements servants, as they have made us slaves, it will not be from want of guiding reins, and whips, and spurs.

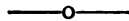
As this is a practical age, in which man considers *himself*, we do not build the towers, temples, and pyramids of the ancient time. There are no longer " hewers of wood and drawers of water " to upheave the colossal walls for a penny a day—as when St. Peter's rose into a wondrous and age-enduring monument. Men are wiser grown ; they work from nobler impulses and for more rational ends. No longer shall men fatten deserts with their blood, that tyrants may be deified ! The spirit of the age is lifting the vail from the human mind, and the treasures of knowledge now discover themselves in the name of God common blessings. The fathers of science and philosophy descend from the heaven of wisdom to touch the souls of sluggish men. Musty tomes, full of rapt visions of ancient prophets and bards—resting in soul close by the celestial gates, repeating songs of a diviner life, heard through the loops of Angeldom—dance down from their starry thrones—to break the barbaric clasps—fetters of knowledge, that they may gladden a world-wide multitude of yearning hearts and aspiring minds.

The Nineteenth Century has opened a great theater of human activities, wherein every 'live man who knows how to demean himself in good society, every profound thinker and true worshiper—if he will—may have a place and a part before a very large and liberal audience. The free man will not come here to be confined in the stocks ; the strong man will not be put on a low diet ; nor will *any man* have his sphere of thought circumscribed by a narrow yard and high walls, such as might determine the limits of another sectarian institution. The woman who has warm and tender sympathies for suffering humanity, need not come with a fashionable vail on her heart, nor will any noble soul, inspired with living thoughts and angelic affections, be expected to dress for

a masquerade. Certainly not. This is not the old entertainment with a late date and a new programme. Nor is it a new clerical "steeple-chase," where religious bigotry and theological conservatism ride backward to their own perdition, and honest men undergo social martyrdom for their thoughts and opinions.

We have something better in our time. And what is to be the climax in this fast-moving and ascending scale shall puzzle sight-seers with keener eyes than watch the heavens for newly-discovered worlds and suns. The earth once subdued, its mountains cast down, and waste-places lifted up—as there is, in our ways and means, more than visionary promise—and there is only left the law of LOVE to be enforced, to link hearth to hearth, hamlet to hamlet, nation to nation, until the Eden of Nature is restored, when

"Man in the sunshine of the world's new Spring,
Shall walk transparent like some holy thing."



GENIUS AND EDUCATION.

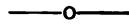
THE rare power and felicitous combination of faculties and passions which we denominate genius, is not yet represented by any very precise and satisfactory definition. Genius, however, may be as truly a natural product as anything in the realm of macrocosmical existence. The naturalness of an object or an event is not to be logically inferred from the rapidity of its multiplication, nor can a preternatural origin and character be predicated of infrequency of occurrence or singularity of development. The greatest extremes, in respect to capacity for action, are comprehended in the scale of Nature. The sloth with difficulty crawls three yards in an hour; but the wild goat of the Alps even throws himself one hundred feet and instantly finds the center of gravity on the sharp ledges and slippery peaks of Chamouni. The

modest violet adorns the humblest pathway, and the wild rose blooms on every hill-side; but these are no more natural than the century plant, that only once sends up its huge stalk and displays its splendid corolla to the sun in a period of one hundred years.

We may possibly fail to discover the laws that determine the mental and other characteristics of distinguished persons; nor can we always trace the subtle forces of the mind, in their intricate operations on the organs and functions of being. We may not uncover the ultimate springs of thought and feeling, nor comprehend the dynamics of imponderable agents. How far our lives are influenced and our earthly destinies determined by super-terrestrial causes, is a curious question among speculative philosophers; and to what extent we are the unconscious instruments of superior powers, it is not given us to know. But of one fact we may be assured. The highest distinction in any of the superior walks of life can only be achieved by close application and patient labor. The natural powers may be of the highest order, but their complete development and harmonious action must depend on earnest thought and thorough discipline. The faculties we seldom use are dwarfed in their growth and enfeebled in their capacity for constant exercise and vigorous effort. True, we hear of certain natural geniuses that require no study to give them superior strength and lasting eminence; but we never chance to meet them in our intercourse with men. We know there are—here and there—uneducated persons of peculiar temperaments, whose natural coruscations appear like pale auroral flames; or they flash like fire-flies about the temples of Science and Art. These are not the stars that rise and shine in the intellectual heavens forever. They are the *ignes fatui* that flit through the lower strata of our moral atmosphere—meteors whose sudden incandescence ends in a cold and desolate eclipse, leaving no record as an incentive to the living.

The requisite conditions to the development of genius may

be inherited. They consist in part of a fortunate blending of the several temperaments, and the consequent physical and moral combinations; in a peculiar cerebral conformation, and a nice adjustment in the involuntary application of vital forces to the corporeal instruments of thought and feeling; in extreme susceptibility of impressions from the subtile principles of the natural world; and in the delicate sensibility that determines the sympathy of the soul with the realms of universal intelligence. But while these primary combinations exist by Divine ordination, and the essential principles and conditions are implanted in the very rudiments of our being, it is, after all, only by the proper education of our faculties that the fortunate possessor may ever reach the goal of the highest ambition.



SPIRIT AND ART OF POETRY.

IN a general sense a poem may be said to be a metrical composition; but rhyme and rhythm are not essential to the existence of true poetry. Verse is not the sole language of its essential spirit, but only its incidental adjunct. Hence, the highest poetry may or may not find expression in the melody of speech. Considered merely as an art, poetry requires not only a nice perception of metrical harmony, but the ability to recognize and trace the most intricate lines and technical distinctions. The great artist must necessarily comprehend the laws of poetical conception and construction, and he must be able to produce the various artistic combinations and effects which belong to this department of literature. If, however, all the higher poetic elements were comprehended in the mere art of versification, much of the sublimest poetry would fail to answer the definition.

The faculty which is chiefly employed in poetry is Imagination, or the creative power of the mind. As the office of

poetry is rather to create than to copy or transcribe, it follows that one must break away from his relation to material forms, arbitrary customs, and all the ordinary facts of history if he would achieve the highest distinction. He must rise into the ideal realm to develop any of the more striking effects of poetic thought and expression. Lord Jeffrey in his analysis of the constituents of true poetry, and the pleasure it inspires, finds those elements to consist in the excitement of passion, the play of imagination and the qualities of diction. But the common reader, in judging that to be the best poetry which affords him the greatest pleasure, may, in some important sense, be nearer the truth than the critic who proceeds to separate its several elements, and to expose the larger and smaller defects which may be found to characterize their superficial aspects and existing combinations.

But the highest elements of poetry may exist in a state of sublime independence of educational discipline and the mere graces of a scholastic style. Savages are often eloquent in a high degree, and the finest dramatic effects are frequently developed in the speech and action of little children. Lord Jeffrey further says, "the end of poetry is to please." Aristotle in his rules of comic composition admits the expression of humorous ideas and the excitement of the ridiculous to a place within the realm of poetry. If we are to respect the authority of the ancient philosopher of Stagira, we may find the elements of poetry in the strong contrasts and ludicrous aspects in which truth and error are exhibited by many humorous writers.

We have no quarrel with the respective proprietors of pentameters and hexameters. The *dilettanti* are at liberty to insist on the most accurate arrangement of all the mysteries of anapestic, dactylic, spondaic and trochaic combinations and measures. We have a great respect for art and artists, and if those gentlemen can even determine the contents and value of a woodpile by metrical instead of cubic measure the multiplication table, we make no objection.

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS.

I.

THE BOSTON UNIVERSITY.

THE new Boston University commences its operations this year with Schools of Theology, Law, Medicine, and Oratory, a College of the Liberal Arts and a College of Music. The energetic spirit of its trustees and their ample endowment profitably invested, which it is said will in a few years amount to about ten millions of dollars, give ample assurance that it will not be inferior to any American University, however old or distinguished. We have high hopes of its future from the indications it already exhibits of mental independence. In establishing a School of Oratory and a College of Music, it has stepped in advance of its contemporaries, and in its Medical Department it has ignored the Papal infallibility of Old-School Physicians and appointed a faculty who recognize the value of Homœopathy. In the chair of Physiology they have had the good fortune to secure the services of Prof. Buchanan, the only American Physiologist whose labors have thrown much light on the mysteries of the nervous system of man. Under his teachings the Department of Physiology will be the most fascinating portion of medical science and the richest in its contributions to medical philosophy.

II.

UTILITY OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

WE are not of the number of those who either estimate the importance or determine the value of all possessions and interests by their tangible relations to the vulgar idea of utility. We believe there are many valuable things not included

in the price current, or the last inventory of our worldly possessions. The men who build cities and navies ; who open mines and establish commerce ; who construct railroads and telegraphs, and such as plant corn and cotton-fields, are all useful. But life presents other interests, pursuits and objects, while Humanity has other necessities, desires, and functions. Some are duly commissioned to cultivate the flowers, to sing the songs, and write the philosophies of the world. If you insist on seeing the commission we must point you to their own natural inclinations and endowments. These constitute the only divine authority, with the seal and signature of the Almighty. There are ministers of Use and Beauty whose work is of inestimable utility to our souls. They labor to mould us into the image of their own glorious Ideals. They are the peaceful rulers who sway the scepter of the Divine Harmonies over the conflicting and noisy elements of human passion and worldly interest.

III.

THE CHILD AND THE LESSON.

WHILE traveling in the South—some years since—we met a little girl eight years old—a radiant child with azure eyes and sunny hair—whose sweet voice and smiling face were like music in the morning. She seemed irresistibly drawn to the writer, and the attraction was certainly mutual. We learned her brief history from an elderly lady who accompanied the child. The family lived in New Orleans, but both parents had fallen victims to the Southern pestilence, and this beautiful child was left to the fostering care of an uncle. She was too young to mourn, and we felt thankful that the angel of the deep sleep left no shadow on the fair brow when he invited her natural guardians to the repose of their last slumber.

That laughing child was to the heart of a father, far away from his home, an inspiration of natural beauty, of innocent

affection and sparkling joy. Those who do not love children have but a questionable title to an immediate heaven hereafter. The unclouded light, the spontaneous feeling, and the demonstrative warmth which characterize the young, while yet the heart is unoccupied by fashionable follies and conventional deceptions—serve to dissipate the darkness of years; and we feel the frosts which many winters have gathered about the heart dissolve away in their presence. They touch a yet deeper chord, and recall the memory of treasures we have laid up where the rust of this world can not corrupt, and where the thieves that rob so many of the hopes and graces of the heart and life break not through and steal.

IV.

PANORAMA OF A JOURNEY.

WHAT a world is revealed in a journey of one thousand miles! It requires about forty-eight hours to unroll the great picture with its innumerable creations of Nature and Art—forms animate and inanimate—before the eye and the mind. The picture moves before us with a rapidity proportioned to the powers of steam. At every stroke of the piston, tangible forms suddenly appear, as if a magician had called them from the earth and atmosphere; while with each succeeding revolution of the “driving-wheels,” they vanish like phantom-shapes that dissolve in air. True, the same heavens bend above us all the while, and from every point of view we may read their starry revelations. But the objects of the lower world come and go in rapid succession; and in our kaleidoscopic observations they are all the while presenting many startling changes, and the most picturesque combinations. Every moment the scene changes. New forms appear in the distance; others flit before the vision for an instant—glide impetuously away—are dimly seen in remote perspective, and then lost beneath the shadows that hover along the confines of natural vision.

V.

GOD IN THE SOUL AND LIFE.

THE breath of the Infinite fans our vital fire, and God everywhere touches the conscious soul. The man is spiritually asleep who does not realize this contact—he is *dead* who is not inspired. We are quite right in this last remark, since inspiration, from *inspiro*, signifies to breathe; and when men cease to breathe they are said to be dead. Let us rejoice that the gods speak to whom they will. The voices of the Angels may for a while be mistaken for common thunder, but they will be understood at last. We are constantly immersed in a broad, fathomless sea of subtle elements and spiritual forces, and thus the Divine life and intelligence interpenetrate and encircle all. When the hidden life of the spirit is translated into the outward forms of speech and action, the God-nature is revealed in his rational offspring. The proper work of the moral artist is to develop the Celestial Life on earth, and thus by a kind of moral *altorelievo* to show us the divine image in Man.

VI.

THE SOCIALISTIC CARNIVORACITY.

THOSE who believe in the god of gregarious instincts and licentious affinities, and are accustomed to reduce their religion to practice—chiefly in the basement story of human nature—are reviving the ancient worship according to Moses, who does not appear to have been improved in character by his last reincarnation. The most acceptable offerings appear to consist of bulls and rams. Just now the whole atmosphere of their temple has an aroma of flesh, and one is reminded that “there is death in the pot.” The great social science(?) stew simmers, and seethes, and smokes, while its foul savor goes up from the altar, day and night, before

men. It corrupts the air of Christendom and is an offense in the nostrils of the heathen. The flesh-worshippers, who believe in unlimited freedom of speech—as well as of every other function,—will not of course feel *incensed* at these words of the scribe.

VII.

THE MARTYRDOM BUSINESS.

WE shall soon have abundant materials for another Book of Martyrs. In former days, when the world was not so much progressed, it was presumed that a martyr must possess a certain elevation of thought, dignity of manner and exaltation of spirit. But in these days we economize and use cheap materials and methods. We contrive to do a larger business on a less capital of heart, and brain, and character. We have a lively market, and there are frequent opportunities for individual enterprise. We discover a great ambition to win the crown either by getting into the fire, into hot water, or into the mud; it matters not which, since the modern aspirants seem to be quite indifferent as to the nature of the element.

Well, so long as knaves and simpletons are ambitious to serve in this capacity, we can afford to acquiesce, and thus save our sensible people for other and more vital purposes. The victims may each select his own method, and make his quietus in a manner best suited to his peculiar tastes, either by throwing himself from a broad platform against a solid wall, by crawling into a filthy sewer, or by drowning in a frog-pond. Is not this a Republic, and are we not all free? What a glorious thing it is to live where one may act like a fool, and enjoy the liberty of being a slave to his passions! The modern trinity is “the world, the flesh, and the devil,” of which the worshippers are quite numerous just now. Who comes next? “O tempora O” *Moses!*

FOREIGN SPIRITUAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE ENGLISH POET AND LECTURER.

BEFORE this number of the JOURNAL is delivered to our readers GERALD MASSEY, the English poet and orator—already on his way to this country—will have arrived in New York. He comes to fill professional engagements, and will lecture on several popular themes, not omitting (we presume) the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism. Like all true poets he recognizes the existence of the invisible realm of spiritual causation, and the presence of inspiring agents whose subtle substance and organic forms are only recognized in the conceptions of genius, or otherwise made visible to the quickened sense of the soul.

In the September number of *Human Nature*, Mr. Massey speaks for the poets to the critics, in some epigrammatic lines from which we extract the following :

You are disappointed with my work ; ah, true,
It was not meant, my friend, to mirror you ;
The only thing on earth you care to view !

Am I, too, such a miserable elf?
Do let me look you in the face, my brother,
'Tis only in the mirror of each other
That we can see the littleness of self !

* * * * *

You had no power to crown me with the bay ;
You could not reach to snatch one leaf away ;
But you may rob my little ones of bread,
Helping to damn the Book you have not read.
Be proud ! that is no trivial thing to do.
Be safe ! there is no law for thieves like you.

* * * * *

You take, so far as you can reach, my fruit ;
Eat it ; cut up the giver branch and root,
And fling your dirt at me ; which I endure
Because another crop will need manure.

Far down below the surface my soul drew
 The breath whose bubbles only rose to you !
 And you must sound the depths ere you can mark
 The things that I have dived for in the dark.
 It is not possible for pearls to swim
 With the light bubbles breaking on the brim.

Not only as a poet but also as a lecturer Mr. Massey has acquired an honorable distinction. The English journals not only recognize the fact that his style is popular and his presence magnetic, but they bear unanimous testimony to the great ability displayed in his lectures. He has made many friends in this country by his fearless and rational advocacy of Spiritualism, and we bespeak for him a most cordial reception.

HOW WE LOOK AT A DISTANCE.

OUR readers will naturally like to know how the JOURNAL is received abroad, and especially what opinions are entertained, in respect to its peculiar character and merits, by the scientific and literary classes of England. Possibly some one may think we are selfish in giving publicity to the complimentary judgment of Dr. Sexton ; but it has occurred to us that—since we have some friends who are deeply interested in the success of our enterprise—our selfishness might be rendered no less apparent by concealment ; in other words, by keeping exclusively for home consumption the moral support and encouragement afforded by the following brief but very cordial epistle :

17 TRAFALGAR ROAD, OLD KENT ROAD,
 LONDON, S. E., Aug. 23, 1873.

DEAR DR. BRITTAN :

I have just seen, for the first time, your most admirable JOURNAL, and I feel that I can not resist the inducement to send you a line congratulating you on its appearance. The high tone of the articles inserted, the great ability displayed in the Editorial Department, the superior get-up of the entire work, and the *prestige* of your own name in connection with it, will cause this new Quarterly to mark the commencement of a fresh epoch in Spiritual Literature.

We in England are, I fear, a long way behind our brethren in America, in spiritual matters, and the appearance of BRITTAN'S JOURNAL will tend, very considerably, to increase the distance between us on the great highway of Spiritual Progress. Still we are not jealous of the advancement you have made, but will en-

deavor to use the fact as stimulus to increased exertion on our part, in the great work in which there is so much to be done, even yet, before the grand truth of Spirit Communion becomes universally accepted.

Wishing you every success in your noble undertaking,

I am yours in fraternal love,

GEORGE SEXTON.

The distance of our Correspondent may possibly lend something like enchantment to his view of spiritual progress in America. We have reason to lament that there is more apparent activity than real advancement among our people. They keep their eyes wide open—comprehend some things, but have no time to apply their principles. We can not here speak of occasional examples of unusual growth in all the gifts and graces of the spirit; but we must confess that the great spiritual community of this country has not advanced in proportion to its opportunities. We are unpleasantly reminded that among professed Spiritualists some phases of motion or action are merely the development of blind and unreasoning forces; and that much of our spiritual activity is but the absence of a sublime repose of the soul; or, what is worse, the restlessness of unsettled principles and convictions, and the promptings of a vain ambition. But of course these evils, whether real or apparent, are to be expected in the earlier stages of any great movement that shakes the old foundations and touches the secret springs of our individual and social life.

A MINISTERIAL MEDIUM.

WE learn from the September issue of *Human Nature* that Rev. F. W. Monck, LL.D., formerly a Baptist clergyman in Bristol, England, has of late developed remarkable powers of mediumship, and has thus been led to abandon his creed and embrace the pure faith and profound philosophy of Spiritualism. On the evening of Sunday, August 24th, he delivered a discourse in Cavendish Rooms, London, a report of which appeared in the *Medium and Day-break*. We extract the following paragraph from his introduction:

Mr. Monck chose for his text the fourth verse of the fifth chapter of Matthew—"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." He prefaced his sermon by remarking that last week he and Dr. Sexton visited Mr. Shorter, editor of the *Spiritual Magazine*, and while in conversation, Mr. Monck saw a child

climb up on a chair and amuse himself in a very happy manner. He asked Mr. Shorter if the child were his, when it was replied, "No, nor do I see any child; and if there be one, it must be a spirit-child." In moving about Mr. Shorter nearly trod on it, but Mr. Monck caused him to step aside. Mr. Monck then heard it said, "This is Henry," and then he saw it tumble off from somewhere, and flounder about in agony, and die as if in convulsions. Then the scene faded away. Mr. Shorter then said that he had lost a dear little nephew some years ago, whom he loved very much. He had tumbled from a bank, and got drowned, very much in the same way as had been described by Mr. Monck, and his name was Henry. Then the father of the child entered the room, and it was seen again to climb upon his knees. When the mother entered it went to her also, and she declared that she felt its touch. Dr. Sexton, who is a very extraordinary seer, as well as orator, looked in a crystal and saw a person open a book like a Bible. He perceived that it was the fifth chapter of Matthew. He could not tell the verse, but the matter was the text which he had just given out. He thought the incident so singular that he determined to take it for his motto that evening.

MYSTERIOUS PHENOMENA.

THERE are examples of what appear to be electro-photographic representations, or images of human forms and of figures that become visible and invisible without any apparent cause. These have attracted attention in France, and are attributed to spiritual agency. In the front of a small house in Poix, during thunder-storms, since June, 1872, there has appeared—on the right side of the door—the figure of a man with an arm extended, and pointing to the opposite side where there are columns of figures as shown in the accompanying diagram.* These figures, or drawings, are represented as
 1 2 3 4 5 6 & remaining from five o'clock in the afternoon until
 1 2 3 4 5 6 & nine o'clock in the morning, when they disappeared
 1 2 3 4 5 6 & under the rays of the sun. In September—when
 Z the strange signs had not appeared for a season—the proprietor had the house painted a color resembling stone; but to the astonishment of the people in the place, the signs were reproduced as the painter proceeded with his work, as if an invisible hand

* A very intelligent lady who resides at Washington, D. C., assures us that similar pictures have appeared on a window of the old Meade house in Washington—residence of the late Commodore Meade. A female face, sad and beautiful, looking out above a male head, which sometimes and for some persons has the face visible. When our informant saw it the male head was bowed—the face could not be seen.

had made them under the brush. The mystical characters were yellow, and hence presented a marked contrast to the color employed by the painter.

It is said that a somnambule medium at Toulouse—who had no knowledge of the facts described in the preceding paragraph—was employed as an instrument in giving some explanation of the mystery. The sleeping seer had a vivid picture of the signs presented to him. As the mystical images faded out he had another vision and found himself at the bedside of a sick woman, fifty-five years of age—by the name of Marie Louise Serrus—who for seventeen years had lived on a single cup of milk and a little water, taken each day without other nourishment of any kind. The residence of the invalid woman was indicated, and on inquiry the facts and statements concerning her were all strictly verified. The spirits tell them they can not produce effects visible within the material sphere without the aid of human mediums; that the images at Poix were produced by the combination of fluids of discarnated spirits and incarnate beings, five in number, of which Marie Louise Serrus was one.

The invisible powers also affirm that a superior Spirit has been incarnated, and that towards the year 1890-91 there will be produced, with his aid, such remarkable phenomena that no one will be able to deny Spiritist truths. The time of this event is said to be indicated by the three rows of figures—the three sixes making eighteen years, when, it is said, we shall witness the fulfillment of the following prophecy of Joel :

“ And it shall come to pass afterward—I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh ; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions ; and also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my spirit.”

SPIRITS OF HEALTH.

WE have also accounts in the French journals of remarkable cures by spiritual agency, in cases of Consumption, Small-Pox and other diseases. Magnetized water and magnetism otherwise prescribed and used with great success in Consumption cases seem to be well authenticated by the physician

who though disbelieving superintended the treatment until the cure was complete, when he was convinced in spite of himself. Cases of Small-Pox are said to have been cured, leaving no mark on the patient. The treatment was magnetism and fumigations, two or three times a day, with juniper berries, the patient also drinking an infusion of the same.

A gentleman who had recovered under other treatment, but was terribly disfigured, is said to have resorted to the fumigations with marvelous results, the marks having been entirely obliterated from his countenance. His physician was at first disposed to laugh at the folly of the experiment, but after a few days' trial he became serious and said he should report the case to the Medical College. The Spirits also recommend the juniper fumigations in exposed and infected houses as a means of preventing the spread of contagion.

INSPIRATION OF THE WATERS.

IF there are sermons in stones and running brooks, why may there not be Spirit-pictures and mystical revelations in the water for those who can read them? It is said that certain mediums in France see pictorial representations of what is occurring at a distance, by looking in a glass of water, and that, in like manner, they receive messages in what appear to be written characters seen in the liquid element.

We remember to have witnessed an instance of reading in the *ashes* that was not less remarkable. We had committed some manuscript to the fire, which consisted of an open grate of glowing anthracite. The combustion of the paper, which occupied but a moment, left the ashes in a sort of scroll-like form on the coals. A member of our own family entered the apartment, *nearly half an hour after*, and seated herself before the fire. There was not of course the slightest visible trace of a single character in the ashes; but while the lady was gazing at the gossamer remains of the manuscript she suddenly became clairvoyant and read what had been written on the paper.

These curious mental phenomena are doubtless *subjective*. When Spirits are employed in their production, they unquestionably make these impressions directly on the sensorium, but in such a manner that they appear to be objective forms or outstanding realities.

SPIRITISM IN FRANCE.—The influence of the executive power of the soul directed by intelligence, or as the French Spiritists have it, the action of the *périsprit*—the semi-spiritual organic envelope of the inmost being—on what they term the *périspiritualic* fluid in man, is the subject of much curious inquiry and discussion as will appear from Mrs. Wood's translation of an article from the *Revue Spirite*, which will be found in this number of the QUARTERLY. The Spirits at Geneva, Pesth and elsewhere in Europe seem to be moved in a similar direction, and are taking part in the controversy. The great Swedish Seer, whose mental vision was not limited by his time, taught similar ideas one hundred years ago.

THE MENTAL TELEGRAPH.—The transmission of thought through the exercise of strong psychological powers, brought to bear on human instruments of great susceptibility, is a subject that is beginning to excite attention abroad. A foreign writer referring to this species of Telegraphy says: "Like the echos reflected by the waves of sound it will traverse space to find the friendly and sympathetic mind ready to receive it." More than twenty years ago the Editor of this JOURNAL gave numerous experimental illustrations of this power of the mind before large assemblies at old Clinton Hall in this city, and to the satisfaction of the most critical observers.

OUR PORTRAITS.

WE have fine India Proof Impressions of the elegant portraits of REV. JOHN PIERPONT and DANIEL D. HOME, printed on large sheets for framing, at One Dollar each; and Plain Proofs, the same size, at Fifty Cents. These were engraved expressly for this JOURNAL, and we believe that there are extant no similar portraits of either of the parties. The pictures merit attention as vivid likenesses, and as works of Art. Among Spiritualists, Reformers, and all people of free religious views the name of Pierpont is a household word. The fame of Mr. Home as a medium, and his remarkable career in the Old World, have made his name familiar in all nations. These portraits will be sent, post-paid, to any post-office in the United States on receipt of the price named for each style respectively.

Authors and Books.

AT OUR BEST.*

THE excellent biographical sketch of REV. JOHN PIERPONT—in the last number of the JOURNAL—served to introduce Mr. Ellis to our readers, and to give them some idea of his ability as a writer. The author is a Universalist minister, but we are happy to say that he does not *belong* to any denomination. Such men are never the property of sects. Moreover, it is left to inferior natures to feed their souls on commentaries and to bury themselves in the graves of the fathers. Mr. Ellis is an earnest man and a true Reformer, who studies Nature and the Soul as well as history and theology. With ballast in proportion to sail, and a moral equipoise that is something to be admired, the currents of feeling, thought, and life together

“ — run glittering, like a brook
In the sunshine. — ”

His culture is too general, his growth too natural, and his sympathies too broad and spontaneous to admit of the recognition of arbitrary masters. Men of this stamp neither require artificial restraints nor supports. They never swear by conventions, and only accept pen-and-ink certificates of ordination at a discount that destroys their currency. They are in spiritual communion with all who love Truth and Man. While the average theologian runs about with a penny-candle in his hand, looking after small ideas in dark places, these men know that the sun has risen and all things are revealed. They may seem to stand alone, but like the old Prophet they are in the majority if in sublime fellowship with God and his angels.

Mr. Ellis approaches his theme at once and treats it with directness and force. He sees things clearly and expresses his views in a

* “At Our Best. By Sumner Ellis. Boston: Lee and Shepard. New York: Lee, Shepard and Dillingham, 1873.”

terse and epigrammatic style. Even children may understand him, and no person of ordinary intelligence can possibly misapprehend his meaning. He never uses words to disguise his thoughts, and the reader readily comprehends his book without referring to the dictionary. His sentences are clear, sharp, and often eloquent. They remind us of precious stones—of many shapes and hues—that never derive their chief value from the skill of the lapidary. He does not suggest to us the silent depths of fathomless seas and empyrean heights that excite astonishment and discourage aspiration. On the contrary, the varying and sparkling current of his thought—always pure and musical—reminds us rather of

“——crispèd brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold.”

If the following are not perfect portraits of the Practical Man and the Visionary, they are at least clever sketches by a limner who indicates his ability to draw and color a picture, with every line, light, shade and semitone, necessary to render it complete and effective :

“The practical man misses a thousand finer graces from Nature, but perpetually delights in the economies there displayed ; that the means are so sure to the end ; that so much is accomplished with so little fuss ; and that the machinery is always well oiled. He sees what a fine scavenger the ocean is, coming up twice a day to the back doors of the cities and carting off, in a deodorizing brine, all filthy offenses. He can not too much dwell on the fact that water is so variously and widely useful—that it is good to drink, to have our hands clean, to run saw-mills, to make roads of perfect grade from inland to sea, to float clippers and steamers like shuttles between continents, and to save an army with watering-pots in our gardens and meadows. He thinks how many candles the sun dispenses with, and regards the night as very needful to the hired men and spent horses and oxen—reminding one of the calculating Yankee who thought Niagara a fine place to wash sheep. Of this man it may be said, as of Wordsworth's Peter Bell,—

‘The soft blue sky did never melt
Into his heart ; he never felt
The witchery of the soft blue sky.’

“But here is our visionary on whose stomach everything practical lies hard as not meant for it, and who is under some constitutional bias toward ‘airy nothings.’ He sees forests as the home of nymphs ; is a devotee of alchemy and astrology, to which chemistry and astronomy are as a farthing-candle to the sun ; dreams dreams like an ancient divinator, and the more romantic they are, the more they are confided

in ; in short he regards all things as what they are not. The humor of his eye, or his visual sensibility, unlike the practical man's, plays fantastical tricks and clothes the Universe in miraculous forms and hues. To him there are no fairy stories, for these are his truths ; he questions no myths ; he sees chariots and horses, with marvelous trains rushing through every sky, on all sorts of strange errands. What are the old plain truths and the verdicts of exact science, in his estimate, compared with those which are rapped out by spirits and established by the wild dance of tables ! Where is there integrity like that of a hazel stick, or wisdom so wise and so much to the point as that which is found at the bottom of a teacup !”

Occasionally we pick up a book by some ambitious author whose linguistical lumber suggests the ruins of Babel—whose special learning and general ignorance are truly appalling. But in the work under review we are not left to seek the evidences of the author's scholastic acquirements in a “confusion of tongues,” and among the fragments of Cyclopedias he has demolished and devoured. On the contrary, we here find the most convincing proofs of careful reading, fine culture and scholarly attainments in the independence and maturity of thought ; in the clearness of every statement of his ideas ; and in the healthy sentiment, fine tone and manly vigor of expression which characterize the volume. When one is made of fine stuff the most trying experiences in life only serve to refine and ennoble the whole nature, even as gems of purest water acquire a higher luster by the severest friction among grosser objects and elements. When the spirit is really quickened we can neither become soured with the world nor lose our faith in God and man. We wake from the Sahara of our sensuous life to find the mind full of living springs, and life clothed with perennial freshness. Of the truth of all this the book we are reviewing is a pleasant illustration. We extract another passage :

“It was the morning sun that daily awoke Memnon's statue to music ; and the old fable has an ever new application, for still the rosy dawn of the day inspires song, and any advent of beauty and grace has a kindred value. Who does not find fresh air favorable to buoyancy of spirits ? An open window is often the means of more grace and better prayers,—which led an impious preacher of our time to exclaim that the ‘Holy Ghost is nothing but oxygen.’ The celebrated landscape painter, Claude, filled his eye with new beauty and his soul with fresh emotion every time he visited Nature, and hastened back to his canvas to transfix the vision and glow ; and I suppose all hearts answer back to the hills and valleys, have other and higher emotions when face to face with them, which is the reason, no doubt, that the ancients thought there must be finer presences here,—divinities, muses, nymphs,

and genii,—and that poets and philosophers and sages should come out from the stifled air of cities, and write and teach in groves.

“There is certainly no better fortune than to be set into close union with Nature, and yield our life lovingly to her charged batteries. There is grace for us in her breath. Gardens and grassplots serve well to stir the gentler and finer feelings which befit our every-day needs; and our suburbans have an untold advantage over our city populations. But the shovel and hoe and rake can not make the earth grand and moving. Our hearts crave the rough and untamed world, to draw on their latent energies and strong emotions. What stirs us like the mountains, Niagara, the prairie, the ocean, and the midnight heavens? What sets us at our best like the solitudes of forest and lake? as if a better genius took charge of us and gave us other and higher secrets. And we must not neglect these wild favors, and only sip at the honey-dew on the hedges and flowers at our front doors.”

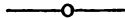
Our author is not only a true lover and reverent student of Nature—in sympathy with her subtile principles and universal laws,—but he intuitively perceives the best uses of things, and analyzes the mental and moral characteristics of men and measures with modest freedom and remarkable ability. He is not wanting in imagination, but he takes such practical views of the world and of our duties and pursuits as must inspire serious thought, and cause the young man to pause at the threshold of life to consider its responsibilities. And here we are tempted to copy another paragraph. Treating of the follies of the household—the evils that result from false pride and the dominion of custom and fashion, the author says :

“But the prime dragon is extravagance. The cost of the home is an insanity. Who but the sons of Midas may venture, in these times, to plant the roof-tree that draws gold so freely into its circulations? The young man’s fears—the young woman’s also—are founded on mathematics, and from that point of view are quite justifiable; and it is essential either to cancel the faculty that adds and subtracts, or to drop out the moral sense, which is fatal, or to change the character of the problem. Jacob is well enough, and Janette is divine; but how about the costly *et cetera*,—the high rents, latest styles of furniture, up-town dry-goods, Paris fashions, Saratoga and Newport hotel bills, trips to Europe, opera tickets, turn-outs, servants and subalterns, parties and dinners? Here is the rub. This is the lion’s den, or the bottomless pit. Through all the ranks from low to high, there is the same unhappy discrepancy of income and outgo; ugly margins beyond the most favorable figures; chasms to leap that are fearfully suggestive of the bottom of the ditch. How to sail the domestic craft on this high sea without wind? is the question. . . . How to hoodwink and cheat fortune? In short how to make one dollar play the part of ten or twenty, according to the scale proposed for the display.

“It is clear the odds are the wrong way; and hence recoil, a cautious courtship,

a half love, a long delay, and finally no home; the promising cloud ending in a dry shower. And still no signs of retrenchment, or only of that which our politicians make by increasing expenses; no reform but that of our sots, who add more cups and delirium tremens! Still the ghost of arithmetic stalks abroad, and our young folks turn pale and retreat! We wait the advent of a new idea of life." . . (pp. 217-18.)

Should this book fall into the hands of people whose affections are so far corrupted and *inverted* that they imagine progress to consist in apostatical changes, it is to be hoped they may profit by its gentle reproofs and sound morality. "At Our Best" will be especially acceptable to those whose Spiritualism at all consists in spirituality of mind and life. Independent in thought; chaste in diction and pure in sentiment; with no trace of morbid feeling or irreverence; free from intolerance and dogmatism; inculcating a philosophy of life that recognizes the law of progress and the divinity in man; and, withal, illuminated by a Charity genial and universal as summer sunshine, this book presents very strong claims to public notice, and we trust that our readers will lose no time in making themselves familiar with its contents.



TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.*

THIS collection forms a small but beautiful volume of about 150 pages 12mo, printed on fine tinted paper, in the best style of typographical art, and elegantly bound with a frontispiece illustration. These "Tales of a Wayside Inn" are told as only a natural poet, a classical scholar, and accomplished artist could narrate them—in simple, chaste and natural words that become flexible and mildly incandescent in the author's use of them. The very parts of speech seem to fuse and flow around and over his fair conceptions, until the poet's thoughts shine through the clear elements of their setting as pearls beneath a crystal flood. Genius touches and transmutes the substance of common things. Mr. Longfellow lays his hand on the objects we meet by the wayside, and scarcely notice,

* "Aftermath, by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston: James R. Osgood and Company."

and he interprets the impressions of our daily life, and all these become significant and beautiful. His words often quicken our aspirations and inspire our faith in the inward and absolute Perfection. If he touches our griefs, he here and there softens the lines of a sad experience, or illuminates the shadows that darken the mind, as the solar rays falling on summer clouds convert them into golden glories.

The poet's pen is scarcely less potent than the pencil of the artist, in the delineation of outward objects, while it is vastly more effective in the expression of ideas. The painter may possibly, under some circumstances, reach a larger class and, in a greater or less degree, inspire them with pleasurable emotions, for the simple reason that he addresses the mind through the outward sense; but to the cultivated imagination the word-picture may be equally attractive and far more suggestive. The author, who is at once master of his subject, and of the language in which he writes, draws the outlines of his conception, blends his colors and disposes of his lights and shadows with nice discrimination and artistic skill, and hence the true poet is a real painter.

Mr. Longfellow's pictures are susceptible of being put upon canvas, but they need no paint to make them visible or to give us a clearer idea of their peculiar merits. His pictures are seldom incomplete and his images never abruptly broken by the caprice of his muse. Whether he essays to describe material forms of Nature and Art, or introduces beings and scenes that are beyond the limits of ordinary vision, his fine esthetic sense, and clear discrimination in the use of terms and ideas; his accurate knowledge of the laws of language and critical recognition of the rules of versification, are revealed in every line. The felicities of thought and expression are so sweetly wedded in his verse that they move together like rippling melodies in the air. We need not search for passages of rare merit as illustrations, but will quote the first lines in the book, from the Prelude to "The Spanish Jew's Tale."

"The evening came; the golden vane
A moment in the sunset glanced,
Then darkened, and then gleamed again,
As from the east the moon advanced
And touched it with a softer light;
While underneath, with flowing mane,
Upon the sign the Red Horse pranced,
And galloped forth into the night.

But brighter than the afternoon
 That followed the dark day of rain,
 And brighter than the golden vane
 That glistened in the rising moon,
 Within the ruddy firelight gleamed.

* * * *

Amid the hospitable glow,
 Like an old actor on the stage,
 With the uncertain voice of age,
 The singing chimney chanted low
 The homely songs of long ago.

The voice that Ossian heard of yore,
 When midnight winds were in his hall ;
 A ghastly and appealing call,
 A sound of days that are no more !
 And dark as Ossian sat the Jew,
 And listened to the sound, and knew
 The passing of the airy hosts,
 The gray and misty cloud of ghosts
 In their interminable flight ;
 And listening muttered in his beard,
 With accent indistinct and weird,
 ' Who are ye, children of the Night ? ' "

The volume embraces *The Spanish Jew's Stories ; Tales by the Poet, the Student, the Theologian, the Sicilian, the Musician, and the Landlord's Story—The Rhyme of Sir Christopher*. Doubtless many of our readers are already familiar—at least in part—with the contents of *Aftermath*, and we have neither the time for critical analysis nor the space for an extended review. We will only attempt to give some idea of these charming stories by the translation of one of them into the language of common prose.

In the schools at the court of Charlemagne was Eginhard, an adventurous youth, endowed with rare powers which the Abbot of St. Michael's ascribed to the presence and influence of a demon, while his more reverent teacher attributed his superior gifts to "the grace of God." Recognizing the ability of the noble youth the Emperor employed him as his private secretary, and resolved to educate him in the science and art of government. The modest scribe became a favorite at court and an inmate of the palace, but lived a somewhat

retired life among his books, pursuing the course of study marked out by his imperial master.

The Princess Emma, daughter of the Emperor, returned from a convent to the palace. Her name and the praises of her loveliness had been chanted by the minstrels in the hearing of Eginhard ; and when he saw her graceful form enter the palace gate, guarded by gallant knights, his imagination was inspired and his heart was touched. When he afterward met her in the garden among the flowers she yielded to the magnetism of his presence, and at her gentle solicitation he explained the mystery and meaning of the rose to be Youth and Love. And then, to prolong the delightful interview, Eginhard thus pursued the advantage he had gained :

“How can I tell the signals and the signs
By which one heart another heart divines ?
How can I tell the many thousand ways
By which it keeps the secret it betrays ?”

From that time the fair Princess lost interest in the attentions of many a loyal knight and gallant Troubadour. The dazzling splendors of court-life were far less attractive than the sweet mystery of love. And when the summer days had passed, and the flowers withered, the cold autumn winds forbade the repetition of the lessons in the garden, and the stolen interviews at twilight in the park were few and brief. Then Eginhard was wont, at evening, to watch from his window the light in the tower occupied by his lady-love. His passion was not chilled by separation and the long winter nights. It burned with a smothered but unquenchable flame. At length one night, under cover of darkness, he made his way to the tower. The device of a feigned message from the Emperor was scarcely necessary to secure an entrance, where love waited to unbar the door. When in the presence of the Lady,

“He knelt down at her feet, until she laid
Her hand upon him, like a naked blade,
And whispered in his ear : Arise, Sir Knight,
To my heart's level, O my heart's delight !”

Naturally enough Eginhard remained there until he heard the cock crow. Thus admonished that the day was near he was about to depart, when the lovers discovered that the open court that Eginhard

must cross was covered with snow, white as the imperial ermine,
while the soft revealing light of the moon shone out,

“—from cloudy cloisters of the sky.”

The secretary found himself in an unexpected dilemma. He knew that his footprints, in the otherwise trackless snow, would discover the mischief; but the inventive genius of the Princess was equal to the emergency. Taking her lover on her shoulders she bore him across the palace court-yard and then speedily retraced her steps. It chanced that Charlemagne—oppressed by the cares of the empire—had risen early and was standing by the window, musing on the scene without or lost in the troubled dreams of his waking life.

“The moon lit up the gables capped with snow,
And the white roofs, and half the court below.”

As the fair form crossed the space where the moonlight fell he recognized his daughter Emma. He was transfixed by sudden surprise, and remained silent and statue-like until the sun appeared,

“Suffusing with a soft and golden glow
All the dead landscape in its shroud of snow,
Touching with flame the tapering chapel spires,
Windows and roofs, and smoke of household fires,
And kindling park and palace as he came;
The stork's nest on the chimney seemed in flame.”

The generous purpose of the Emperor was formed at once; but in the morning he summoned the members of his court and made known the adventure of the previous night. The council was divided between banishment and death as the proper penalty for Eginhard's offense; but the wise ruler reviewed and reversed the decision. He mildly reproved his counselors for the severity of their judgment, and

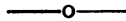
“Then Eginhard was summoned to the hall,
And entered, and in presence of them all,
The Emperor said: My son, for thou to me
Hast been a son, and evermore shalt be,

Long hast thou served thy sovereign, and thy zeal
 Pleads to me with importunate appeal,
 While I have been forgetful to requite
 Thy service and affection as was right.

* * * * *

Then sprang the portals of the chamber wide,
 And Princess Emma entered, in the pride
 Of birth and beauty, that in part o'ercame
 The conscious terror and the blush of shame.
 And the good Emperor rose up from his throne
 And taking her white hand within his own
 Placed it in Eginhard's, and said : ' My son,
 This is the gift thy constant zeal hath won ;
 Thus I repay the royal debt I owe,
 And cover up the footprints in the snow.' "

It may be said that these poems lack the strong fire and impressive movement of some of the author's earlier productions. But if the intense heat and fiery brilliance of midday life and feeling are not here, we have what is far more pleasing to the mind refined by severe culture and a long experience—the exquisite delicacy and fulness of esthetic development, a riper judgment, and a more skillful manipulation as seen in the finest touches of a master's hand. These are the mellow fruits of a golden Autumn, not to be viewed in the strong light of the Summer noontide since the author himself draws the soft veil of the Indian Summer over his finished work.



DR. SEXTON AND SPIRITUALISM.*

WE are indebted to the Author or his Publisher for copies of recent lectures and addresses, in pamphlet form, and bearing the several titles embraced in the subjoined note. In the first Dr. Sexton gives an interesting account of his preliminary investigation of

* "How I became a Spiritualist." "The claims of Modern Spiritualism upon public attention." "Spirit Mediums and Conjurers." "God and Immortality viewed in the light of Modern Spiritualism," by George Sexton, M.A., LL.D., F.A.S., F.Z.S., Honorary Member of L'Accademia Dei Quiriti, at Rome.—Four Pamphlets from the press of James Burns, 15 Southampton Row, Holborn, W. C., London, England, 1873.

the phenomena and laws of mind as developed in the magnetic states of the human system. Of both the physiological and psychological facts he was a careful observer for several years without in the least apprehending their relations to Spiritualism. He was firm in his unbelief, but like a true scientist admitted the essential facts, in which he may have discovered a significant confirmation of his faith in another life. Beyond this the phenomena did not, in his judgment, demonstrate the possession and exercise of any powers above the capacity of the mind's action in its mundane relations. The following extract will serve to indicate not only the nature of his skepticism, but also the particular persons, the way, and the circumstances that finally led to his conversion :

“ It was about the year 1854 when he [Robert Owen] came to me one day, bringing a large parcel of books. These he asked me to read. I replied, ‘ Well, Mr. Owen, it will take some time to read all those ; what are they about ? ’ He answered, ‘ Spiritualism. ’ I said, ‘ Yes, I'll read them ; but what's the use of my doing so ? I sha'n't believe in that sort of stuff. ’ ‘ Never mind, ’ he said, ‘ you will read them, won't you ? The result we will leave. ’ I told him that I would, but that it was very improbable that they would produce any effect upon my mind. As he was leaving, I said, ‘ Mr. Owen, tell me why you have brought me these books. ’ He replied, ‘ I will. It is this. I have received a communication from the Spirit World, more than once, that you are to be of great assistance in carrying on this movement. ’ I laughed heartily, although respectfully, at this, and said, ‘ I think your spirit-friends have made a great mistake this time. ’ It is worth while remarking here, that for many years afterwards, when I was lecturing against Spiritualism, I used frequently to relate this conversation, and remark when I had done so, ‘ You see how much the spirits knew about the matter ; here I am, an unbeliever yet, and likely to remain so. ’ That the good old man continued to believe in my ultimate conversion, even after he had left the earth, is evident, since I frequently received what professed to be messages from him, to which of course I attached no importance, not believing that they really had this origin. The following one was given at Glasgow, early in 1869, the medium being my friend Mr. Harper, of Birmingham :

“ ‘ Dr. Sexton thinks our philosophy a crude ridiculous theory—simply the want of more investigation. Every one of the thoroughly educated scientists needs to be well crowded with experiments and evidence. George Combe saw how powerfully the rudimental stages of human embryology are affected by spiritual influence, and how, too, the compound causes of human character are evidently of an occult and esoteric nature. Sweet and noble teachings have yet to be given through the Doctor, who is eminently gifted for the purpose. ’—ROBERT OWEN. ”

Mindful of his promise to Mr. Owen, Dr. Sexton read the books on

Spiritualism and continued to make his observations. But his preconceived idea of the solemn dignity and almost omniscient wisdom that should characterize the manifestations of intelligence and power from another world served to foster his skepticism, and for a long time caused him to regard the phenomena as puerile and otherwise unworthy of their reputed source. Some years after, in his journal devoted to the drama—entitled *The Players*—he treated the subject in a melodramatic style as illustrated by the following passage :

“ Just where we had, in the plenitude of our scientific wisdom, made up our minds that there were no such things as ghosts, and that their supposed appearances in bygone days must be ascribed to the ignorance of our forefathers, and could all be explained on some philosophic principle of spectral illusions,—back they all come in perfect mobs. They fly about our ears, they dance on our plates, they seize hold of our hands and make us write what they please, they pelt one another with our slippers, crush up our hats, compel our tables to dance jigs to unearthly music, and indoctrinate our chairs with abolition principles, telling them that they should be no man’s property, and may walk off about their business without permission. Some lines that I came across in an American book seemed to me to be most appropriate to address to these spirits :—

“ ‘ If in your new estate you can not rest,
But must return, oh, grant us this request :
Come with a noble and celestial air,
And prove your title to the name you bear ;
Give us some token of your heavenly birth,
Write as good English as you wrote on earth ;
And—what were once superfluous to advise—
Don’t tell, I beg you, such egregious lies.’ ”

Dr. Sexton’s approach to the Spiritual Temple was over the road that many of the ablest defenders of our cause have traveled. A careful study of the so-called abnormal states of the human system ; the facts of Animal Magnetism ; the psychological phenomena of sleep, whether occurring from natural exhaustion or induced by an artificial process, not only prepares the mind to recognize the just claims of Spiritualism, but qualifies the philosophical inquirer to comprehend its profound principles.

It was no false prophecy that came to the strong man to shake his confidence in a life-long conviction. Resting in the easy chair of a scientific skepticism he did not care to be disturbed by ghostly visit-

ors. But the spirits knew what they were about, and Robert Owen was not mistaken in his man. In 1865—when the accumulated evidence had so far unsettled his previous opinions as to dispose his mind to respectful if not reverent inquiry—the invisibles invaded his domestic circle. In his own home there could be nothing to excite a suspicion of possible deception; and here the evidences multiplied until the learned Doctor was forced to capitulate. Dr. Sexton is too honest and earnest a man to hold the truth either covertly or carelessly. When fairly convinced he at once “put on the whole armor of light” and with the sharp “sword of the spirit” went forth to battle against the powers of darkness. The following extract will suffice to indicate his present views of the true nature of Spiritualism and his faith in its final triumph:

“These glorious revelations have shown me, by the most accurate demonstration, not only that there is another world to which we are all hastening, but that the two worlds are largely intermingled with each other. As Longfellow very beautifully says:

“Some men there are, I have known such, who think
That the two worlds—the seen and the unseen;
The world of matter, and the world of spirit—
Are like the hemispheres upon our maps,
And touch each other only at a point;
But these two worlds are not divided thus,
Save for the purpose of common speech;
They form one globe, in which the parted seas
All flow together, and are intermingled,
While the great continents remain distinct.”

“Spiritualism every day widens its domain, and the ground of the materialistic philosophy is gradually being cut away from under the feet of its devotees. The small light which, a few years ago, was only like a star of the fourth or fifth magnitude, has gone on increasing in brightness, until at present it shines like the moon shedding her silvery beams over the face of night, and will still increase as we hail its approach, and ever move upward towards it, until it shall burst upon the earth like the sun in its meridian splendor, and all shall come to feel that they have a home in heaven and a loving Father in God.”

The author discusses “The Claims of Modern Spiritualism upon Public Attention” in its relations to science, philosophy, the future life, sociology and morals, in a lucid and vigorous manner. In his

third pamphlet he illustrates the subject of mediumship by numerous references to facts and persons—making proper distinctions founded on the fundamental differences between the genuine phenomena and the tricks of the conjurers. He manifests a supreme reverence for truth, but has no respect for shams. He walks firmly into the great masquerade of the opposition, where his presence naturally occasions a sensation. He steps on the toes of fashionable conservatism, and disarranges the broad phylacteries of the saints; he damages the sacred stereotypes, brushes away the flimsy covering from sophistry, rends the hypocrite's mantle, and strikes off the mask of cunning imposture in a way that is at once rather dramatic and highly instructive.

In the discourse last named—in the note at the beginning of this review—the author illustrates the folly of Atheism, and reasons very cogently against the materialism that denies the future life of Man. After referring to the triumphs of Spiritualism, in the conversion of such men as Robert Owen, Dr. Ashburner, Dr. Elliotson and Robert Dale Owen, he proceeds to contrast the opposite conditions of those who deny and those who accept the great truth of our immortality. The following picture is not overdrawn :

“ The believer in annihilation must be a pitiable object sitting at the death-bed of his wife or daughter. He beholds the last flickering of the lamp of life, and sees his loved one fading away before his eyes—all that upon which his affections are placed is passing from hence into oblivion, to be seen no more—going, in fact, into nothingness, similar to that which existed before birth—

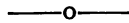
“ ‘ The dead and the unborn are both the same,
We all to nothing go—from nothing came.’

His heart-strings are wrung with grief. He clasps the dying one to his bosom; but she is not conscious of his embrace. He presses hot kisses upon her cheeks, which are cold as marble now; he looks into her eyes; all light has faded from them, and they see no more; every trace of expression has gone from her features, and there is nothing left but the clay-cold corpse. His brain is maddened with grief; he is alone in the world. There is a vacancy in his heart which can never again be filled. Black clouds hover around him, and a blacker abyss still is behind the clouds. There is dark midnight, with never a star. All beauty has passed from earth. The deep gloom is terrible to contemplate. Where is consolation to be found? Alas! nowhere. Science says the thing was inevitable, philosophy prates about controlling one's feelings, and being a man—pshaw! 'tis because he is a man that he feels the grief so keenly. And how is he to be consoled? Why,

his loved one, who is gone, will come up again in violets and primroses and beautiful flowers! Is this consolation for a broken-hearted man? I tell you 'tis the veriest mockery that has ever been heard of. Science, philosophy, secularism—all are powerless in such cases; they can not remove the load of grief that weighs the sufferer down. If he goes into the darkness, the gloom harmonizes with his feelings, and makes his sorrow the deeper; if he walks in the sunshine, the brightness appears to mock his sufferings. Birds sing not to cheer him, but to taunt him with their merry-making, and to draw attention to the contrast between themselves and him; and flowers bloom but to make light of his grief. No hope, no consolation can there be; for is not all that he cared for on earth gone, and no power can bring it back again.

“What could Spiritualism have done here?—Told him that his loved one was not dead, but living even more perfectly than before—that the lump of clay that had been her earthly covering was but the outer garment of the real person on whom his affections had been fixed, and that she could do even better without it—that she was still as near to him as ever, and loved him as well as ever, or even better than before—that she would care for him, be with him and watch over him still, and that, in fact, there was no separation impending. Here is real consolation worth, in such a case, the wealth of Croesus.”

Dr. Sexton appears to be exerting a wide and powerful influence in behalf of Spiritualism in England. He reaches a large and intelligent class to shake their skepticism or to confirm their faith. It gives us great pleasure to introduce the Doctor to our readers as a contributor to the JOURNAL. His first article, prepared for these pages, will be found elsewhere in this number.



GOLDEN MEMORIES.*

SOME men outlive the period of their usefulness and at last die unregretted. This is more especially true of those frigid natures in whom truth and duty are held in subordination by the more superficial pursuits and interests of time and sense. Others there are who withdraw from our sphere of observation suddenly, and while young. Their speedy transit is often a bitter experience for those who remain, recalling the expressive words of the poet—

* Golden Memories of an Earnest Life; a Biography of A. B. Whiting, with Selections from his Writings. Compiled by his Sister, R. Augusta Whiting: Introduction by J. M. Peebles. Boston: Colby & Rich.

“ — The good die first,
While they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket.”

Mr. A. B. Whiting had not reached that period when the strongest natures are matured. Time had not chilled his blood, nor too long contact with the world blunted his sensibilities. He had only lived to the age of thirty-six years when his aspiring nature broke from its frail, mortal fastenings and achieved the liberty of immortality.

Mr. J. M. Peebles, in his introduction to the volume before us, writes of Mr. Whiting in terms dictated by an ardent admiration of his gifts and inspired by a warm personal friendship. We extract a passage in substance and condensed in form :

“ The blood of a noble ancestry flowed in his veins. He was born a seer. In childhood he was regarded as strange because he saw and conversed with angels. This early clairvoyance had much to do in shaping his life. It was to him a light from heaven. Immortal teachers prophesied a career of great usefulness before him. He loved to retire from the presence of his visible companions ; but the apparent solitude was peopled by celestial visitants and he was never alone.

“ In 1856 he commenced his public labors as a trance speaker and soon became a popular lecturer, especially throughout the Western States. His discourses exhibited no little knowledge of ecclesiastical history and the progress of civilization. The intelligence that appeared to control his mental faculties and bodily organs claimed to be Giovanni Farini, an Italian poet and Cardinal who lived early in the seventeenth century. Another ministering spirit, who gave his name as Ab-del-Murett-el-Zuleke, usually called himself ‘ the old man of the mountains.’ This eccentric sage entered on the higher life early in the twelfth century. When under his influence the medium was transfigured and became truly a prophet.”

Mr. Whiting combined many of the elements of a true Reformer. He was not wanting in moral courage ; he was deeply religious in a rational sense ; and he manifested the skepticism that weighs and analyzes. His lectures exhibited remarkable earnestness of purpose and great freedom of thought and expression. They were otherwise characterized by a humane spirit and the prevailing moral tone was unexceptionable. His public efforts were by no means free from the ordinary defects which we discover in the utterances of most of our inspired speakers. The evidences of high culture are seldom visible. The style is often florid and weakened by a too frequent use of qualifying terms, the logic feeble and the rhetoric defective.

In 1864 Mr. Whiting excited the apprehensions of many of t

friends by the views he expressed before the convention at Chicago and elsewhere. It was believed that, in spirit, he was enlisted in the cause of the Confederate States. It appears that he did not attempt to conceal the fact—rendered still more apparent by this biography—that his sympathies were with the “Lost Cause.” That he was sincere in his convictions and conscientious in the course he pursued, few who knew him will be inclined to doubt. No one will be disposed to entertain the idea that he was essentially wrong at heart; many may regret that his judgment was sadly warped and deeply eclipsed; but we may be justified in the conclusion, that the objectionable opinions he expressed were rather those of the spirits that inspired him than his own.

The book is an unstudied record of the spiritual experience and public labors of an earnest man, who thought more of the sources of his inspiration than of his own individuality. We are not disposed to judge of the compiler's work by any very rigid rules of criticism. It shows but little evidence of literary art in the choice of materials and the arrangement of its contents. But we prefer to regard it as a sister's loving tribute to her worthy brother. In the minds of many readers, the familiarity of the treatment will be an element of interest in the narrative.

Some ninety pages of the concluding portion of the book are occupied by his improvisations, which reveal the author's sympathy with Nature and the nobler affections of the mind. They are not without the warmth of poetic feeling, though as a rule they exhibit but feeble proofs of the subtle and grasping power of genius. It will be remembered that his chief inspiring spirit assumes to be an Italian poet of the seventeenth century. The Italians—with the exception of here and there an example in other countries—have been most distinguished for extemporaneous composition in verse; but not one of them ever exhibited the power of imagination, the mine of brilliant imagery, and the magnificent reach and originality of thought that are combined in the improvised poems of Thomas L. Harris. Mr. Whiting's claims will not suffer in comparison with those of the Italian *improvisatores*. Here and there are passages of real merit; at the same time the skill of the artist is not apparent in the composition of his verses, and we discover only occasional flashes of Promethean fire. The volume is embellished with a fine portrait of Mr. Whiting.

LIFE OF JESUS BY SAUL.*

AMONG the communications purporting to emanate from the Spirit World it must be admitted that the contents of this volume are among the most remarkable. We have not the space for a review and can only notice the book very briefly. It is a personal and particular history of Jesus of Nazareth, and, incidentally, of his most intimate and distinguished associates. The strange story is told by a spirit claiming to be Saul of Tarsus, who represents himself as having been an ambitious aspirant for the distinction of founding a new religion. Becoming acquainted with Jesus; discovering his great natural powers and his gentle and noble spirit; and, withal, observing his growing popularity among the people, he determined to make use of him as an instrument in furthering his own ambitious designs. Saul's plan being formed he employed Judas, who in turn selected one Cosbi—an unscrupulous servant of Glaphira, a sybil—who possessed extraordinary powers of imitation. Cosbi was engaged to personate different characters, and to simulate various forms of disease, and in this species of counterfeiting he was eminently successful. Jesus, at the close of his discourses, was accustomed to lay his hands on the sick, and thus relieve those who were suffering from whatever cause. He claimed no other power than the healing efficacy of his great vital and spiritual magnetism. Cosbi made it his business to appear on each convenient occasion in some new disguise, and as the victim of some terrible malady—sometimes as a helpless cripple, and again as a hopeless lunatic. Whenever Jesus put his hands on this mountebank the latter would appear to be suddenly restored, and in the midst of the excitement occasioned by the seeming miracle, he contrived to disappear without giving the crowd an opportunity of cultivating an intimate acquaintance with his personality.

* JESUS OF NAZARETH; or a true History of the Man called Jesus Christ, embracing his parentage, youth, Original Doctrines and Works, his career as a public Teacher and Physician of the People; also the nature of the Great Conspiracy against him, with all the incidents of his tragical death, given on Spiritual Authority . . . through the Mediumship of Alexander Smyth. Chicago: Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, S. S. Jones.

Jesus is portrayed as a pure, noble and spiritual, but a strictly natural man ; as a radical Reformer who might be expected to arrest the attention and to excite the indignation of the Jewish priesthood. The Apostles are represented as being influenced by motives of worldly ambition, not following their Teacher so much from mingled love and reverence as from an expectation of becoming rulers of provinces when the anticipated temporal kingdom should be established. Judas was one of the best, yet he was the willing servant of the man who headed the conspiracy with the Sanhedrim to procure the arrest, trial and crucifixion of John the Baptist and Jesus. Saul represents his own reported conversion as not real, but merely as a melodramatic scene conceived for a purpose ; also that for his great wickedness he has been wandering, restless and unhappy, through all these intervening centuries, and that the last act in his atonement is a compulsory return to earth to reveal his former character and thus disabuse the world.

The scenery of the country, the customs of the people, the travels of Jesus and his disciples, together with the persons and homes of the Evangelists, are graphically described. The public discourses of the Teacher in the Temple, among the mountains and by the sea ; his familiar conversations with his followers ; his pure and holy passion for Mary, the younger daughter of Lazarus ; his visits to Bethany, and the interviews of the lovers in the garden, when the world was still and the moon shone above Mount Olivet ; with the thrilling scenes before the council of the Sanhedrim ; in Pilate's Judgment Hall ; the discovery of a startling secret at the hour of the crucifixion ; and the mournful pictures, seen by twilight and starlight on Calvary—are all reported in a style that compels the reader to pursue the narrative to the close.

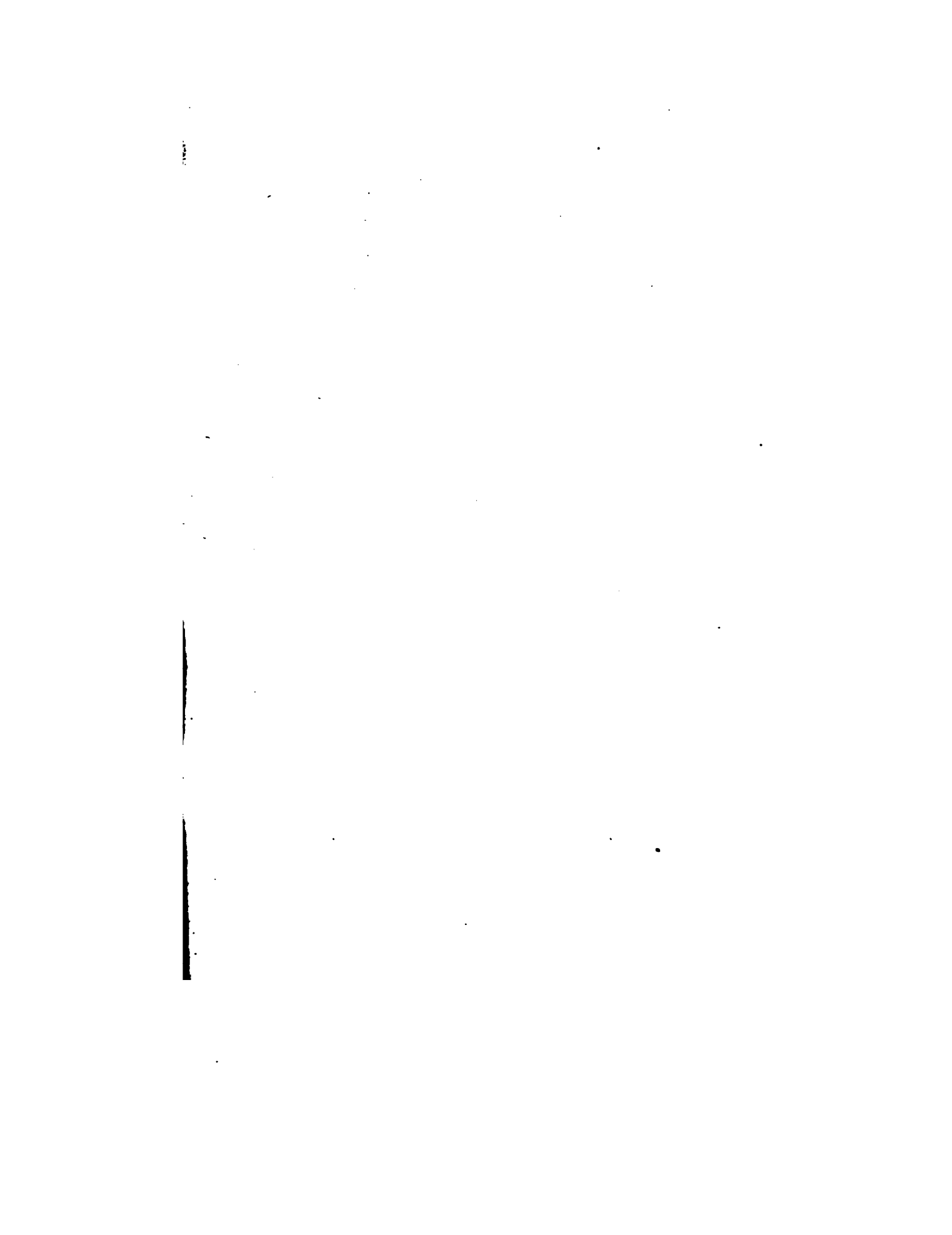
The work contains much that is extremely natural and rational ; in other things we are left to question the internal evidence and balance probabilities. Whatever may be the public verdict respecting the authenticity of its claims it is sure to be read for its intrinsic interest. It will strike the world as something stranger than a fiction.

BRITTAN'S JOURNAL.

VOLUME I.

	PAGE
Hon. N. P. Tallmadge. (With Portrait.).....By the EDITOR.	1
The Miller's Guests. (Poetry.).....By ANNETTE BISHOP.	17
Philosophy of the Nineteenth Century.....By J. R. BUCHANAN.	20
The Inward Vision.....By the EDITOR.	45
Souls and Scenes in Spirit Life.....By FANNY GREEN MCDUGAL.	47
Hymn of the Battle. (Poetry.).....By T. L. HARRIS.	64
Labor, Wages and Capital.....By J. K. INGALLS.	66
Spiritual Mathematics.....By Prof. A. F. EWELL.	79
Winnie Wild.....By FORCEYTHE WILLSON.	83
Invisible Artists (Illustrated.).....By the EDITOR.	87
The Future Life.....By Hon. J. W. EDMONDS.	91
Footprints.....By CHARLOTTE BEEBE WILBOUR.	108
An Angel Leading the Way. (Poetry.).....By BELLE BUSH.	114
The Editor at Home.....	121-136
Salutatory—Insanity of Politics—Spiritual Balloony—Theaters and Theology—Professor Sears' Review—Among the Birds—The Political Bethesda—Progress of Religious Liberty.	
The Editor on Authors and Books.....	137-144
Soul to Soul—Reminiscences of a Poet's Conversion—That Old Stager—Sorry Facts and False Conclusions—Spiritual Melodies.	
Rev. James Richardson. (With Portrait.).....By the EDITOR.	145
Errors in Biological Science.....By Prof. J. R. BUCHANAN, M.D.	163
An Argument for Immortality.....By WILLIAM WILLIAMS.	174
Nature's Dualism.....By WILLIAM FISHBOUGH.	184
Relations of Religion and Politics.....By ALFRED CRIDGE.	196
The Fallen Angel. (Poetry.).....By THOMAS L. HARRIS.	220
Music of the Shells.....By the EDITOR.	222
Souls and Scenes in Spirit Life.....By FANNY GREEN MCDUGAL.	223
The Silent Weavers. (Poetry.).....By BELLE BUSH.	238
Dangers of the Republic.....By the EDITOR.	142
The Voice of the Pine. (Poetry.).....	250
The Editor at Home.....	251-288
The Impending Question—Living American Reformers—Prof. J. R. Buchanan, M.D.—Rev. O. B. Frothingham—Maria B. Hayden, M.D.—Hon. Gerrit Smith—Lucretia Mott—The Poets and the Spir- its—Substantial Stuff in Dreams—Digging for the Apostles—Edito- rial Etchings—Learned Ignorance—The Inward Vision—How the Soul is Eclipsed—The Immortal Morning—Saved by Wine—"The Devil's Sonata"—Spiritual Ministry of Sleep—Spring is here—The dore's Tilt on the Journal—Science on Stilts.	

	PAGE
Rev. John Pierpont. (With Portrait.).....	By Rev. SUMNER ELLIS. 289
The Mastodons of Metaphysics.....	By Prof. J. R. BUCHANAN, M.D. 302
The Southern Heart. (Poetry.).....	By Rev. D. J. MANDEL. 325
Relations of Mind to Offspring.....	By the EDITOR. 327
Souls and Scenes in Spirit Life.....	By FANNY GREEN MCDUGAL. 328
The Uses of Sorrow and Night. (Poetry.).....	By BELLE BUSH. 345
Spiritual Mathematics.....	By Prof. ARTHUR F. EWELL. 349
A Lesson for Critics. (Poetry.).....	By THOMAS L. HARRIS. 354
Professor Tyndall and his Lectures.....	By GILES B. STEBBINS. 356
Matter, Ether, and Spirit.....	By I. DILLE. 361
Universality of Motion.....	By Hon. JOHN W. EDMONDS. 368
Living American Reformers.—A. E. Newton.....	By the EDITOR. 377
Tribute to William White.....	By the EDITOR. 384
Fallibility of Language.....	By the EDITOR. 388
The Editor at Home.....	389-424
The Time and the Demand—Our Positive Philosophers—Dignity of Freedom—Professor Buchanan's Lecture—Influence of Ideas on Character—Sectarian Degradation of Christianity—Wisdom of the Leaders of Thought—Baptized Materialism.	
The Editor on Authors, Art and Education.....	425-432
The Bible of the Ages—The Napoleon Dynasty—The Orphans' Rescue—Belvidere and the Seminary—Strictly Confidential.	
Daniel Dunglass Home. (With Portrait.).....	By BELLE BUSH. 433
Soul and Body.....	By Prof. J. R. BUCHANAN. 453
The Gospel of Freedom. (Poetry.).....	By THOMAS L. HARRIS. 465
The Fluidic Action of Man. (Translated.)....	By Mrs. EMMA A. WOOD. 468
Progress in the Church of England.....	By GEORGE SEXTON, LL.D. 483
Mosaic Cosmogony and Modern Science.....	By I. DILLE. 488
Another Life Revealed.....	By the EDITOR. 513
The Heavens. (Poetry.).....	By HORACE DRESSER, LL.D. 514
Christianity and Democracy.....	By the EDITOR. 515
Ante-Natal Impressions.....	By ELIZABETH L. SAXON. 531
The Fine Arts.....	By the EDITOR. 534
The Editor at Home.....	535-555
Our Times—Genius and Education—Spirit and Art of Poetry—Editorial Etchings—Boston University—Utility of the Beautiful—The Child and the Lesson—Panorama of a Journey—God in the Soul and Life—The Socialistic Carnivoracity—The Martyrdom Business—Foreign Spiritual Intelligence—Gerald Massey—How we Look at a Distance—Letter from George Sexton, LL.D.—A Ministerial Medium—Mysterious Phenomena—Spirits of Health—Inspiration of the Waters—Spiritism in France—The Mental Telegraph—Our Portraits	
The Editor on Authors and Books.....	556-574
At Our Best—Tales of a Wayside Inn—Dr. Sexton on Spiritualism—Golden Memories—Life of Jesus by Saul.	



1

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.



1) 8.





100% 50% 0% 50% 100%

